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WINTER SUPPLEMENT

Calcutta Municipal Gazette



AGORE MEMORIAL SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

EDITOR
AMAL HOME

SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER, 1931.

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THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION OF CALCUTTA

Issued on

Saturday, September 13, 1941

with

TAGORE MEMORIAL SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

with which is incorporated a Reprint of

TAGORE BIRTHDAY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

issued on Saturday, May 17, 1941

Acc. No.

Edited by Amal Home

Date

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Item No.

Don. By

Foreword

In placing in the hands of our readers this issue of the CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE, we must first offer our apologies for the delay in its publication. Though dated September 13, 1941, it is being actually issued a week later. This has been due to reasons beyond our control. The resources of the Corporation Press proving unequal to the task, we had to get the SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT to this issue, like all Special Numbers of the GAZETTE, printed outside. And the Press we had selected unfortunately failed to produce it in time. We deeply regret it.

A word of explanation is necessary about the contents of the TAGORE MEMORIAL SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT to this issue of the GAZETTE. It has been divided into two parts. Part I contains articles and accounts—all written and compiled after the Poet's death; Part II embodies the articles and illustrations published in the TAGORE BIRTHDAY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT, which we incorporated with our issue of May 17 last, in commemoration of the eighty-first birthday of the Poet. This has been done to meet the great demand for that particular issue, which we were then unable to satisfy. These articles have been reprinted exactly as they had been first published, when the Poet was in our midst.

It should be added, however, that the principal and, perhaps, the most popular feature of the TAGORE BIRTHDAY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT, viz., the "Chronicle of Eighty Years: 1861-1941" of the Poet's life has been thoroughly revised and considerably enlarged, while quite a number of new illustrations has been added. The "Chronicle" has also been brought up to date (August 7, 1941). Similarly, the Chronology of Tagore's Works: 1878-1941 has been revised and enlarged with further data. Besides, three new items have been included in Part II in the accounts of the 50th, 60th and 70th Birthday Celebrations of the Poet and of the Special Convocation of Oxford University held at Santiniketan last year, when the degree of 'Doctor of Literature' (Honoris Causa) was conferred upon him. These accounts though prepared for the BIRTHDAY SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT in May last, could not be made room for in it. They now go to add to the record value of this MEMORIAL SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

—THE EDITOR

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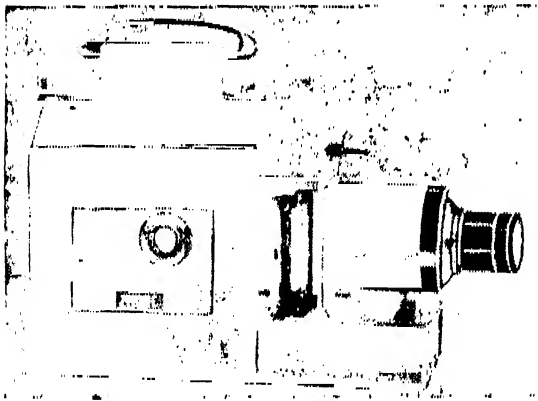
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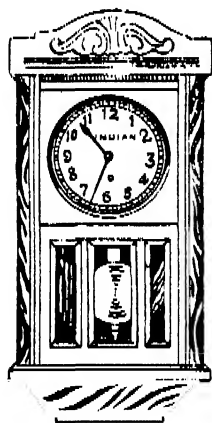
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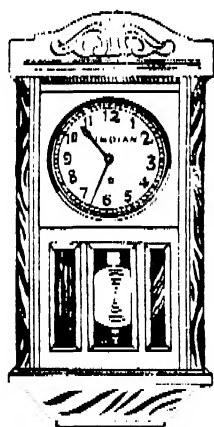
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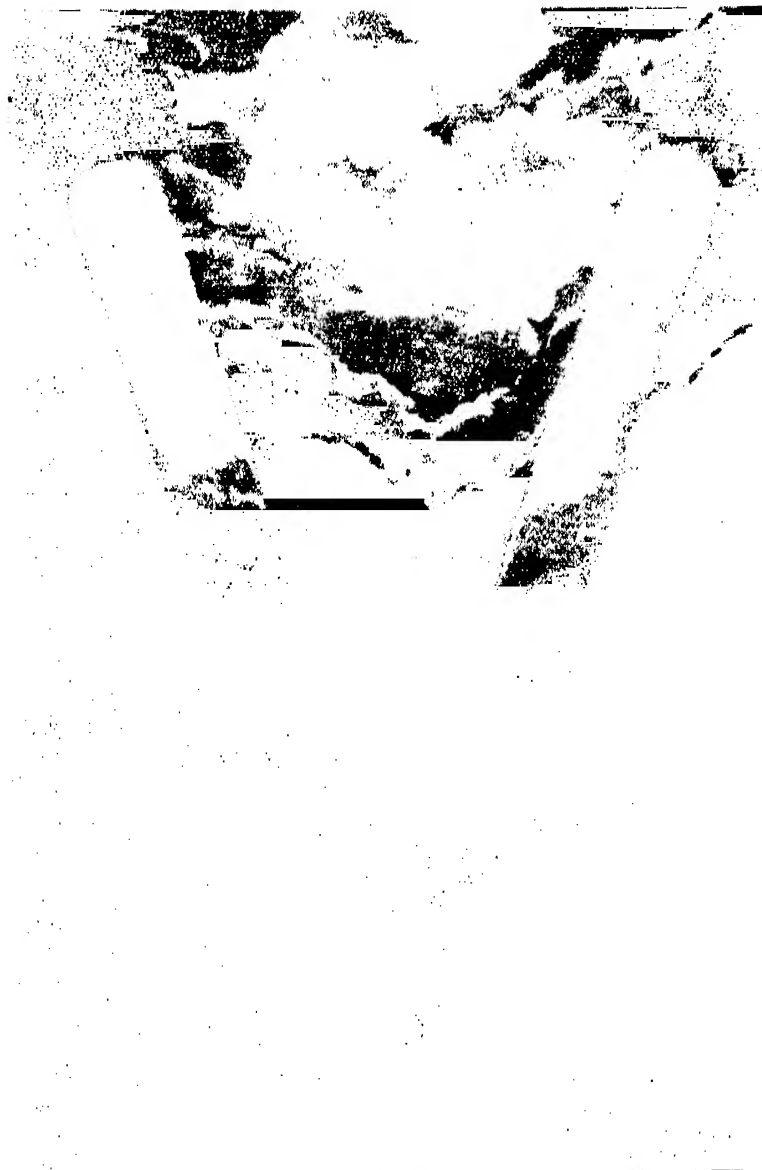
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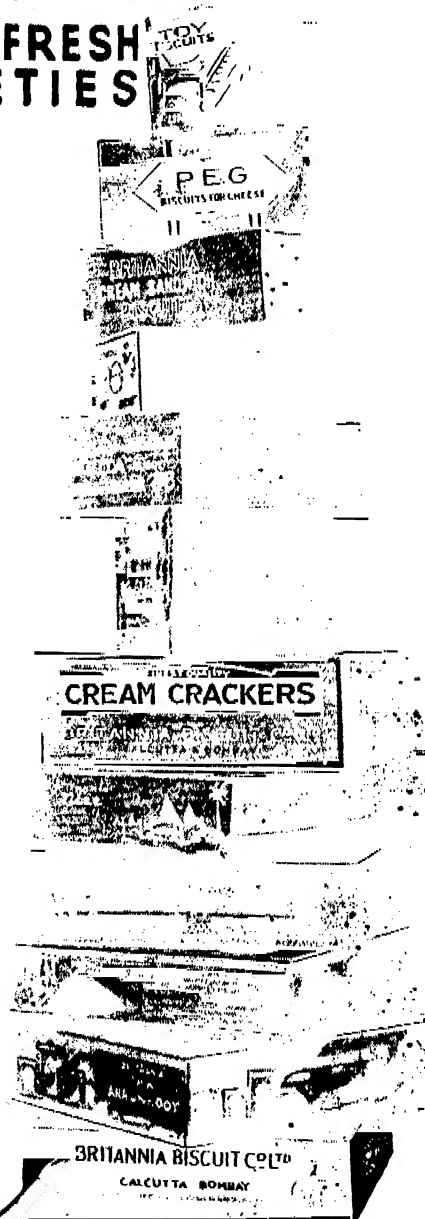
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The Last Days

Pranam

THE CITY OF CALCUTTA that welcomed more than eighty years ago an unnamed child on a May day gleaming with the golden glory of the sun, bade adieu to a world figure in a cloud-laden August evening.

The land which he celebrated in his songs, the land that thrilled to his evangel of love and desire, of joy and suffering, the land that saw in him a seer out of the storied past built up in the heroic mould of an earlier creation—this land mourns her most resplendent son of modern times.

The world which saw in this poet, this artist, this philosopher, another Prophet from the East with the message of Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men, the world which found in him and renewed through him faith in the eternal verities, this world has come forward to share in India's sorrow, to share India's loss.

In this sorrow shared by millions, in this sympathy felt by friends to whom he made us known, may it be given unto us to find consolation!

But men are we, and to-day we are not ashamed of the tears that flow unbidden from our eyes. Many of us are what we are because he lived. We have drunk deep out of the fount of his poesy and songs. We that had loved him, followed him, honoured him, lived in his mild and magnificent eye, learnt his great language, caught his clear accents and made him the pattern of our lives,—we found expressed in him and through him our deepest feelings, our soaring dreams, our highest aspirations.

From our life a light and a sweetness has departed. Our empty hearts, our sorrow of separation will from now on gaze in silence all night from star to star; our pangs of sorrow will be carried in our dreams, in our wakeful hours.

But we may not sorrow for long. Our Master had sung of flowers, of flowing waters, of the light that never was on sea or land but he brought also into the placid tranquillity of India's life a sword that smote at wrong and injustice. This sword flashing as a flame has dispelled from our eyes the film of weakness of resolve, driven from our hearts fear and feebleness.

In our sorrow we may not forget the duty the Master has laid on us—to redeem India and to cleanse the war-worn world with the peace that has been India's quest through ages. Our tear-stained souls seek strength and guidance from his undying spirit—to which as to the abiding memory of his effulgent presence here on earth we render our reverent 'pranam'.

The Last Days of Rabindranath

RECORD OF A VISIT TO SANTINIKETAN

By

BUDDHADEVA BOSE

A Rainbow of Song

WHEN we visited Santiniketan in last May Rabindranath had just completed the eightieth year of his life in the shadow of a serious illness and amid the rejoicings of the whole of Bengal. We had heard that his suffering was acute and that his powers were failing him, and were, therefore, wondering how we would find him. Perhaps, he would speak no more than a few words, perhaps it would not be possible to sit at his feet with the old easy confidence. But all these misgivings were dispelled when we saw him. On the day of our arrival we saw him at dusk. He was sitting out in the open verandah, and he seemed tired and weak, as if faded out in the shadows of approaching night. When we saw him next morning he was sitting in the covered south verandah. He was wearing a yellow cloth but his upper garment was white, and by his side lay a plate with a little heap of *bel* flowers on it. Yes, his face was emaciated and his flame-like complexion

pale. But when one looked at the wrist or the fist, one could still get a glimpse of the massive splendid body, solid with bone and muscle. Gone were the lovely locks that had always rolled down his neck like a lion's mane, but the head was still as beautiful with its long, white curls parted in the middle. It seemed to me that his eyes had lost their piercing gaze, for it was with a gentle and tender look that his eyes rested on somebody. For this reason, he did not seem any longer to resemble a Mughal emperor, there was rather a subtle affinity with the portraits of Tolstoy in old age. Never before was even Rabindranath so beautiful. Perhaps the burden of age and the torments of a disease were both necessary to achieve this beauty. The only poem which Bernard Shaw ever wrote was a gift to Ellen Terry on her birthday. 'How is it', Shaw wondered 'that while we all get older with every year, Ellen gets younger?' One had only to look at the portraits of Rabindranath from boyhood onwards to be convinced that the older he grew, the more beautiful he became. Even a few years ago his face shone with a dazzling brilliance, every other face in crowded meetings would instantly pale the moment *he* entered. That, too, was beautiful, but



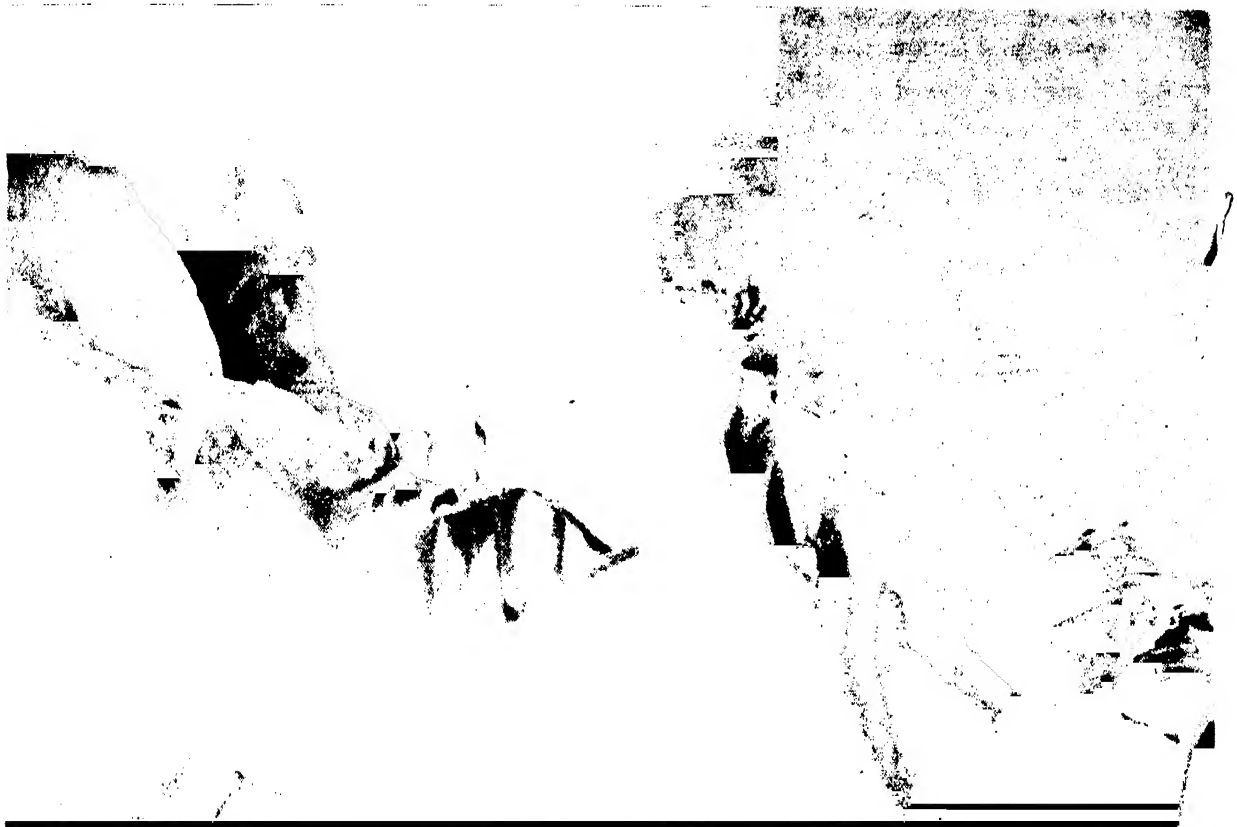
—Arriving at the Opening Ceremony of the "Cheena Bhawan" (The Hall of Chinese Learning) at Santiniketan on April 14, 1937

Copyright photo: S. Shaha



—Arriving at the opening ceremony of the "Hind Bhawan" (The Hall of Hindi Learning) at Santiniketan on January 31, 1939

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From a photo taken in 1939 at the Baranagar house of Peda Prasanna Maharajah where the Poet usually stayed in recent years on his visits to Calcutta

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the soft twilight-glow that plays on his face, today is perhaps the highest point that beauty can reach.

But who would have said that he was ill! The moment we entered he started talking. His voice, we noticed, was fainter than ever before but his talk as splendid. He rested from time to time but never groped for a word, for the right word was always on his lips. He looked straight before him as he

talked, but now and then cast sidewise glances at the listeners which did not, however, interrupt the flow of talk. That day he talked continuously for over an hour; we were bathed in an incredible, marvellous stream in which painting and music, life and literature, humour and tenderness were all blended in rich profusion and admirable proportion. He ill! Who could have thought of that! This luminous intellect, this passionate interest in all the great and little things of life, this kingly mastery over language—our hearts refused to associate all these with decay or infirmity of any kind. Yet, he was ill, very much so. His disease was not only painful, it involved many little annoyances, too. Common men—and even many of those who are not so common—would have grown ill-tempered, harsh and slack, they would have gradually withdrawn from the external world and soon reached a point at which nothing but the disease mattered, for we have heard that even geniuses are unable to think of anything except the toothache when a tooth is really aching. But there was not the slightest stain in Rabindranath's personality, the diamond was still flawless. He talked on all subjects, but never about his illness. So much so, that he always avoided words like 'illness' or 'disease'. All that he said was that he was 'tired' or that his 'body-machine had gone out of order'. As if it wasn't anything serious! In his thoughts, his behaviour, in the conduct of his daily life nothing was loose, nothing shabby, nothing disorderly. Only two or three persons were allowed to nurse him intimately. As the strain on them was heavy there was an attempt to introduce new hands, but he was extremely reluctant to be tended by strangers or even by friends who were new to the task. The truth perhaps was that the very idea of being personally attended to was repellent to him



--With Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who performed the opening ceremony of the "Hindi-Bhavan" at Santiniketan

and had always been so. Now, it was true, he had perforce to depend on others for most things and though he tolerated this situation just because it could not be helped, he wished to restrict the number of his nurses to as few as possible. Perhaps the very fact that he had got to be served in that way hurt his taste and feelings. A middle-aged professor, who had spent the last thirty years of his life at Santiniketan, once remarked that in his long career he had observed Gurudeva's anger only on two occasions. The first time was when there was dirt on the plate in which his food was served. And on another occasion he had happened to notice one of the teachers lying in the verandah of his cottage while two young pupils were massaging his body. 'Gurudeva was furious, we had never seen him like that'. We heard many other stories, each of which showed that, suffering as he was from a long and obstinate disease, his exquisite sensitiveness was as wide awake as ever. There were brilliant flashes of wit even when the physical pain was terrible and there was a general feeling of apprehensive gloom. As a patient he was very quiet, but not very docile, perhaps. He hated lying down in bed and had to be coaxed to retire. They would tell him that he must sleep now, and he would close his eyes while his feet would move to and fro. When the command was more emphatically repeated he would lie still and say, 'Well then, I will now think. You can do all else, but you can't rob me of my thoughts'. Doctors and nurses can do no more than help the body in combating disease, but there is no external remedy for the infection that a disease spreads to the mind, and in that field Rabindranath won every battle entirely on his own strength.

As we came out after seeing and hearing him, every time we felt anew that our whole lives had been blessed. His talk was a rainbow of song, a symphony of colour. It was manna to the sensual ear as well as a charmer of the spirit. His infinite mastery over the Bengali language could not be comprehended unless one heard him talk. What flew from his lips was exactly the language he used in his later prose works, and he beat all his characters in the power of presenting a most commonplace thing in an extraordinary manner. As the words flowed, similes and metaphors blossomed like flowers, and there were sudden flashes of humour at the most unexpected moments. Many are familiar with his perfectly rounded golden voice and his firm yet delicate style of pronunciation; as a matter of fact, Bengali seemed to be a more powerful and much sweeter language when Rabindranath spoke it.

At that time we found Rabindranath occupying a suite on the ground floor of *Udayan*. The rooms faced south. Since his illness in 1940 he had become somewhat sensitive to heat, and so an air-conditioning plant had been installed in his bedroom. Not a large room. ~~it was~~ Along the wall on one side was a long table with rows of bottles, phials and glasses on it. A bed, an easy chair, a few books in a little book-case and a few leather-covered backless cane seats for visitors—these were all the furniture. On the walls were two of his own pictures, a drawing of a horse by the Chinese painter Ju Peon and a

Japanese cloud-scape. There was another, and a still smaller room, and that was all. The whole of the world, all the hills and plains and seas, cities, river and forests, all multitude and all solitude had converged in a couple of rooms with a verandah on either side. Such were the Poet's last days.

'I Sing of the New'

THE last chapter of Rabindranath's life was fit material for an epic poem. We saw in him a king who, after having conquered the world and spent the days of his life in the fullness of opulence had been deprived of all by one stroke of crooked fate. The kingdom was still his and his spirit was ever a king's, but all means of communication between the king and his kingdom were being closed down. He had a'll, and yet he had nothing. His genius was tirelessly active and his creative impulse urgent, but those little mechanisms of the body without whose help no art can take tangible shape were refusing to co-operate. The poet who had refused to close the doors of the senses and in meditation had to feel those very doors being closed one after another. His sight was very weak and when he read, which he did with great difficulty and greater persistence, he had to hold up the paper very close to his eyes. His hearing was feeble and his fingers were so exhausted that he could no longer hold a brush, and even the pen refused to obey. Friends told us that on one occasion he had remarked 'There was no end to the gifts I received from the hand of God, and now He is taking them back one by one. I had hoped to spend the last days of my life in painting pictures but that, too, has been taken away.' Crowds of pictures haunted him, but could not give any of them a local habitation and name, the phantoms returned to limbo. The mind was glowing but the fingers were numb. From his lips rose tunes which the voice could not capture—the stream of music was wasting itself in the same letter waters where his unborn paintings were drowned. Of all the arts he had practised his best-beloved—the art of song, and his singing days seemed at times to have been over. One afternoon it rained; after the shower we went to see the Poet in the evening. On entering Rathi Babu's drawing room we noticed many records of Rabindranath's songs lying scattered and were told that the Poet had been listening to them. We found him in the back room reclining on his usual easy-chair, looking ill and weak, which he seldom did. 'I was trying to evoke a song of the rains', he said. 'I can't do it any longer'.

And what about his life's constant companion—his writing? The man who, since boyhood, had been writing millions of words in verse and prose could not hold the pen in the last months of his life and found it difficult even to put a signature. Yet the stream of words was ceaseless, all pouring right up to those published in *Janmadine* were composed in his own hand, but after that he had perforce to abandon calligraphy. Finally he took to dictating and was not easily pleased with the dictation. A single manuscript was revised many times and still he remained doubtful whether he had r



DECEMBER
1959



RABINDRANATH AND GANDHI

FEBRUARY
1940

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Courtesy: Arsa Bharati



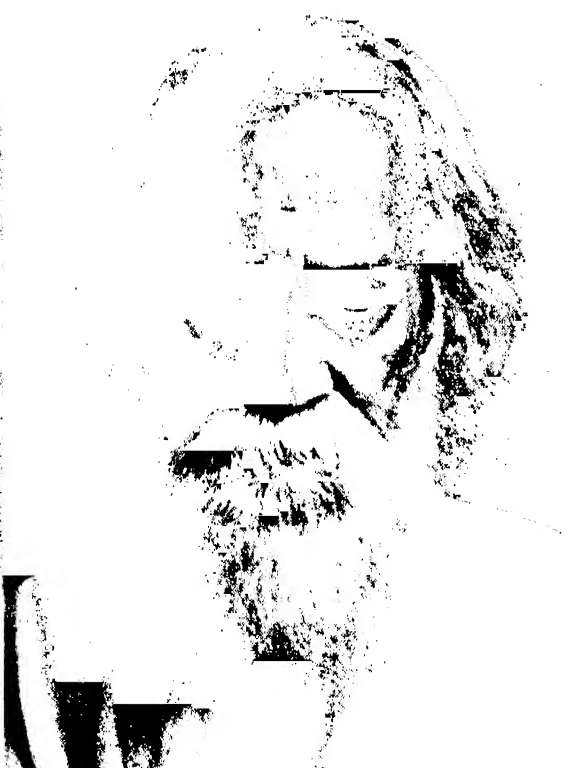
1938
Aug. 24



1939
April 14

been able to put it across. We found him strangely modest about his own writings. However severe might be the oppression of failing flesh, he could never tolerate any looseness in his work. What a perfect work of art was *Galpa-Salpa*, the delightful book in prose and verse he had just published, ostensibly for children. One noticed a condescending tone in most reviews of his recent works, as if the reviewers wanted to imply that all this was good enough for the old man in failing health. This

patronising attitude was an insult not only to the works themselves but to the Poet's personality. He was as critical about his own works as he was lenient about others', and it was possible that nothing that he had written of late had completely satisfied him. That is the reason why he did not feel it beneath him, as he might well have done, to notice the remarks of critics, but, on the contrary, rather wished to hear what they said. At the same time he did not want half-hearted, meaningless praise.



1940
Aug. 25



1940
Aug. 25

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by
S. Shaha

nor did he care about being mentioned in a tone of awe; what he wanted to know was whether he had been able to do it. And in this lay his humility. Of course, he might not have bothered, he might just as well have thought that people were bound to accept whatever Rabindranath wrote. But to his last day he did not think of his reputation as an established fact, and that was why each of his new works was suffused with the enthusiasm of the new writer. Because he was born anew with each new book, he could claim new fields of fame each time. In the song he had composed for his last birthday celebrations he had once again evoked the new and said, 'Let it appear again, the first auspicious moment of my birth'. This was not mere effusion, for these words contained the basic truth of his literary life.

It struck us that, immeasurably famous as he was, Rabindranath had acquired an immeasurable humility and wanted to know whether he had really been able to be of any use to his country. The man who had created Bengal had to ask whether Bengal had accepted him. He wanted to feel sure, before he took his leave, that all that he had done had not been in vain. He had accepted with a good grace the numerous felicitations that had poured on him on the occasion of his last birthday, for in all these, he had simply seen the fact that he had been accepted by the whole of his country. 'You have not booed me, that is what they do in our country'.

The Lord of Life

WHEN we arrived Rabindranath had just finished writing a short story. Many other stories—new both in form and content—might have come from him if there were a process by which one could write as one thought. The second part of *Yogayoga* lay completely thought out in his mind, and it was thrilling when he told us the story one morning. This wonderful story never crossed the limits of the world of thought, and a great novel perforce remains unfinished. For it was not possible for him to undertake a long work, and so he was making rhymes and yarns for children and working at poems and literary essays, while a short story was suddenly released or a malediction against this war-torn insane civilisation came down in terrific fury. And this was how he satisfied, as best as he could, the infinite yearnings of tremendous power. How much more cruel than physical suffering was this conflict of flesh and spirit! His was a tormented life during the last months, intolerable in its contradiction between thought and action, imagination and performance. At any rate, it should have been so, though no trace of it appeared on the surface. On the contrary, he was the picture of perfect peace. He had nothing of the catastrophic agony of a deaf ~~Beethoven~~. You would have found him completely self-contained, but not at all indifferent. His eyes were always open to the immense spectacle of life, and he was ever the first to challenge the insolence of power when it threatened to violate truth and justice. But, as regards himself, he seemed to have accepted all afflictions with a luminous serenity.

He never complained. He never sighed. It was with an elfin touch of humour or with a fairy-like gentleness that he mentioned his own infirmity. In his heart was lacerated by agony, his heart alone was aware of it, and none else.

All the same, Rabindranath's imprisoned life was not a lesser tragedy than Beethoven's deafness. He loved to see. A few years back we had once heard him say, 'Now I do nothing else, I only see'. How often had he spent the hot mid-days at Santiniketan, when every other inmate was resting within closed doors, sitting in an open verandah and gazing insatiably at the plains rolling out to the horizon. Every day he had watched the hour when the rose dawn was born out of night's dark womb; he had plunged deep in the darkness of the rainy season and drunk his fill of moonlight. And in the end he was prisoner in an artificially cooled dark room and had to ask, suddenly starting from sleep, 'Is it day or night?' The moonlight was no more than shadow and clouds were invisible. In his world day and night had been shorn of their multi-coloured garments and the cycle of seasons played no more. The chorus of joy that birds sang every morning in the ancient trees of the *ashrama* did not reach his ear; the rain pattered and the leaves murmured without breaking the silence of his world. Nature reached him in faint glimpses, in shadows and whispers, and in imagination. There had never been a man so fond of variety as he was: he had never been able to reside for many months at a stretch in the same place nor live in the same house for long. He had spent his days in every manner of place and dwelling and had been a tireless traveller, too. And in the last days it was not easy even to move from one room to another, and travelling, of course, was out of the question. Chained as he was, perhaps his mind dwelt on the hills and plains, cities and rivers, all lands, and it was certain that he was haunted by memories of the Padma and by a desire to return to his beloved river. 'You belong to the shores of the Padma,' he told us, 'and have just seen Kopai the flows here! Here it is nearly as dry and hard as Rajputana. How far from Padma have I strayed! Perhaps the thought would suddenly flit across my mind that he would feel better if he went down to the sea. But the Padma was far away and the sea farther still. Well then, he created variety for himself in that single room. The arrangement of the furniture of the room was altered every day, the easy-chair faced different directions, and we did not find the room arranged in the same manner on two consecutive days. Even this proved that Rabindranath was as great an artist in life as in literature. Not only the entirety of his life, but his mode of daily living was a perfect work of art. One had come to Santiniketan to understand what a great concept of life he had actually realised, for here life was indeed like a king's and when I say 'king' I mean it in its largest sense.

'Give me, oh, give me

My kingdom, my power, my glory,

Not the daily bread alone'—

cried D. H. Lawrence. It is possible that the tormented Lawrence would at last have been content if he had come to Santiniketan, for here, in the person of Rabindranath, he would have seen the true image of the lord of life.

Since his illness, Rabindranath slept very little and slightly. Fantastic dreams frequented him, and he talked in his sleep. He woke up by two o'clock in the morning and could not sleep again. Then he started talking or dictated some literary work. One day I sent him in writing some questions regarding the inter-relation of history and literature. I did not hope for more than that he would say a few words on the subject, but when we went to him the next morning the first thing he said was: 'What a lot of silly questions! Here you are'. Saying this, he handed over to me an essay in Mrs. Rani Chanda's handwriting. He had started work after waking from sleep and had got an essay ready before we had woken from ours. A couple of days later he found it inadequate and added another and a shorter essay. You might have asked him to do seemingly absurd things in the way of literary composition; it was not in him to say 'No' to any suggestion, and you would at least have come away with a gracious smile and an assurance that he would think it over. There wasn't any question to which he could not immediately reply and there wasn't any topic which he did not eagerly discuss. Here was a man who was always ready, always interested, and never bored. He had combined endless toil with endless leisure. In one sense, every day of his life was a holiday, and in another, there had never been a single 'off' hour in his mental workshop.

Leave-Taking

WE had not seen him in his youth and were born when he was middle-aged, and so we hungrily listen when our elders talk about those vanished days. As a race, we do not care to write autobiographies or memoirs, but luckily Rabindranath's childhood and youth have been preserved for us in some of his own books. A day will come when these works will be minutely read and people with beating hearts will search those pages for a glimpse of him. Little bits will be put together, reconstructed, and thus a final image of him will be stamped on the minds of future generations of Bengalis. But we who have seen him, and were able to go and sit at his feet—how are we to measure this incomparable good fortune! One got drunk on his greatness. He was one of the world's greatest men; he towered far above any other figure in the present-day world, and in the whole world's history how many are there who may rank with him! One's first reaction to seeing him was a feeling of enchantment. One gazed at him and pondered over all that he had written and done, and one was so overwhelmed that the breathing seemed to stop. Who

else could put us into this ecstasy of adoration! In whom else could we taste human greatness in so full a measure!

On the day we departed we saw the Poet in sick-bed. Little did I imagine what I would have to see. It was itself a shock to step into his room after the brilliant afternoon light spread all over sky and land. For the room was dark as night, lit only by a table-lamp burning in a corner. The Poet was reclining in what seemed to me an enormous easy-chair, propped up by several pillows. He was quite still and his eyes were closed. A young doctor and one of his secretaries were attending. As we entered he half opened his eyes and faintly uttered a few words. His right hand began to rise in blessing over our heads but dropped half way. I have not the words to say how I felt at the moment. It was as if the heart had received a sudden blow, I felt choked and overcome by a sort of stupor so that I could not even have a full gaze at him. We could breathe freely only when we came out into the open. The immortal poet was a constant companion of this golden blaze of light while the frail earthen vessel lay imprisoned in a closed room.



The last appearance at the Santiniketan Mandir on April 14, 1940 (Bengali New Year Day, 1347) when he conducted the service

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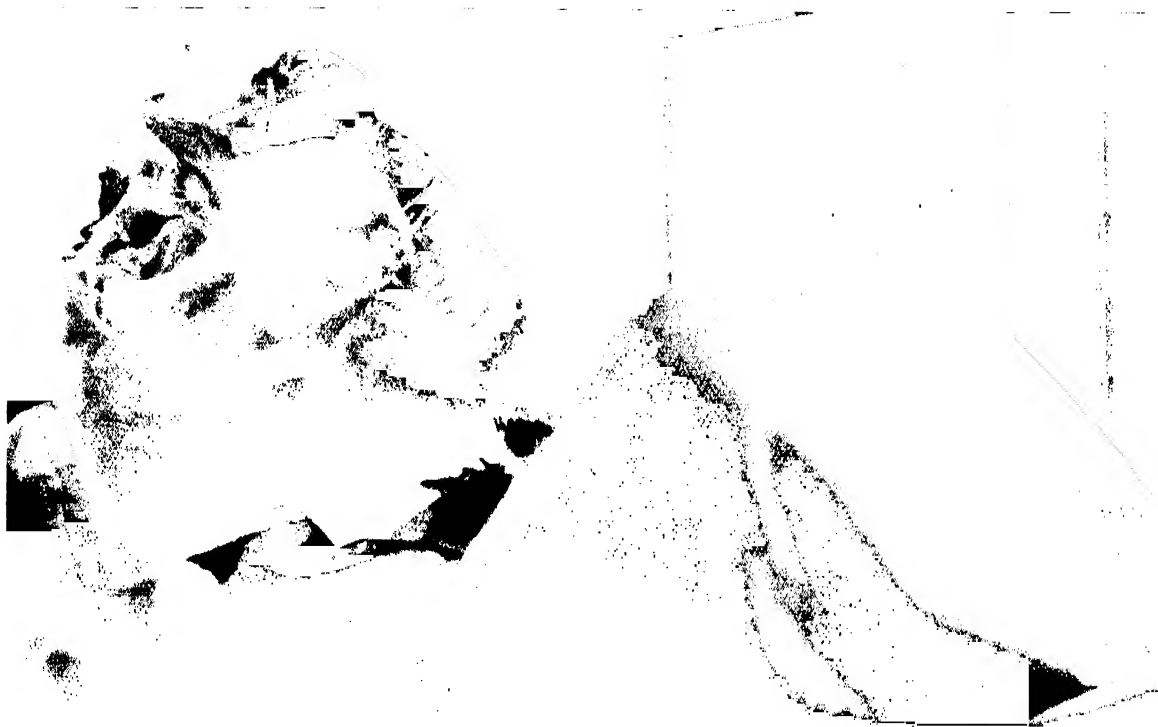


Photo: "Hindustan Standard"

After two months in bed since he was brought down, seriously ill, from Kalimpong on September 29, 1940, he was taken to Santiniketan on November 18, 1940. This photo was taken at Howrah Station inside the railway carriage

Last Days With Gurudeva

By

AN ASRAMITE

THOUGHTS and feelings crowd in upon me in a painful confusion as I look back over the last few weeks. It seems unbelievable that he, from the warmth of whose presence we drew our inspiration, our strength, our joy, is no longer with us. We had taken that warmth for granted, as we take the warmth of the sun for granted—the sun after whom he was so appropriately named. Yet we knew that for all his god-like qualities, he was but mortal and would one day pass away; but being too human ourselves, the knowledge that the end was inevitable has in no way helped to abate the shock. Nor does the knowledge that the loss is common to the whole nation make it any the less for any one of us.

As the mind revives and tries to readjust its poise, after the first impact of grief has subsided, swarms of memories, winged with a variety of sentiments, assail one. Wonder that so rare a being, at once so majestic and so exquisite, should actually have lived in our midst; gratefulness that we were privileged to be near him and to have listened to his great utterance; shame that we did not sufficiently strive to be worthy of that privilege; regret at innumerable opportunities lost, never to be recovered; anger at our own unworthiness; self-pity

at our now orphaned state; and many other feelings which I cannot define.

And yet indulgence in sorrow is not wholesome and men must learn to subdue it without turning hard-hearted. He taught us that lesson over and over again, both by his noble words and by his own brave example. During the last few months, Death had snatched away, one after another, several of his dearest companions and associates. Chandra Andrews and Surendranath Tagore, Kalimol Ghosh and Gourgopal Ghosh and that exquisite singer of his songs, "Khuku" (Amita Sen),—he loved them all and, while they lived, had constantly thought of them. (How touching it was to see him put aside his important literary work and turn to the leaves of his books or Homoeopathic or chemical medicines whenever he heard that one of them in the Asrama was ill! But when news of a death was broken to him, he uttered not a word of complaint, withdrew into himself, and emerged, unshaken, a tower of strength to us all.

*"Far as I gaze at the depth of Thy immensity,
I find no trace there of sorrow or death or
separation"*

*Death assumes its aspect of terror
And sorrow its pain*

*Only when, away from Thee,
I turn my face towards my own self."*

So he sang in one of his songs translated by himself after Andrews' death.

But though we drew our strength from him to the last, it was most painful to watch him struggle with his own physical suffering. Only those who attended on him day and night during those days could have any idea of the ruthless siege which the forces of death were slowly laying round him, of the acute mental suffering, natural to a sensitive spirit, as he felt his marvellous instruments of sight and sound grow feeble from day to day, of his battle with his own mind as he resigned himself to the condition of physical helplessness in which he lay exposed. How poignant and true are the lines written on the day before the operation!

*"Sorrow's dark night, again and again,
has come to my door.*

* * * * *

* * * * *

*A moving screen of varied fears—
Death's skilful handiwork wrought in
Scattered gloom."*



1939

April 14

Copyright photo: S. Shaha

AND yet during the whole course of this illness, which never really left him since the attack first laid him prostrate in September last, not once did he betray signs of morbidity or despair, and, what is truly amazing, he never lost his keen interest in things and events in the world outside. How excited he was when told of Miss Rathbone's open letter to the Indians. His physical condition was causing concern even at that time, and we were quite frightened of his excitement as he dictated the reply. "I do not care," he said, "what our British masters



Copyright photo: S. Shaha

1940

April 14

and their loyal henchmen in India will think or say about me. I must speak out what I feel"

And as he related how he had seen half-starved women and children stir up puddles of mud for a handful of drinking water, his voice broke down and tears streamed down the corners of his eyes. Later on when he was told that the general public, in appreciating his reply, had recalled his historic letter to the Viceroy over the Jallianwalla Bag tragedy, he smiled and remarked, "So the people haven't forgotten!"

Deeply and passionately as he loved and felt for his own people, his love and interest were not confined to them. He brooded over the outcome of the present war and worried over the fate of the innocent millions of all nations who had been dragged into the war as its victims, for no fault of their own. In particular, his sympathies went out to the Chinese and the Russians. He had hopes that the great social experiments of the latter would one day change the face of civilization all over the earth. Though he rejected much that he found cruel in the Communist philosophy, he was greatly impressed by the spectacle of a civilization, the benefits of whose achievements were equally enjoyed by all its people. He wished the Russians well in the war and was depressed whenever he read of reverses on their front. Nor, despite his sympathy with the other side, did he ever think of the Germans and the Japanese as the sole and unmitigated villains in the drama. The world—he had never tired of repeating years before the present burst-up—was caught in a trap set by certain tendencies in the modern civilization which were being encouraged and patronised by the governing classes in practically all the countries of the world. The cure of the evil must be something more fundamental than merely exterminating this people or that.

IN the midst of these big problems and of his own literary activity, which did not cease till the day of the operation in Calcutta, he constantly thought of his beloved Santiniketan and its little affairs. How happy he looked when he was told that the general kitchen had been thoroughly renovated and considerably extended and that under a new manager both the cooking and the serving of food had also greatly improved! "I hope they are using more *ghee* than oil," he said and went on to regret that it was not possible for him to see the new arrangements for himself. When it was suggested that it might be possible to take him round the new sights in the *Asrama* after his return from Calcutta, when he would be much better, he seemed pleased. A few days before he left for Calcutta, he sent for a copy of *Subhāshitaratna Bhāndāgāram* from the Library and himself marked down the Sanskrit *slokas* (even though his eyes troubled him a great deal) and sent for Pandit Nitai benode Goswami and explained to him how he wanted the *slokas* to be taught to the children. Nor did he forget to remind him of this the day before he left.

Suddenly he asked "Who is teaching Bengali in the School these days? I hope some one who truly loves literature and has a real sense of *rasa*—and not a mere erudite pedant. The children must catch the feeling of the sound from the voice of the teacher." He went on to explain how he used to lose himself in joy when teaching little children. His voice became hoarse as he added, "But I can no longer teach them myself, nor supervise." Immediately he was annoyed with himself and murmured, "I don't know how I have become so weak that I can hardly talk without my voice betraying me."

He saw to it himself that jars of lozenges or boxes of chocolates were always kept in his room at hand for little boys and girls, who never went to his room without coming out with one. Not even pariah dogs were excluded from his kindness. One of them managed to make himself an honoured inmate of Uttarayana by the simple process of seeking shelter under his chair. Each morning it would come and obstinately stand near him until he touched its head with his hand, when it would either sit down near his chair or a little further away. Nor did he forget to immortalise that dog in one of his poems. *Lalu* is still fed twice and is as well taken care of as any other pet.

His sense of humour never deserted him. His nurses and attendants will treasure as their greatest reward the kindly witticisms and pleasantries that he constantly exchanged with them. He could never get over his amusement at being fed on Glaxo, and would refer to himself as a "Glaxo baby". As he could take nourishment only in very small quantities which would gradually be increased, his amusement was very great when he was told that the dose prescribed for him was the same as for a two-month old baby. Since then each time Glaxo was served, he would enquire, "How many months old am I today?"



—He saw to it himself that jars of lozenges or boxes of chocolates were always kept in his room at hand for little boys and girls

Copyright photo: S. Shaha

Next to children, I think, he loved the tree. During the summer vacation, when the scarcity of water in the wells had become a serious menace, he was much distressed at the fate of the trees. "Have you a *mahua* tree in your garden?" he would suddenly enquire. "If not, then you must plant some. When they grow, you will find how Santh women always gather under them." He who was so reluctant to take any nourishment and would not touch the most carefully prepared delicacies, he eagerly and excitedly like a child he picked out a nibbled at a *jam* (জাম) when a bunch of them was brought to him from "his own tree" at the back "Shyamali"! He kept the bunch near him and would tempt others: "Just taste one and see how sweet my jams are!"

He was very keen during those last days till the birthday *jayanti* of Abanindranath Tagore should be fittingly celebrated at Santiniketan. At all hours of the day he would send for Rathi Babu* or Sur Babu† or Nanda Babu‡ and discuss with them after the arrangements for the occasion.

AND so the days passed. His fever rose high each evening and the nights were less restful. The doctors were obliged to come to the conclusion that he must be removed to Calcutta for further treatment. The decision upset him. "Why can I be allowed to die in peace? Haven't I lived long enough?" When it was explained to him that the

* Mr. Rathindranath Tagore, *Karmasachibha*, V *Bharati*.

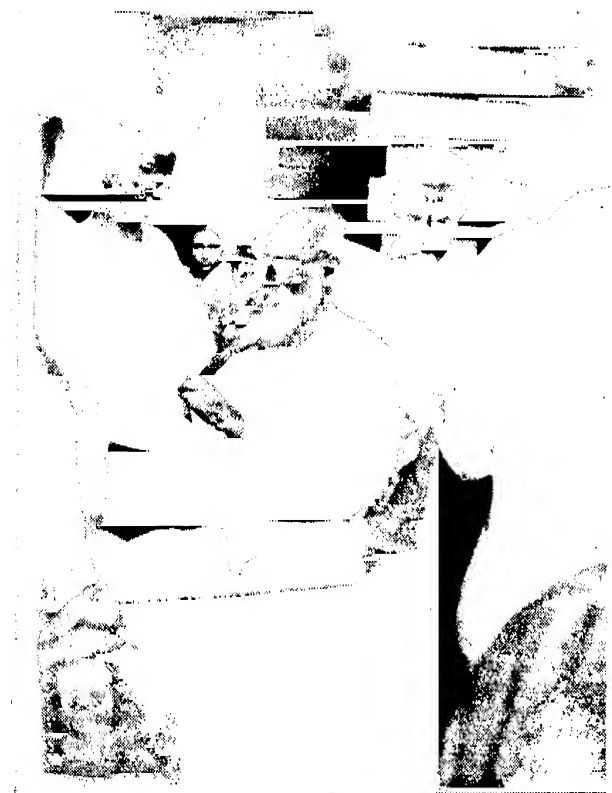
† The artist Mr. Surendranath Kar, *Santinik Sachiva*.

‡ The artist Mr. Nandalal Bose, Director of the *Santiniketan-Kalabhavan*.

was every hope of the disease being brought under control, and that the country still needed him in these critical times, he grudgingly submitted, only murmuring, "Perhaps I shall not see these trees again."

Painfully vivid is the memory of the fateful morning of the day he was taken to Calcutta. He was sitting in the room upstairs, waiting to be carried downstairs to the bus. I went in and touched his feet. He looked up sadly and did not smile. "চলান" (I go) was all he said, and then looked away. I shrank within myself, so ominous that simple word sounded. Slowly and carefully he was brought down and put on the bus. Marvellously beautiful he looked as he lay reclining inside, robed in a black gown, wearing dark glasses. As the bus moved forward, many suppressed their sobs, some clicked

their cameras, but the great majority sang "Āmāder Santiniketan". The joyous spirit of that song and the superb beauty of the form within the bus cured the temporary morbidity of spirit and revived and strengthened the hope that surely he will come back. Such a one cannot die. On both sides of the road to the station men and women had gathered to catch a glimpse of the passing bus and, if lucky, of the face within. By the time he was comfortably lodged in the beautiful saloon car, we had regained our spirits and were almost cheerful. "What a magnificent reception we shall arrange when he returns after a month! What happiness to look forward to!" I said to my companion as the train slowly steamed away. Miserable playthings of Fate! little did we know then that all we would bring back from Calcutta would be a few handfuls of ashes and a great load of sorrow.



Slowly and carefully he was brought down on a stretcher and put in the bus



Marvellously beautiful he looked as he lay reclining inside, robed in a black gown, wearing dark glasses

Copyright photos by C. R. Pershad

দুঃখের আঁধার রাত্রি বারে বারে
এসেছে আমার দ্বারে।
একমাত্র অস্ত্র তার দেখেছি
কষ্টের বিকৃত ভাল, ত্রাসের বিকট ভঙ্গী যত,
অন্ধকারে ছলনার ভূমিকা তাহার।
যতবার ভয়ের মুখোশ তার করেছি বিশ্বাস,
ততবার হয়েছে অনর্থ পরাজয়।
এই হার-জিত খেলা, জীবনের মিথ্যা এ গৃহক,
শিশুকাল হ'তে বিজড়িত পদে পদে এই বিভীষিকা,
দুঃখের পরিচাসে ভরা।
ভয়ের পিচ্চি চলচ্ছবি—
যত্ন নিপুণ শিল্প বিকীরণ আঁধারে।

Sorrow's dark night, again and again,
Has come to my door.
Its only weapon, I saw,
Was pain's twisted brow, fear's hideous gestures
Preluding its deception in darkness.
Whenever I have believed in its mask of dread,
Fruitless defeat has followed.
This game of defeat and victory is life's delusion;
From childhood, at each step, clings this spectre,
Filled with sorrow's mockery.
A moving screen of varied fears—
Death's skilful handiwork wrought in scattered gloom.



Farewell at Santiniketan—July 25, 1941

The Last Few Days

By

ONE NEAR HIM *

IT was finally decided to take Gurudeva down to Calcutta for the purpose of the operation, which now seemed inevitable. Towards the beginning of July, his general condition showed very considerable deterioration; there was hardly a day when he did not run a temperature, the intake of food had decreased alarmingly, and, worst of all, much of his characteristic sparkling "joy of life" was missing. The last seemed most ominous to us who knew that where his well-being was concerned, his mind was the most important factor.

In the conditions prevailing then, the journey to Calcutta, though of a bare hundred-mile distance, was not a very easy proposition. There was only one train in the day which suited us, but it was also one of the slowest trains in the whole East Indian Railway service, requiring no less than full six hours to do this short run. Any special arrangement over the railway was very difficult,--for one reason, if the news of his going, the date and train had leaked out, the crowd *en route* and at Howrah, would make a comfortable journey almost an impossibility. Adoration and curiosity of the multitude have no limits.

Most of the difficulties of the journey were, however, satisfactorily solved, thanks to the help offered us by one of the highest officers of the East Indian Railway, who himself saw to all railway arrangements and undertook to come down to Bolpur the night before the journey and escort Gurudeva in his

own saloon to Calcutta. He also arranged that the platform of arrival at Howrah was to be changed at the last moment, so that the crowd would be kept out, even if one gathered at the Station. The date of his departure and the name of the train were a secret, even the ashrama people, in general, knowing about the final arrangements barely a day before. The road to Bolpur Station from the ashrama, standing in disgrace to the District Board of Birbhum during the rains in particular, it is full of innumerable pot-holes and muddy patches. But even the somnolent District Board authorities woke up at last and made some temporary repairs over the night, ensuring a more or less safe passage for the bus in which Gurudeva was taken to the Station.

Rathi-babu¹ and Anil-babu² left the day (24th July) to look after the final arrangements in Calcutta and Suren-babu³ remained in charge at Santiniketan and during the journey.

* The writer of this article had served the Poet in his personal capacity for the last few years.—ED., C. M.

¹ Mr. Rathindranath Tagore.

² Mr. Anil K. Chanda, Secretary to the Poet.

³ Mr. Surendranath Kar, the Santiniketan Sachin.

The farewell—nobody then suspected that it was to be the farewell—from the ashrama, was most touching. From early morning, the whole ashrama, men, women and children, all gathered in the spacious compound of Uttarayana and awaited his coming down from his room on the first floor. At about 7-30 he was brought down in a specially constructed stretcher,—the same one, alas, in which he was also to make his last journey, when life had flown out of his body, to the cremation ground at Nintollah. In that large gathering, there were people who had known him from their very birth, people who had shunned the wider world and its prizes and its glamour in order to serve him in the seclusion of Santiniketan, young boys and girls who had come from the four corners of the country with faith and love, to have their young lives sanctified with his blessings. Their hearts were heavy and eyes tearful. In deep silence and with mute salutations, they saw him off. The bus slowly glided out of the gates; out of a thousand throats rang out the ashrama song 'Our Santiniketan, She is the darling of our hearts'. Gurudeva, for one short moment, looked back,—his own eyes were not dry either.

* * * * *

THE train arrived at Howrah, July 25, a few minutes before the scheduled time. The Press did not know that he was coming by this train, and, thanks to the successful ruse of the staff in announcing a wrong platform of arrival, there was nobody barring a few of our party at the platform. Helped by the staff and our own men, we slowly conveyed him to a waiting van on the stretcher, and soon after 3-15, he reached his ancestral house at Jorasanko. The principal sitting room, on the first floor, had been converted into the sick room with all the furniture and furnishings removed, and he was taken up there.

The day was sultry, the journey tedious, and when he reached Jorasanko it seemed as if very little

of life was left in him. He was thoroughly exhausted,—and he could not even be removed from the stretcher to his bed. He lay there—pale and wan, his eyes a little vague. Towards the evening, he revived to some extent and exchanged a few words with the nurses. During the night he slept well, as a result of which, the next morning (July 26), he looked somewhat fresh and restful. After his morning cup of coffee, he was helped on to his chair, and, as it seemed, he was in a mood to talk. Dr. Abanindranath Tagore and others who had come to enquire after him, were asked to his room and a most lively conversation ensued. Mr. Samarendranath Tagore, Prof. Charu Chandra Bhattacharya and Dr. Amiya Chakravarty were also in the company. Gurudeva was in a reminiscent mood, talking of his young days, particularly of the Swadeshi period. His memory of these days had been lately roused and refreshed on reading the manuscript of Abanindranath's memoirs, now in press. From the way he talked with vigour and interest, it was difficult to understand that he had hardly ten more days to live. Suddenly he turned towards Abanindranath and said, "Aban, I hear you have refused to join the celebration the Visva-Bharati wants to arrange in honour of your seventy-first birthday." Even before Abanindranath could say a word in explanation, he continued with great warmth: "What right have you to deny what the people want to do in honour of the event? It would be not merely a tribute to you personally, it is also a tribute to the great art movement which it has been your good fortune to initiate and to lead. Moreover, such a public tribute would have an educative value also." Abanindranath meekly replied, "Since you so desire, I shall submit myself to the torture of a public reception". After the party had left, Gurudeva continued: "Of all those who have served Bengal, I do not think, any one deserves well of his people more than Aban. He has taught a whole nation to understand Beauty, to look for Beauty, to appreciate Beauty—*Aban Saraswati Baraputra* (Aban is the favoured child of Saraswati)."



—In deep silence and with mute salutations they saw him off. Their hearts were heavy and their eyes tearful

THE operation had been fixed for Wednesday, the 30th July. All necessary preparations were being hurriedly gone through though the patient himself was not yet aware of the exact date.

From the 26th to the 29th, that is, the days in Calcutta before the operation, his condition was much the same. A little fresh in the morning—clear in mind and interested enough in life to call for the newspapers—and discuss the war news, particularly of the Russian Front; from noon, rise in temperature, increasing uneasiness and, occasionally, almost a state of stupor. He did not talk much these days though he still enjoyed the company of his people and sometimes even cracked a joke or two.

In preparation of the operation he had to suffer daily a painful injection of Glucose in the vein (50 c.c. at a time—once or twice even 100 c.c.). These little worries, he found most annoying. On the 26th, soon after the injection had been administered, there was violent rigor which completely unnerved us. We never had such an experience before; fortunately, the doctor had not yet left the house, and the trouble could be controlled before it went too far.

On the evening of the 29th, that is, the day before the operation, he asked Jyoti-babu* to tell him exactly how painful the operation would be. He said, if he knew from before, he could prepare himself better. Gurudeva was very fond of Jyoti-babu, particularly appreciating his keen sense of humour. Jyoti-babu was also quite free and unconstrained in behaviour with him. In answer to his query, Jyoti-babu said: "Nothing at all, Sir. We shall apply some local anaesthetics, and even though you would be fully conscious, you would not know that they are cutting your body up. We shall put a screen to hide the cruel surgeon from your view and you would not know he is there. Why, we shan't be surprised if you were even to compose a poem with the operation actually in progress". Gurudeva laughed heartily at this and said: "If it calls for no greater pain than composing a poem, well, I am ready. Call in your surgeon". Jyoti-babu, in order to reassure him, added: "We are taking no risks whatsoever nor sparing any safeguards. We surgeons do not forget that সাবধানের মার নেই (there is no end to precautions). Gurudeva retorted, "But do not also forget: Nor is there any precaution against the End": মারের সাবধান নেই।

Jyoti-babu would not, however, tell him that the operation was fixed for the morrow. But Gurudeva certainly guessed from certain preliminaries and changes in the treatment, that the date could not be far off. Late in the evening, he sent for Mrs. Rani Chanda, who used to work as his amanuensis during the last few months, to take down a poem. It began: "হৃৎকের আঁধার রাত্রি, বারে বারে এসেছে আমার দ্বারে" ['Sorrow's dark night, again and again, has come to my door'] After his death it was published under the caption "Death" in certain papers

and wrongly described by them as his 'last poem'. In fact, there was yet another poem in store for him. He did not also give any title to the poem.

The fateful 30th eventually arrived,—and from early morning, the whole house looked like a hospital with doctors coming and going, and assistants busily engaged in fitting up a temporary operation theatre on the eastern verandah, adjacent to the sick room. Gurudeva, however, was still in blissful ignorance. He now composed his last poem "তোমার সৃষ্টির রেখেছি আকীর্ণ করি বিচিত্র ছলনাজালে, তে ছলন" ['You have covered the path of your creation with a mesh of varied wiles, 'Thou Guileful One']. As usual, when, line by line, it was completed, it was read out to him. He chided the surgeons for making some lame rhymes and desired to make some changes. He, however, was already tired and could not go on. He said: "How soon I shall be exhausted these days. The doctors assure me that I would be all right after the operation; let them wait, therefore, wait." The poem remained untouched till the last and has since then been published in its originally dictated form.

His daughter-in-law, Sreemati Pratima Devi, herself lying very seriously ill at Santiniketan, from there had sent through a messenger a letter to Gurudeva to reach him before the operation.

Gurudeva, after he had rested for a while, dictated for her a letter, and, in a faltering voice, he signed it himself "Baba Mashai". That was the last time he held the pen—the pen with which he had conquered the world and Death. It is a measure of the fitness of things that his last message should have been for one, who, for the last thirty years, had had no other thought, no other work but to make himself happy and comfortable.

At about 10-30 A.M., the principal surgeon, Mr. Panerjee came into his room and, after a brief examination, said in a calculatedly casual manner: "Everything seems all right, why should we not have the operation today? Now?" For a moment Gurudeva felt a little nonplussed, and then he said: "Perhaps, it is all right. I am ready".

After a while he was put on a stretcher and carried out to the operation table in the verandah. The surgeons took charge of him and we withdrew.

With a heart full of unknown fears and hopes, we, about a dozen of his people, kept ourselves huddled together in a neighbouring room. Time for us seemed to have stopped altogether. The operation was hardly an hour, and we thought we had waited for an eternity. At 11-45, the doctors came and said the operation was over,—and it was fully performed. The patient's condition was as could be expected. That was the bulletin which was given to the Press. Mahatmajji was also present at the operation.

* Dr. Jyoti Prakash Sircar, a nephew of Sir Nilratan Sircar

IN the evening the surgeon came to examine and felt satisfied with the patient's condition. Gurudeva seemed even cheerful, and when Dr. Banerjee enquired if the operation hurt him much, he replied with a pale smile: "Why force me to a lie?" We realized the operation could not have been entirely painless.

From the look of things, we felt everything was really well and there was no cause for worry whatsoever. But the night was unpleasant; he slept hardly at all, even though bromide was administered twice in the night. He was restless, feeling dry and parched in the mouth and the throat. Barley water and Glucose water were being given him in frequent short sips.

The day after the operation (31st July), partly because of the disturbed night he had, his condition worsened. There was a rise in temperature and the pulse was also quite quick. He complained of pain in the wound and of a general feeling of uneasiness. The doctors made frequent examinations, held hurried consultations with one another, and they did not look happy. But we were assured that such a setback was nothing unusual after an operation. The night was, however, better, with snatches of sound sleep. On the third day of the operation (1st August), there was a marked all-round improvement; temperature came down considerably, pulse was steadier. He also took an appreciable quantity of liquid nourishment. The improvement was maintained during the night, and on Saturday morning (2nd August), we felt so sure that the danger was over, that it was decided that Rathi-babu would go to Santiniketan by the evening train in view of Pratima Devi's continued illness. But trouble started soon after. Gurudeva again began to feel restless and complained of pain and uneasiness in the stomach. Temperature once again mounted up,—pulse also showed a steep rise. Towards evening a new trouble appeared occasional fits of hiccough. Though at the beginning it did not seem very persistent or acute, it was to cause grave worry later on. The night brought in no relief; on the contrary, sleep was hardly possible on account of hiccough. On Sunday morning (3rd August) we felt quite panicky and thought it advisable to ask Pratima Devi to come to Calcutta, if the journey was not altogether impossible. From

the afternoon, some improvement was once again noticed, reviving our faltering hopes. The night was not too bad either, but from Monday (4th August) the condition definitely worsened, and when Pratima Devi came to see him in the morning, he hardly talked with her. As a matter of fact, from now onwards, he was hardly conscious at all; every hour new and worse symptoms began to show themselves. From Tuesday the 5th, the critical stage set in. A bad cough had been worrying him, and hiccough seemed almost continuous. Innumerable palliatives for hiccough were tried one after another, but to no effect. In the evening his old and lifelong friend and physician Sir Nilratan came to see him. Though himself badly stricken by age and disease, he could not but rush to Gurudeva's bedside when he heard of his condition. But Gurudeva was already in a state of coma; he did not seem to recognise anybody; his eyes looked as blank as before. Whatever hopes still lingered in us completely vanished when Sir Nilratan, as he was leaving the room, suddenly turned back and had a long look at the Poet. It was—we knew—Sir Nilratan's farewell to his friend.

In the night, the condition became very grave, and the doctors in attendance tried their last remedies. These had some effect, however, and the night passed. With dawn (6th August) came back hope; we thought possibly the worst was over, and the tide would now turn in our favour. It seemed impossible to us that it could be otherwise. But, alas, our hopes were all dupes. It was now a hurried sliding downwards—with a worse and new trouble added every minute. He could not swallow even a sip of water, the eyes were swollen and they were watery. From the afternoon, we were told to be ready for the end. Slowly and wearily, the hours rolled by and the shadow of death was over us. From midnight till three in the morning, he somehow struggled on, but after that, it was only waiting for the inevitable. The dawn peeped in (7th August), and there was no trace of life in him excepting the gasping breath. At 10 A.M. the doctors began to administer oxygen but it made very little difference. The sound of breath became fainter and fainter and soon after 12, it ceased finally.

We lost the battle, and Death wrested him away from us.

*When death comes and whispers to me
 "Thy days are ended,"
 let me say to him, "I have lived in love
 and not in mere time."
 He will ask "Will thy songs remain?"
 I shall say "I know not, but this I know
 that often when I sang I found my eternity."*

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Last Hours

By

AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

WHEN we watched him in pain, through the long hours, it seemed as if he was taking upon himself the final weight of human mortality before leaving this dearly loved Earth. There was a feeling of agony willingly endured, so that he could share our sorrows to the full. And yet the pain of life which visited him was evidently not his choice alone, the nature of existence had forced it upon him. We too shared a responsibility for his suffering. There he was ; helpless, a child and poet of life, and we could do nothing for him. Nothing for him who through a life-time of wonder had brought us where we are, whose gifts have filled our days. Humanity, pure in knowledge—as he saw it—would someday bring the answering gift with which love dispels pain. But when? How far the outer waves of pain touched the levels below his general unconsciousness, in the last two days, we cannot tell. Even though he seemed to struggle, there was a far-awayness in his face : that of mountain ranges beyond the reach even of everlasting snows or glacial storms. But suffering was there.

IN the days immediately before, it was fully conscious pain which he met with limitless spiritual manhood. No age was there, but the vigour of eternal youth, in the fortitude with which life's struggle was met. Physical suffering he would touch with laughter, as he ever did in his life, transmuting agony into a living flame ; a new light added to a universe of light. The ever-deepening background became a night of infinite tenderness ; unknown stars sparkled beyond life's sky. In one of his last poems he speaks of death's skilful handiwork, jewelling the scattered gloom ; this he wrote before the operation. Those who had won in the game of life-and-death, could enjoy this pattern of death's art, even as one could enjoy life in paying its price in ceaseless victory. His vision comes to us as a challenge. Neither death nor life is a finality ; they are part of our being. What then is being? We shall know as we grow in truth and blessedness.

HE had come to the heart of things. The sky and earth, life's concourse, the river-side market, Bengal's green fields, and flowers, the hum of work in city and home : these had mingled in his beatific vision. War's cries came across the ocean but destruction is not the end of life. Man will live. Wrongs he could challenge, with human means, because he was with all and had the right of love to judge. Through

his physical suffering he renewed his kinship with physical man—humanity's great self we might call it—and even in poems written during grave illness, he created a new level of verse. In lucid lines, bare and unadorned, he made us see and not merely know, the world's usual day.

His life itself had become living verse ; pain and struggle cast no shadow but enriched the poetry of existence.

THEN death came. Around it surged, even while life and death were meeting in his last moments, the stormy sea of humanity. With its frenzy, its unleavened emotions of man's crowded self, it rushed and revolved in primal movements. As they bore him away, in the afternoon, on his face was more than forgiveness. Reverence, unexpressed in our turmoil, had touched the mortal form that he had for ever left. During pain, even while yet conscious an infinite wistfulness would come over his face ; was it final acceptance, and yearning, and perhaps, also the faintest reproach that this had to be thus? At least nobody could be there without feeling reproach within himself, even while sublimity filled our hearts. But in death, not even a trace of reproach or of feeling was there in his expression, but the unconcerned benediction of divinity, the divinity of all things. This cannot be expressed, but seen.

THE LAST POEM

You have covered the path of your creation
in a mesh of varied wiles,

Thou Guileful One.

Deftly have you set a snare of false beliefs
in artless lives.

With your deceit

you have left your mark on Greatness

taking away from him the secrecy of night.

The path your star lights for him

is the translucent path of his heart,

ever illumined by a simple faith.

Though tortuous outside

it is straight within,

that is his pride.

Though men call him futile,

in the depth of his heart he finds truth

washed clean by the inner light.

Nothing can cheat him ;

he carries to his treasure-house

his last reward.

He who easefully could bear your wile,

receives from your hands

the right to everlasting Peace.

—THE LAST HOURS

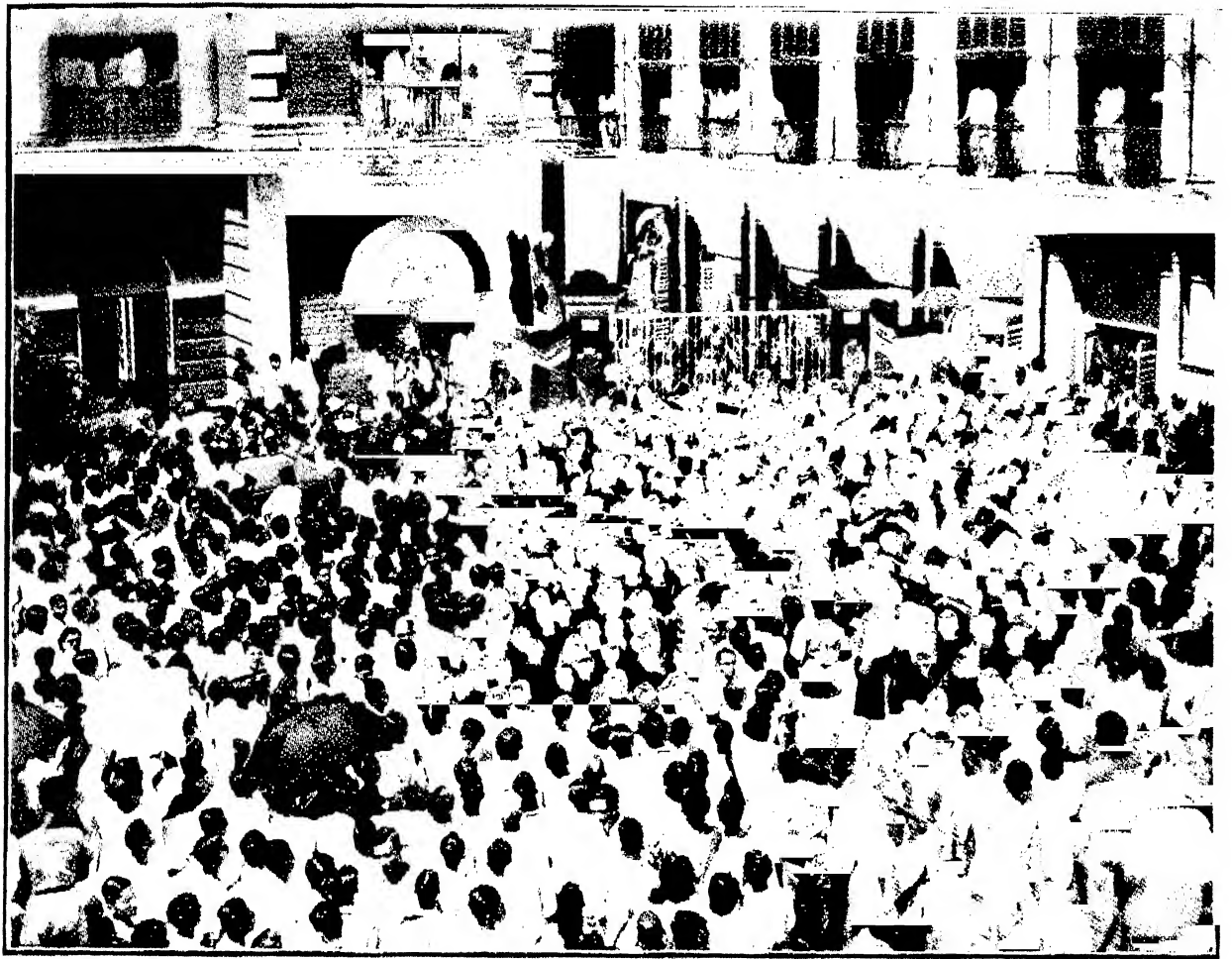


Photo : D. Ratan

IN THE COURTYARD OF THE TAGORE HOUSE

—THE LAST JOURNEY: I

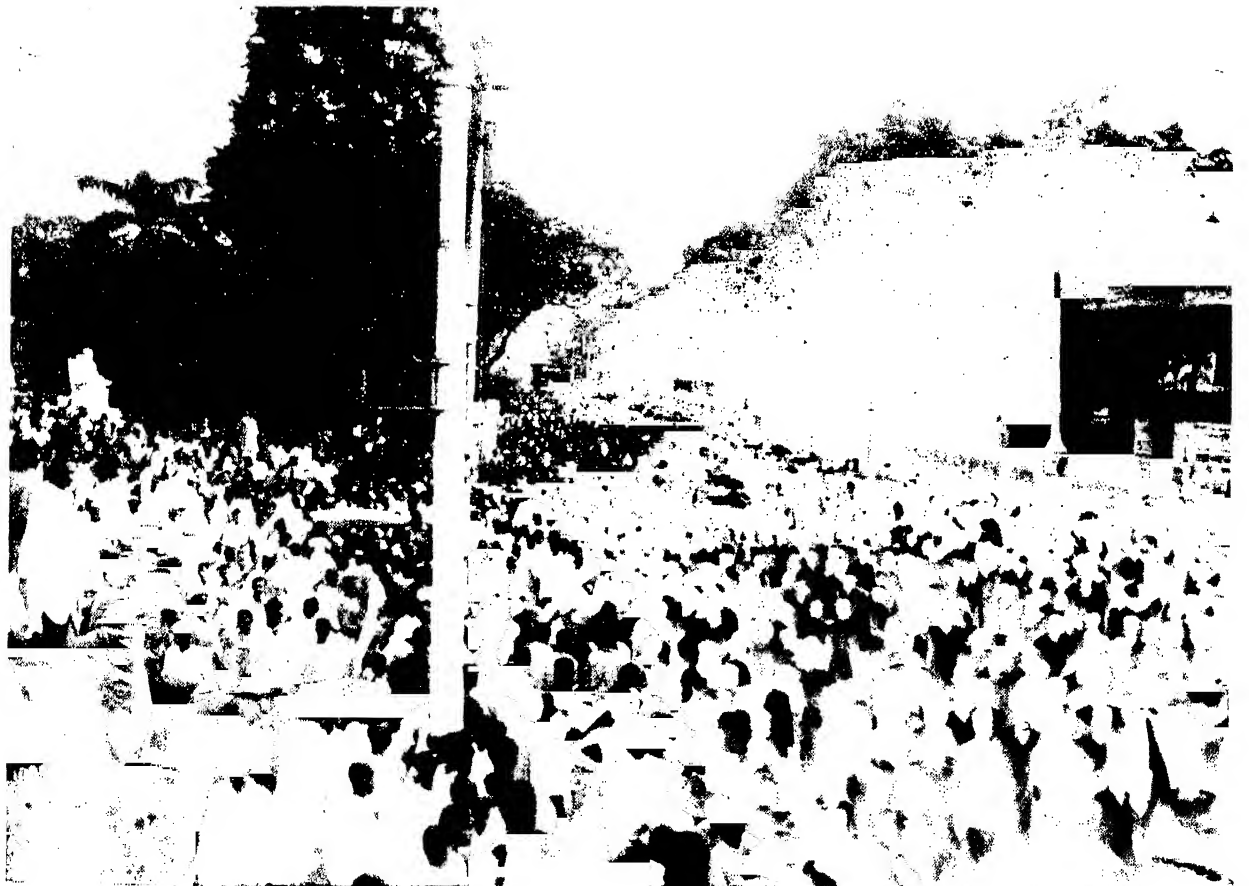


Photo : Kanchan Mukerjee

IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY OF HIS BIRTH

"হে মহাত্মার শেখ, হে বিদায় অনিমেঘ,

হে সৌম্য বিবাদ,

কণেক দাঁড়াও স্থির,

মুছায়ে নয়ন-নীর

"কণেক দাঁড়াও স্থির,

পদতলে নমি স্থির

তব খাতাপখে,

দিশুক প্রদীপ বরি

নিঃশব্দে আরতি করি

With your flashing sword cut
in twain
The tangle of doubt and
feeble desire.

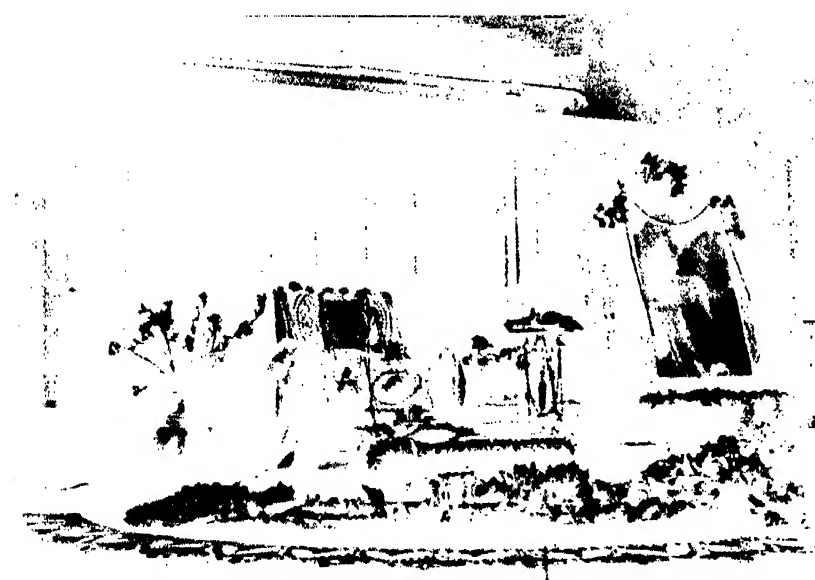
Victory!

Come, Implacable!
Come, you who are terrible
in your whiteness.
O Light, your drum sounds
in the march of fire,
And the red torch
is held on high;
Death dies in a burst
of splendour.

*Pandit Kshili Mohan Sen and
Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri acted
jointly as ACHARYYAS in the cere-
mony.*



—All assembled went round Maharshi Debendranath's prayer-seat under the Chhatim tree



—After the 'Sradh' ceremony a continuous stream of people visited the room last occupied by the Poet

The choir sang the opening song, all standing—"Tomari Ichcha Hauk Purna Karunamaya Swami" ('Thy will be done, Oh! Merciful Lord!') composed by the Poet many years ago.

The SRADH commenced with the singing of the song: "Samukhe Shanti-parabar, bhasao tarani hey Karnadhar" ('In front lies the ocean of peace, launch the boat, Helmsman').

The ceremony came to a close after the Poet's song "Tomari Ashime Prana Mana Laye Jata Dure Ami Dhai" ('Far as I gaze at the depth of thy immensity') had been sung in chorus.

Finally, all assembled went round Maharshi Debendranath's prayer-seat under the CHHATIM tree singing Dwijendranath's song

"Karo Tnar Nama Gan Jal Rahe Dhe Pran." ('Sing glory so long as the life remains in the body').

More than two thousand people, including inmates of the Asylum, ex-students and people from neighbouring rural areas watched the ceremony with deep reverence.

After the ceremony, there was a continuous stream of people towards Uttarayan, where the scent of flowers and burning incense filled the air of the room last occupied by the Poet and the verandah where his bed-sitting arm-chair and writing desk stood as poignant memory's silent posts.

Over 3,000 poor were fed on the occasion.



—More than three thousand poor were fed on the occasion, the boys and girls of Santiniketan serving them

The Opening Song

সমুখে শান্তি-পারাবার,
ভাসাও তরঙ্গী হে কর্ণধার।
তুমি হবে চিরসার্থী,
লও লও হে ক্রোড় পাতি',
অসীমের পথে জলিবে
জ্যোতি প্রবতারকার।
মুক্তিদাতা, তোমার ক্ষমা তোমার দয়।
হবে চিরপাথেয় চিরযাত্রার।
হয় যেন মর্ত্যের বন্ধনক্ষয়,
বিরাট বিশ্ব বাহু মেলি' লয়,
পায় অস্থিরে নির্ভর পরিচয়
মহা অজানার ॥

In front lies the ocean of peace,
Launch the boat, Helmsman.
You will be the comrade ever,
Take O take him in your lap.
In the path of the Infinite
will shine the 'Dhruva-tara' (1).
Giver of Freedom, your forgiveness, your mercy
Will be wealth inexhaustible in the eternal journey.
May the mortal bonds perish,
May the vast universe take him in its arms,
and may he know in his fearless heart
The Great Unknown.*

The Ritual of the Vedas and Upanishadas†

यो देवोऽग्नौ योऽस्य
यो विश्वं भुवनमाविश्वं।
य ओषधिषु यो वनस्पतिषु
तस्म देवाय नमोनमः।

The God Who is in fire, in water, Who pervades the entire universe; He Who is in plants, in trees; to Him we make our obeisance again and again.

सन्तं ज्ञानमनन्तं ब्रह्म।
आनन्दरूपममृतं यद्विभाति।
शान्तं शिवमद्वैतम्।

He Who is our Creator, our Preserver, the Ordainer of all our happiness; He Who is the Life of our life and the source of all our blessings; He by Whose grace we are having our body and mind, our intellect and strength, our knowledge and faith; He Who is always protecting our body, mind and soul from various troubles; He is the Supreme Being, He is Truth, He is Knowledge, He is the Infinite. He is manifesting Himself as the Bliss, the Immortal; He is the Calm, the Beneficent, the One without a second. With love, with mind turned back from all else, let us offer our souls to that Bliss Who is without a second.

सपथ्येगाच्छुक्रमकायमवशमस्त्राविं शुद्धमपार्पावद्धम्।
कविम्मनीषी परिभूः स्वयम्भूयाथातथ्यतोऽर्थान्
व्यदधाच्छाश्वतीभ्यः समाभ्यः।
एतस्माज्जायतं प्राणो मनः सर्वेन्द्रियाणि च।
खं वायुर्ज्योतिरापः पृथिवी विश्वस्य धारिणी।
भयादस्याग्निस्तपति भयात्तपति सूर्यः।
भयादिन्द्रश्च वायश्च मृत्युर्धावति पञ्चमः।

He is all-pervading, bright, bodiless, without sinews, without scar, pure, unpierced by evil; He is all-seeing, the guide of the mind, the greatest of all and self-manifest; from all times He is ordering objects for the use of created beings according to their natures. From Him have come into being

life, mind and the senses, and the sky, air, light, water and this earth, the container of them all. For fear of Him fire burns, for fear of Him the sun gives heat, for fear of Him clouds shower rain, winds blow, and death moves about.

असतो मा सद्गमय
तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय
मृत्योर्मांश्मृतं गमय।
आविरावोम्म णधि।

रुद्र यत्ते दक्षिणं मुखं तेन मां पार्हि मित्यम्।

Lead me from the unreal to Thy Real Self; lead me from darkness to Thy Luminous Self; lead me from death to Thy Deathless Self. O Thou Self-manifest, be manifest unto me. O Thou the Terrible One, with that gracious face of Thine, protect me always.

ओं ब्रह्मवादिनो वदन्ति।
यतो वा इमानि भूतानि जायन्ते।

येन जातानि जीवन्ति।

यत् प्रयन्त्यभिर्সংবিশন্তি।

তত্ত্বিজিহাসস্ব। তদ্ব্রহ্ম।

আনন্দাধ্যৈব খল্বিমানি ভূতানি জায়ন্তে।

আনন্দেन জাতানি জীবন্তি।

আনন্দ প্রয়ন্ত্যভিসংবিশন্তি।

যতো বাচো নিয়ন্তন্তে অপ্রাপ্য মনসা সহ।

আনন্দং ব্রহ্মণো বিদ্বান্ ন বিভেতি কুতश्चन ॥

† This song, which has been translated into English by Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, for the September number of *The Modern Review* was composed by the Poet on 3rd December, 1939 for a new stage version of *Dak-ghar* ('The Post Office'). The song was, however, never used, and the Poet expressed the wish that it should be sung after his own death.

(1) The bright pole-star, which in the Bengali word "Dhruva" carries the significance of steadfastness and untailing guidance.

* In translating into English the Sanskrit text of the Vedas and Upanishadas, the explanatory and interpretative Bengali rendering by Maharshi Debendranath Tagore as given in the *Anusthan Paddhati* of the Adi Brahma Samaj has been followed more than the original.—Ed., C. M. G.

रसो व सः ।

रसं ह्येवायं लब्ध्वानन्दी भवति ।

कोह्येवान्यात् कः प्राययात् यदेव आकाश आनन्दो न स्यात् ।

एषश्चैवानन्दयाति । यदा ह्येवैष एतस्मिन्नदृश्येऽनात्म्येऽनिरुक्तेऽ-
निलयनेऽभयं प्रतिष्ठां विन्दते अथ सोऽभयं गतो भवति ।

यतो वाचो निवर्त्तन्ते अप्राप्य मनसा सह ।

आनन्दं ब्रह्मणो विद्वान् न बिभेति कदाचन ॥

The expounders of the Vedas say: He from Whom all these beings have come into existence, He by Whom after coming into existence all these are kept alive, and He towards Whom all these go and into Whom all these enter at the time of the dissolution of the universe; have a desire to know Him thoroughly; He is the Supreme Being. These beings come into existence from the Supreme Being, the Bliss; after having come into existence these are kept alive by the Supreme Being, the Bliss; and at the time of the dissolution of the universe, these go towards and enter into the Supreme Being, the Bliss. He who has known the Bliss of the Supreme Being, from Whom unrealised mind and words turn back, he is not afraid of any one. This Supreme Being is the Joy, the source of all satisfaction. The individual soul enjoys felicity by realising the Supreme Being, the Joy. Who would have exerted himself physically, who would have lived, if this Supreme Being had not been in the Heavens? He is the One Who deals out felicity to the people. At the time when the devotee lives without fear in this invisible, bodiless, inexpressible, uncontained Supreme Being, it is then that he achieves fearlessness. He who has known the Bliss of the Supreme Being, from Whom unrealised mind and words turn back, he is never afraid.

एषास्य परमा गतिरेषास्य परमा सम्पत्

एषोऽस्य परमो लोक एषोऽस्य परम आनन्दः ।

एतस्यैवानन्दन्यान्यानि भूतानि मात्रासुपजीवन्ति ॥

He is the Supreme Refuge of the individual soul, He is his Supreme Fulfilment, He is his Supreme Universe, He is his Supreme Bliss. All other created beings enjoy only a minute particle of the felicity of this Supreme Bliss,

ओं य एकोऽवर्णो बहुधा शक्तियोगात्

वर्णाननेकाङ्गितार्थो दधाति ।

विवेति चान्ते विश्वमादौ स देवः

स नो बुद्ध्या शुभया संयुक्तः ॥

ओं एकमेवाद्वितीयम् ।

He Who is One and without any visible form; He Who, with His knowledge of the necessities of created beings, ordains various desired objects by His manifold powers; by Whom is pervaded the entire universe, its beginning, middle and end; He is the Radiant Supreme Being. May He give us that understanding which leads to good actions.

Om, The One without a second.

तमोश्चराणां परमं महेश्वरं

तं देवतानां परमञ्च देवतम् ।

पतिं पतीनां परमं परस्तात्

विश्वम देवं भुवनेशमोक्ष्यम् ॥

न तस्य कार्यं करणाच्च विद्यते

न तत्समश्चाभ्यधिकश्च दृश्यते ।

परास्य शक्तिर्विविधैव भूयते

स्वाभाविकी ज्ञानबलक्रिया च ॥

न तस्य कश्चित् पतिरस्ति लोके

न चेतिता नैव च तस्य लिङ्गम् ।

स कारणं करणाधिपाधिपो

न चास्य कश्चिज्जनिता न चाधिपः ॥

एष देवो विश्वकर्मा महात्मा सदा जनानां हृदये सज्जिविष्टः ।

हृदा मनीषा मनसाभिरुक्तो य एतद्विदुरमुतास्ते भवन्ति ॥

Him I know, the Great Lord, the Greatest of lords, the Deity, the Greatest of deities; the Master of masters, the Greatest of the great; the God, Who is Lord of the universe, to Whom all praise is due.

Actionless is He, bodiless; none other equals or exceeds Him; Supreme is His Energy, multiform, so is it heard; innate in It is His manifestation as Knowledge and Force.

No master has He in the universe, no lord; no distinguishing mark; from Him does creation flow; He is Lord of the soul; no progenitor has He, no lord.

Creator of the universe is He, this God, the Great Spirit; His seat is always in the heart of man; they who realise Him with heart, intellect and mind intent, attain to deathlessness.

“देवा यज्ञास्तथा नागा गन्धर्वाप्सरसो ऽसुराः ।

क्रूराः सर्पा सुपर्णाश्च तरवो जिह्मगाः खगाः ॥

विद्याधरा जलाधारास्तथैवाकाशगार्गमनः ।

निराहाराश्च ये जीवाः पापे धर्मे रताश्च ये ॥”

May everyone be contented today. May all created beings from gods, demi-gods down to the meanest find contentment today. May everyone, hungry, thirsty, sinful or virtuous find contentment today.

“आब्रह्मभुवनाहोका देवर्षिपितृमानवाः ।

तृप्यन्तु पितरः सर्वे मानृमातामहादयः ।

अतीतकुलकोटीनां सप्तद्वीपनिवासिनाम् ।

मया दत्तेन तोयं तृप्यन्तु भुवन्नत्रयम् ॥”

May everyone find supreme contentment today. The millions of families who have departed this life and those who are now inhabiting different countries and different divisions of the earth, may the shower of contentment be upon all of them today. May this shower give satisfaction to three worlds today.

इदं पितृभ्यो नमो अस्तु अथ

ये पूर्वांसो य उपरास इयुः ।

ये पार्थिवे रजसि आ निषत्ता

ये वा नूनं सुश्रुजनास्तु विबु ॥

Those who have departed to the next world, they are my ancestors. My salutations to all of them today, to those who are my elders, and to those who are my youngers. Some of them might have their seats today on the dust of this earth, some others in another beautiful, majestic world. All of them have come here today, my salutations to all of the

ये च इह पितरो ये च जेह
यांश्च विद्य यं उ च न प्रविद्धम् ॥

Those ancestors who are present here today, and those who are not present, those whom I know and those whom I do not know, my salutations to all of them today.

त आगमन्तु त इह अवन्यु
अधिगन्तु ते अगन्तु वस्मान् ॥

May they all come here today, in this place where we are performing this ceremony in honour of the departed. May they hear the words which are in our inmost hearts. May they give us encouragement by accepting our prayer, may they protect us by fulfilling the desire of our hearts,

May they inspire our hearts with right understanding and words. May they keep our understanding fixed to-day in the truth of the universe. May they enable us to render service and goodness and reverence.

प्रेह प्रेह पथिभिः पूर्वभिः
यत्रा नः पूर्वं पितरः पश्युः ।

By the ancient path used by our ancestors from the beginning of time when they made their departure, proceed, you also, and begin your journey.

संगच्छता पितृभिः समने-
ष्टा पून परमं ध्योमनः ।

On the strength of your deeds of virtue, go to the highest heaven, and there meet the ancestors, meet the God of Death.

हिंसायावद्य पुनस्तमेहि
संगच्छन्व तन्वा सुखीः ।

All that is unclean leave today, and with body beautiful, radiant and pure, go and join them this day in that heaven.

तपसा ये जनादृश्याः पसा ये रुद्रेभ्यः ।
तपो ये चित्रे महस्तस्विदेवापि गच्छताम् ॥

Amongst those, go, you also, amongst those who cannot be approached because of their great devotion, who have reached Heaven because of their great devotion, who have attained beatitude because of their great devotion.

ये त्रिपूर्वं श्रुतसाता श्रुतजाता श्रुतावृष्टः ।
श्रुतोऽप्यस्तो यम तपोजः अपि गच्छताम् ॥

Amongst those, go, you also, O devotee with self under control, amongst those earlier devotees who dedicated their lives to the attainment of beatitude, who entered into new life in course of that attainment, and the work of whose life was progress in such attainment.

सहस्रदीपः कथयो ये गोपाः नित्यं स्युः ।
श्रुतोऽप्यस्तो यम तपोजः अपि गच्छताम् ॥

Amongst those, go, you also, O great devotee, amongst those sages who are devoted to the quest of God, who are poets endowed with prophetic vision, by the side of whose radiance the light of the sun even is faint.

हवामि ते मनसा मन इहेमान् गृहान् उपजुगुप्साव दहि ।

With our mind we invoke your mind today, be one in love with the life in our home.

इहैवधि धनसन्निहि वित्त इहभृष्टः ।
इहैव व यवकृश वयसा कपरः हतः ॥

Stay here, take away our misery and make us great; be one with us in our mind and endeavour; with new strength and energy, stay here, unrepelled.

परेतु मृत्युमृतं न पेतु ।

May death vanish from our midst, may immortality be revealed unto us.

आन दादध्येऽऽल्लिखमानि भूतानि जायन्ते ।
आनन्देन जातानि जीवन्ति आनन्दं प्रगल्भाभिराश्रयन्ति ॥

All things have their origin in Bliss; all things have their being in Bliss; all things enter into and are absorbed in Bliss.

अथादृश्याः स्फुरन्ति भगवत्पति सूर्येः ।
भगादृश्व वायुश्च सृष्टुष्यति पञ्चमः ॥

Fire burns for fear of Him, the sun gives heat for fear of Him, clouds and winds move for fear of Him, death runs for fear of Him.

य आम्भदा बलदा यस्य शिष्य उपासो प्रशियं रस्य देवाः ।
रस्य च्छायासृता यस्य सृष्टुः कर्म देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
य प्राणतो तिमिरतो माहवक इह राजा जगतो बभूव ।
य ईशे यस्य पिपद्वत्पदः रस्य देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
यस्यमे हिमन्तो महत्त्वा यस्य समुद्र रस्य रुहाहु ।
रस्येमाः प्रदशो यस्य बाहु कर्म देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
येन घोषा पृथिवी च दल्ला येन रस्य सभितं येन नाकः ।
यो अन्तरितो रजसा तिमिरः कर्म देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
यह्म कर्मो अस्मा तस्मान्ने अम्यं जन्ता मनसा रेजमाने ।
यदाचि सूर उदितो तिमिरः कर्म देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥
मा नो हिमो जनिता यः पृथिव्या र्यो वा दिव सत्यं मर्त्यो जनिता ।
यस्वापरं द्रा दृष्टोज्ञान कर्म देवाय हविषा विधेम ॥

He is the source of life and strength; the entire universe and the gods are ruled by Him; death and deathlessness are His shadow. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

He is the One Only King in His Own Majesty of this world of life, of these bipeds and quadrupeds. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

This snow-clad mountain, this ocean with the rivers, these are His Great Glory; the quarters of the sky, these are His Hands. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

By Him was the sky made to glow, by Him was the earth made firm, by Him was the heaven made and fixed, by Him was made the cloud moving in the air. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

Him they regard steadfastly, the shining heaven and earth firmly fixed by the Supreme Energy; in Him doth the sun find his glory. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

He Whose Law is Truth, He Who created heaven and earth, He Who created the great ocean, may He preserve us from utter ruin. To what other god shall we offer oblation?

শ্রাদ্ধকর্তার প্রার্থনা

হে পরম পিতা, দশ রাত্র গত হইল, আমাদের ভক্তিভাজন পিতা তোমার মঙ্গল ইচ্ছায় ইহলোক হইতে অবস্থত হইয়াছেন। তিনি যখন রোগ-যন্ত্রণায় নিতান্ত কাতর হইলেন, আমরা কিছুতেই তাঁহার শাস্তি করিতে পারিলাম না, তুমি তখন আপনার অমৃত ক্রোড়ে আশ্রয় দিয়া তাঁহাকে সকল যন্ত্রণা হইতে মুক্ত করিলে। হে মঙ্গলময়, আমাদের জীবনদাতা তোমার প্রতি নিবিশ্বরূপ পিতা যেরূপ স্নেহে আমাদের প্রতিপালন করিয়াছেন, তাহা কোনো কালে পরিশোধ করা যায় না। এই সংসারসমূহে তিনি আমাদের দীপস্বরূপ ছিলেন। তিনি স্বয়ং সমুদায় বিপদের ভার বহন করিয়া আমাদের রক্ষা করিতেন, পিতৃস্নেহ কীতন করিয়া শেষ করা যায় না, পিতৃশ্রম কিছুতেই পরিশোধ করা যায় না। অতএব আমরা সপরিবারে ভক্তিপ্রণত হইয়া তোমার নিকট এই প্রার্থনা করিতেছি যে, তাঁহার প্রতি আমাদের কৃতজ্ঞতা ও ভক্তি উন্নত করিয়া দাও। হে মতিদাতা, তুমি যেন তাঁহাকে লোকান্তরে লইয়া তাঁহার রোগ যন্ত্রণা শাস্তি করিলে সেইরূপ সেখানে তাঁহাকে আপনার সহিত যুক্ত করো। তাঁহাকে সত্য-জ্যোতিতে ভূষিত করিয়া তোমার সঙ্গী করিয়া লও। তিনি যে-লোকে থাকুন, আমাদের প্রতি প্রসন্ন থাকুন, এবং আমরা তাঁহার নিকট যাহা কিছু অপরাধ করিয়াছি, তাহা তিনি ক্ষমা করুন। হে মঙ্গলময়, আমরা একজন পরম বন্ধু সকলের-কল্যাণে-নিরত মহাপুরুষকে হারাষ্টয়া তোমার সম্মুখে উপস্থিত হইয়াছি, আমাদের তোমার অভয় মূর্তি প্রদর্শন করো। তিনি আমাদের যে সংসারের গুরুভার অর্পণ করিয়া গেলেন, তাহা বহন করিবার সামর্থ্য প্রদান করো। এ-সংসার তোমারই প্রিয় সংসার, এখানে তোমার প্রিয় কাণ্ড করিতে গিয়া যে-সকল ক্লেশ প্রাপ্ত হইব, তাহা যেন তোমার প্রেমে পুলকিত হইয়া সহ্য করিতে পারি। সুপের লোভে তোমার আজ্ঞার প্রতিবৃদ্ধি আমাদের যে সকল প্রবৃত্তি উদ্ভূত হইবে, তাহা যেন তোমার পবিত্র জ্যোতিতে ভস্মীভূত হইয়া যায়। যদি ধন, মান, যশ ও প্রাণ পর্যন্ত পরিত্যাগ করিতে হয়, তথাপি যেন ধর্মপথ হইতে বিচলিত না হই। ধর্ম রক্ষার নিমিত্ত তুমি আমাদের যে-শক্তি প্রদান করিয়াছ, তাহা যেন কাঙ্ক্ষাকালে অবলম্বন করিতে প্রবৃত্তি হয়। যখন ধর্মীহৃদানে আমাদের সমুদায় বল নিঃশেষিত হইবে, তখন যেন তোমার নিকট নূতন বল প্রাপ্ত হই। তোমার প্রসাদে আমাদের এই মণ্ডলী যেন পূর্ব পূর্ব পুরুষদিগের সাধু-বৃত্তিসকল অমৃতকরণ করে। হে

মঙ্গলময়, তুমি এই মণ্ডলীর সকলের মধ্যে মঙ্গল-ভাব বিতরণ করো। তোমার জ্ঞান আমাদের শিক্ষা দাও, তোমার আশীর্বাদ প্রদান করো, এবং তোমার অক্ষয় ভাণ্ডার হইতে আমাদের সমস্ত অভাব দূর করো। তোমা হইতে আমরা যে-কিছু মঙ্গল প্রাপ্ত হই, তাহাতেই যেন সন্তোষে থাকি। তুমি যাহা কিছু দিয় যদি সকলই যায়; তথাপি তোমার মঙ্গল-স্বরূপে বিশ্বাস করণই শিথিল না হয়। তুমি আমাদের সংসারের সম্প্রদায় প্রেরণ করো, আর বিপদেই আবৃত করো, হে মঙ্গলময়, প্রত্যেক অবস্থার পরিবর্তনে তুমি আমাদের সঙ্গী থাকিবে। তোমার দক্ষিণ মুখে তোমার প্রেম-দৃষ্টি যেন সকল সময় আমাদের হৃদয় প্রফুল্ল ও উন্নত করিয়া রাখে। হে বিশ্ববিধাতা জগৎ পিতা তোমার প্রসাদে বায়ু মধু বহন করিতেছে, সমুদ্র মধু ক্ষয় করিতেছে, আবার তোমারই প্রসাদে ওষধি বনস্পতিসকল মধু হউক, গো-সকল স্তন্যধর দুগ্ধ দান করুক। রাত্রি মধু হউক, ঐ মধু হউক, ছালোক, ভুলোক ও সূর্য মধুময় হউক, পিতা তোমার মধুময় মঙ্গল ভাবের অমৃতকরণ করুন।

THE PRAYER OF THE PERFORMER OF THE 'SRADH' CEREMONY

O Father That art Supreme, it is now ten nights since our revered father was taken away from this world in accordance with Thy gracious will. When he was so distressed by his illness and we could not in any way alleviate his sufferings, Thou didst take him to shelter in Thy death-bosom, and didst free him from all pains. O Gracious Father, the love with which our father, who gave us life and who was as Thy representative here on earth, brooded over us, can never be repaid within any extent of time. He was like a light to us in this sea of life. He used to protect us by bearing all the burden of troubles himself. The debt of our father cannot sufficiently be expiated on, the debt due to our father cannot be repaid by any means. For this reason, we and the whole family bow down to Thee in reverent worship and pray that Thou mayst be pleased to augment our gratefulness and respect towards him. O Father Who dost bestow final beatitude, just as Thou didst free him from all sufferings due to his illness by removing him to another world, so also make him one With Thee there. Give him the light of Truth and make him Thy companion in whatever world he may be, may he be pleased with us and may he forgive us all our offences committed against him. O Gracious Father, having lost a great friend who was a great man engaged in doing good to all, we have come before Thee; show us that Form of Thine which removes all our sorrows. Give us the strength to bear the heavy burden of the world which he has transmitted to us. This world is due to Thee. May we be able to bear, thrilled by Thy love, all our sufferings we might have to undergo in fulfilling Thy mission. May all those desires contrary to Thy injunctions which might arise in us in our longing for happiness be reduced to ashes by Thy holy fire. May we never deviate from the path of virtue even if we have to sacrifice riches, health, fame or life itself. May we have the inclination to exert at the proper time for action the strength which Thou hast given us for the maintenance of the Law. When the strength of our strength would be exhausted in the performance of good works, may we have new accession of strength from Thee. May this community of ours, by Thy grace, emulate the noble deeds of our ancestors. O Gracious Father, Thou diffuse ideas of goodness amongst all members of the community. Teach us Thy Knowledge, give us Thy Strength.

and from Thy inexhaustible store remove all our wants, May we be contented with whatever good we might receive from Thee. May our faith in Thy Goodness never suffer, even if we lose all that Thou hast given us. O Gracious Father, whether Thou bestowest on us riches of this world or whether Thou envelopest us in misfortunes, mayst Thou always abide with us in every change of circumstance. May Thy gracious Face and Thy Loving Glance keep our hearts gladdened and ennobled on all occasions. O Creator of the universe, Father of the world, by Thy grace the wind is wafting bliss, the sea is pouring bliss; by Thy Grace, again, may the plants and trees be full of bliss, may the cows give sweet milk; may the night be full of bliss, may the dawn be full of bliss; may

the heavens, the earth and the sun be full of bliss; and, may our father emulate Thy blissful goodness.

মধু বাতা কৃতায়তে মধু নরন্তি মিন্ধ্যাঃ। মাধবীর্ন সন্তোক্ষ্যী ॥
মধু নক্ষুণ্ণো সো মধুমত্ পাথবং রজঃ। মধু ঘোরস্তু ন পিতা ॥
মধুনামা বনস্ৱতিমধুনী স্নস্তু সূর্যঃ। মাংস্বোগংবো মঃস্তু ন ॥

The wind is wafting bliss, the oceans are pouring bliss. May the plants be full of bliss. May the night and dawn be full of bliss. May the heavens be full of bliss. May our father be full of bliss. May our trees be full of bliss. May the sun be full of bliss. May our cows be full of bliss.

THE CONCLUDING SONG

তোমার অসীমে প্রাণমন লয়ে
যত দূরে আমি ধাই—
কোথাও দুঃখ কোথাও মৃত্যু
কোথাও বিচ্ছেদ নাই।

মৃত্যু সে ধরে মৃত্যুর রূপ,
দুঃখ হয় হে দুঃখের কূপ,
তোমা হতে যবে হটয়ে বিমূৰ্খ
আপনার পানে চাই।

হে পূর্ণ, তব চরণের কাছে
যাহা কিছু সব আছে আছে আছে,
নাই নাই ভয় সে শুধু আমারি,
নিশিদিন কাদি তাই।

অস্তর-গ্লানি সংসার-ভার
পলক কেলিতে কোথা একাকার,
জীবনের মাঝে স্বরূপ তোমার
রাখিবারে যদি পাই ॥

Far as I gaze at the depth of
Thy Immensity
I find no trace there of sorrow
or death or separation.

Death assumes its aspect of
terror
And sorrow its pain
Only when, away from Thee,
I turn my face towards my
own dark self.

Thou All-Perfect, everything
abides at Thy feet
For all time.
The fear of loss only clings
to me
With its ceaseless grief.
But the shame of my penury
and my life's burden
vanish in a moment
Thy presence I feel
In the centre of my being.

ॐ ॥ শান্তিঃ। শান্তিঃ। শান্তিঃ। ॐ ॥

শেষ কবিতা

তোমার সৃষ্টির পপ রেপেছ আকীর্ণ করি'
বিচিত্র ছলনা জালে,
হে ছলনাময়ী।
মিথ্যা বিশ্বাসের ক'দ পেতেছ নিপুণ হাতে
সরল জীবনে।
এই প্রবন্ধন দিয়ে মহত্বের করেছ চিত্তিত;
তার তরে রাগোনি গোপন রাত্রি।
তোমার জ্যোতিষ্ক তা'রে
যে-পথ দেখায়
সে যে তার অস্তরের পন,
সে যে চিরখন্ড,
সহজ বিশ্বাসে সে যে
করে তারে চিরসমুজ্জল।

বাহিরে কুটিল হোক অস্তরে সে স্বপ্ন,
এই নিয়ে তোর তোরব।
লোকে তারে বলে বিভ্রান্ত
সত্যের সে পায়
আপন অলোকে খোঁত অস্তরে অস্তরে।
কিছুতে পারে না তারে প্রবক্ষিতে।
শেষ পুরস্কার নিয়ে যায় সে যে
আপন ভাগ্যেরে।
অনায়াসে যে পেতেছে ছলনা সহিতে
সে পায় তোমার হাতে
শান্তির অক্ষয় অধিকার ॥

জোড়ামাকো, কলিকাতা

৩০শে জুলাই, ১৯৪১

সকাল ৯ ঘটিকা

- A TOTALITARIAN *in* RELIGION

By

THE METROPOLITAN

I DESIRE to stress an aspect of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's life which seems to be overshadowed in the minds of some by his great position as a Poet and Nationalist but I think he himself would have placed religion first as that part of his life which he held of the highest importance. He believed in God to whom all creation owed its existence. The fact that all nature was his creation made it for him an object of his closest study and attention. For, clearly it would reveal to him something of the mind and character of its Maker. This fact also led him to see that the work of creation must be a great unity and that fellowship should characterise those who dwelt in this world and not rivalry and antagonism.

HE recognised the differences which marked off nations and races,—the one from the other, but such differences should not lead to antagonism which would end in mutual destruction but to fellowship in realising together the purpose of their Creator, and by making each their own special contribution to the whole, so enriching it that it could become the real instrument of its final purpose. Because he thought of the whole as a great unity, he felt that all life must be dominated by the spirit.

WHILE he appreciated to the full the great gifts of many of the scholars and scientists of the West and the fine qualities which they exhibited, yet he felt that in a large measure the West was dominated by materialism. I think he was inclined to overemphasise the materialism of the West, for I know how many of the great scientists in my own country have been men of strong religious convictions, but still I am very conscious of the degree to which materialism has led the people of the West to allow the love of gain and power to dominate their lives and produce that great divergence in the social conditions of different classes in the West, which is a standing disgrace to civilisation.

DR. TAGORE was a totalitarian in religion. Every part of life must be controlled by the spirit. I would also describe him in matters of religion as eclectic. He believed that all religions contained some truth, and his aim was to appreciate and gather together the truths which they contained. Eclecticism is a characteristic of the faith which he professed, for in his early days, he was an Adi Brahmo Samajist though in later times he was somewhat disappointed with the conservatism of the Adi Samaj. The day at Santiniketan began and ended with worship in which pupils and teachers alike took their part. No one could visit that great Cultural Centre without appreciating the spiritual atmosphere which prevailed there and which owed its existence in such large measure to its founder and inspiring genius.

—Foss Calcutta

BISHOP'S HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
19th August, 1941.



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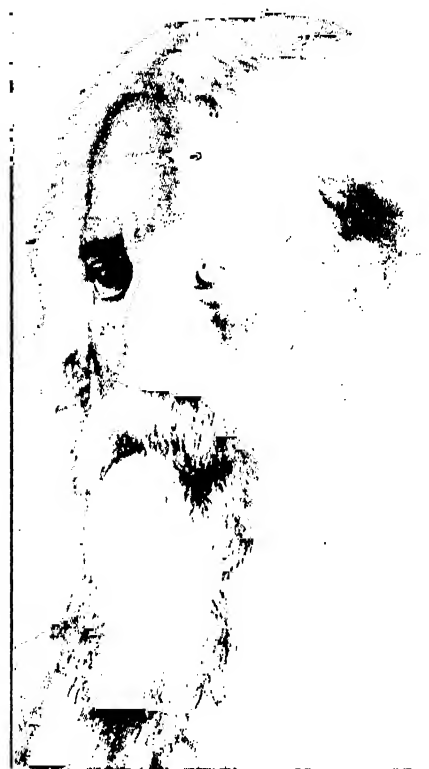
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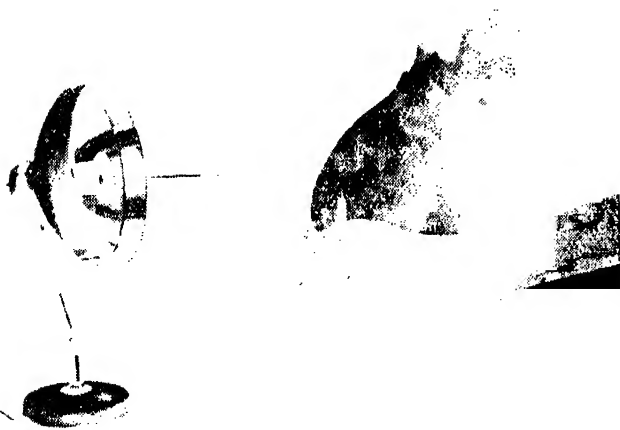


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TAGORE : THE LAST PHASE

By

NIHAR RANJAN RAY

TAGORE'S emergence into maturity coincides with the birth of an integrated national consciousness in Bengal; his exit from the world that he loved so passionately touches a point in the flowing tide of time when humanity tears itself into pieces in the agony of disintegrated ideas and ideologies. Between these two points of time Bengal, the land that created him and which he gave form to the land to which he gave form and expression, presses into history a process of dynamic change replete with conflicting ideas and ideals and thoughts and visions. These ideas and visions found a concrete synthesis within a wide orbit of the creative vision of one man, Tagore. Indeed, Tagore spans the last 50 years of Bengal's history with its apparently disjointed sketches integrated into one whole synthesised by a spiritual vision. At the one end of this vision, lies the riverine plains of Bengal, its slowly and steadily moving life circumscribed by its own limited vision and tradition but enriched by the poets and artists with a romantic imagination in its healthiest sense. At the other end is the wide world, tumultuous in form and spirit, egreriously proud in its own achievements in science and industry, and proud of its conscious life. Hardly is so much given unto one man, and even if life is so kind as to favour one with such a long span of time, even then one is hardly ever competent and sensitive enough to cover a synthetic vision such a wide vista considering in its endless complexity.

Tagore was cradled on the palm of Bengal growing under the early rays of foreign capitalist imperialism, found his identity in the vast plains stretching on the banks of mighty rivers that water the hundreds of lowly villages of Bengal's landscape, and, when on the morning side of 50, stepped from the folds of his own land, essentially a product of the disintegrating village social organisation and a progressive lower-class, out into the wide world that had already become the play-ground of deep and potent social forces of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Its historical process inevitably resulted in the projection of Bengali urban lower-class life into the wide and fast moving currents of the outer world while the latter borne on the wings of a foreign capitalist-imperialist regime flowed in hundreds of channels into the innermost depths of the social economy, and it was in

Tagore's life and work that the entire historical process attained a creative synthesis unparalleled in the history of culture and literature. Not a phase, from the coarsest to the finest, not an event, from the most significant to the most lowly or subtle, ever took place in our land that did not find its reaction in some form or other within the orbit of Tagore's conception and imagination, artistic activity and expression. Indeed, he has touched and given form and expression to all phases and aspects of our deeper social existence, of our life in its widest and deepest sense. Out of the mud and slit of the Padma and the Bhagirathi he moulded into a significant form what we know today as modern Bengal. If he was our creation, we are his creations as well—his majestic figure forms the entire background of all that is abiding and significant in Bengali life of today and yesterday. Eighty long years took him through all phases and all stages of Bengal's creative life as seen against the world's social forces. In his works more than in anything else, they are reflected to their full; one stage gradually merges into the next, sometimes anticipating the latter, sometimes continuing the past through the next. His creative life has been a life of eternal flux, and since it was so, the sum total of his creative activities has a dynamic character, a progressive quality that are often missed when they are read or viewed by bits.

II

THIS dynamic and progressive quality in a truly creative sense had ever been a characteristic feature of Tagore's imagination and expression. He had always been a passenger in the chariot of Time. His earlier works and his works of maturity as well are all tuned to the eternal movement of time charged with a depth that often screens the movements on the surface, but it is present as potently in the "Prabhat Sangit" as it is in "Balaka" or "Purabi" or even "Mahua", as potently in the short stories as in his symbolical

dramas and novels of urban life—sometimes conceived romantically sometimes idealistically but never far removed from the inner realities of life of the people they deal with. But it was left to his mature years, indeed after he was 70, to impart into this sense of reality the background of a historical consciousness. He had been always a liberated spirit, always free from prejudice, at the same time always disciplined by a conception of life that sought synthesis between matter and spirit. But he had to wait till the declining years of life for the complete liberation of his intellect, for attaining a true detachment that gives a clear vision into the intricate process through which the world and humanity moves from progress to progress. In fact, the last ten years of life open a new phase of creative activity, new but not inherently unconnected from his earlier phases; indeed, the last phase crowns the earlier phases with a final efflorescence which can be historically interpreted as the fulfilment of a logical process.

A few facts are significant. In 1930 Tagore visited the U. S. S. R., at a time when the world including his country was in the midst of a grave economic depression with the consequent evils heaped on humanity at large. In 1931 the reactions to his visit were published in the form of "Russiar Chithi" or Letters from Russia. This was also the year, it must be remembered, that witnessed the disintegration of the second Civil Disobedience movement followed by imperialist repression and undermining of civil liberties all over India. Against the background of the recent Soviet visit conditions nearer home presented a spectacle gloomier than ever, and coupled with this were the effects of economic depression growing more and more acute. In 1936 and, again in 1937, the Indian National Congress was presided over by Jawaharlal Nehru, and from the platforms of Lucknow and Fyzabad he beaconed the country to the call of a new age whose soft whispers were already being heard from all corners of India. But at the same time due to more causes than one all progressive struggles and movements for social justice and equality were being faced with stubborn official and, I shall say, also non-official resistance. Unorganised and confused, the progressive elements themselves were frittering their strength away more in shouts and slogans than in any

effective action or expression. Abroad, in 1932 greedy Japan preyed upon historic but struggling China, in 1935 came Fascist Italy's murderous attack upon the dark and weak Abyssinia, and in 1936 the German and Italian Fascisms started their attack upon the Republican Spain. All over Europe and the Western world standards of political and economic morality speedily dropped down to an incredibly low ebb and released forces that sought to strangle humanity's voice. Man, the one love of the poet, was everywhere in chains, humanity which had been his only altar of worship was everywhere in desecration, till finally, in 1939, the destiny of man and the future of humanity were cast into the whirl of death and destruction. Posed against the background of this world-scene was the ever-present consciousness in the poet's mind that he was ageing and the sound of the slow but sure foot-steps of Death were reaching his ears from beyond the estuary of life. In 1931 the poet was already 70 and the country had royally celebrated his septuagenary. Towards the end of 1937 he was suddenly taken seriously ill, but recovered after a strenuous fight. Again, towards the end of 1940, the deadly grapple with death began and the fight went on till he finally succumbed. Death thus was coming not only to his own physical existence, but death with its destructive army was also on the march towards a phase of social organisation all over the world that had developed a culture and civilisation which the poet was proud to claim as his own, but which at the same time, the poet was fully conscious, fondled in its bosom the germs of decay and death.

This then was the state of men and things whose waves constantly bounded on the shores of his mind and imagination, and the reactions in the depths of his creative soul are reflected in the works of the last ten years. To read these works is to know in a sensitive soul the intricate process that took shape in the laboratory of the poet's mind. If this form and shape is of a highly monadic character, brought into being in a pronouncedly individualised expression, it is equally a collective expression of the social mind of the last ten years.

The reactions are clear. He had lived through three generations; he has seen everything, known everything, seen and known through a poet's mind and imagination that do not miss anything, from the most beautiful to the most sordid, from the most sublime to the most ridiculous. He witnessed the downfall and destruction of every noble thing he stood for in life, all the great

hopes he cherished for humanity were being pulled to the dust. There was nothing to be proud of, nothing to hope for. The picture of the days that were gone was one of utter and abject humiliation. In his own unfortunate country it was a mournful spectacle that hardly left anything but for grief and lament. But did he lament? Was he lost in the delirious grief, did he lose faith in humanity? Did he cease to love men? No, not at all. He was no pessimist, no cynic,— never. He stood at death's door transcending all earthly desires, with a mature serenity and tranquillity of soul that pierced through the inner meaning of men and knew the world of humanity that had revealed to him through a life of long experience its intrinsic values. He was drawing near to death, he was fully prepared for the last ferry, but he was never eager to go, to leave the world that he loved so dearly, to bid adieu to man in whom he found the solace of his soul. He did not want to go, he would rather cling to life than hand himself over to death. He, therefore, never loses faith in humanity, in his own people, in the people of the world. Death and destruction cannot be the destiny of the Eternal Man, the man that toils and works, the man who clings to earth and nature, the Common Man. And humanity never dies, the humanity that is the creation of the social will.

Tagore gave his heart to things and things in return revealed their hearts, their inner meaning to him, the inner meaning understood historically. Not without reason, again and again, he turns to them alone and not to the great figures of history who are supposed to have made and unmade, built and unbuilt countries and empires; and because he trusts the common man, trusts and loves humanity, he has faith in youth, in the path-finders, in the eternal wayfarers, in the tillers of the soil, in the toilers of the world. Indeed he has undying, unswerving faith in the inexhaustible strength of the common man, the eternal source of youth and progress.

Cynicism and conservatism grow with age, but with Rabindranath the reverse has been true. This has been so because he had always been a lover of men and nature in their widest and deepest connotation. The phase of culture and civilisation which he had lived through was approaching death and destruction, this he was fully conscious of, fully knew all its implications. That would have been enough to shatter even a superior mortal, but Tagore had attained to that historical consciousness which taught him that death and destruction of a particular

phase is but a pause in the march of humanity, a travail birth of a new phase of civilisation culture. Death and destruction as a natural process whenever carry decaying and devitalising within them and it is man unto whom given the right and strength to give expressions to their inner will: a newer vision. Why should Rabindranath then lose faith in humanity should he become cynic or pessimist? Or why should he be conservative? Unattached, unburdened, unafraid, purged of all prejudices—prejudices born of the want of complete understanding of man—Tagore, his liberated spirit, came to believe in the liberated spirit of man. It was his deeper consciousness of history, of man, of the surrounding universe that gave him an insight in his mature years in the eternal quest of man through its contradictions, through its struggles. Read his *Tin Sangi*, and you will know that no modern writer can bear him in modernity.

During the last ten years Tagore was growing more and more secular in the innermost depths of his existence. He had no doubt a failing consciousness of the presence of an omnipotent Lord of the universe that is unmistakable in his works; notwithstanding, the writings of this phase reveal more than anything the consciousness, the omnipotence of Man, the divinity of humanity enthroned by the side of the Lord of the universe. The more he approaches death the more he becomes, the more he loves life, the more he drinks into the totality of life. It is not without reason that he questions his Master if He has loved those who are the instruments of suffering and oppression of the lowliest, if He questions the justice of the continued existence of the present organisation that desecrates life. This total attitude of the mind, at the background of the last ten years, is Tagore's creative genius.

III

I HAVE already hinted that the dawning of this mental attitude, in other words, of this historical consciousness dates roughly from a time from the reactions to his Russian visit. It is already noticeable in *Chithi* (1931) so well-known that it is still in a discursive stage where the first perceptible stirrings stirred the intellect. The first clear emotional expression of this attitude comes to view in *Parishesh* (1933) it is not until *Prantik* (1935)

নমো যন্ত্র, নমো যন্ত্র, নমো যন্ত্র ।
 তব লৌহ গলিত শিলে দলিত অচল চলিত মন্ত্র ॥
 বড়ু কাষ্ঠ-লোষ্ট-ক্ষয়-দৃঢ় ধন-পিতৃক কায়া,
 বড়ু ভূতল জল ব্রহ্মদীক্ষ-লঙ্ঘন লম্বু গায়া,
 তব খনি খনিগ্র নথ বিদীর্ঘ ক্ষিতি বিকীর্ণ অন্ধ
 তব পঞ্চভূত-সকল কর ইন্দ্রজাল তন্ত্র ॥

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(RABINDRA NATH THAKUR)



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during the serious illness of that year the new consciousness becomes an integral part of his emotional being. Before I take my readers through these evidences that reveal a direct expansion of this deeper historical consciousness it is necessary to introduce them within the limited space available to some important characteristics evidenced in the works of the last phase that are also none-the-less expressive of a deeper and more integrated knowledge of life and reality than hitherto experienced.

Of these characteristics, the first and the foremost is the idea of death that comes recurrently to the poet. We all know how the poet from his early youth so dallied with death that he lost all fear of it, but death did not reveal all its grandeur and majesty until the poet himself was drawn closer to it and made to stand face to face. Death's slowly approaching presence wrought an intricate process in the poet's mind and imagination that revealed not only the inner meaning of death but also the inner meaning of life itself. Again and again in dozens of poems he comes back to this idea till he takes the deep purificatory plunge in the illness of 1937. He comes out of it fully cleansed, fully purified; indeed this continuous bath in the transparent waters of death meant for the poet a process of the purification of his soul. The sublime pieces in *Prantik* are evidence on the point. It was the illness of 1940 that gave him a taste of death that finally made him fix his gaze on the 'eternal light that is spaceless and timeless'. From the purificatory fire of physical pain he emerged a fuller man, stronger, more unattached, more unburdened, and endowed with a clearer vision that was deep and transparent. Dozens of pieces can be cited on this point, they are strewn all over *Roga-sanya*, *Arogya* and *Janmadine*. These poems reveal that he was fully prepared for the final plunge, but he was never eager for it. Everything had been done, every large or small duty had been performed, everything that life's nature had spread out to him was enjoyed and experienced and transformed into a light that never was sea or land; he was now prepared to go, but life in the meanwhile had been enriched by a newer vision, a deeper meaning and a newer perspective. He had yet more to know, to go deeper into the fountain of life. He therefore does not feel inclined to stop; again and again he comes back to man, the eternal source of life. In such pieces, specially those written during the prolonged illness of 1940 and after, one can hear a deep and clear voice, witness a deeper vision of

life and death and of creation and destruction that had rendered the poet's creative life luminously transparent. All that he says is precise, straight and simple. The transparency and strength of a purified and unattached mind have imparted to all such pieces a compact solidity not only of expression but also of inner meaning aglow in faith and love. They have also imparted a soft sweetness radiating from deep and endless love of men, from the satisfaction born of love and service received from his fellow men. Indeed he is all full of thanks and gratitude for everything around, for everything that men and the world presented before him.

This strong, deep and transparent attitude of mind also naturally revealed unto him a deeper wisdom which we call *prajna*, and which is but another word for a deeper insight into the real meaning of life and death. This deeper insight leads him upto deeper faith in the Master of life as well,—that is unmistakable in his writings—but more significant is the fact that he gains a deeper faith in the eternal and universal Man also, and reads a deeper meaning in the flowing current of humanity which we call history. It is the deeper faith in the endlessness of creation, deeper faith in man, deeper faith in the inherent strength of life, deeper faith in the *sadhana* of the human soul, deeper faith in peace and love, it is this deeper, more abiding and all-pervading Faith that permeates scores of pieces written after the illness of 1937 and specially after that of 1940.

IV

I have said he was fully prepared for the last ferry, but he was never eager to go. Unattached he clung to life as fondly as he had never done before. Again and again in scores of pieces he comes back to life, not to life where it is most loud and big and great in the ordinary sense, rather to life's trivialities, to those shadowed and subdued corners screened from vulgar turmoil, but not away from toil and strife, from pain and suffering. Scores of scenes from the daily life and experiences of the common man—the toiler in the mill, the tiller of the soil, the common girl, the college student, the clerk, the cowboy, the Santal maiden, the hillman of Mangpu, the charwoman, the domestic servant, the coolie, the rickshaw-puller, and so on—, countless scenes that reveal the tyranny and injustice of existing socio-economic order crowd in almost all the works of the poet's last phase, as they do in so many of the earlier works also, for example, in *Palataka*. These are all born no doubt of a full social awareness not always

conceived romantically, but from *Navajataka* onwards this social awareness is endowed with a deeper historic consciousness as well. These scenes and episodes are sometimes derived from the mind's eye, sometimes they are brought back to life from old memories, and sweetest are those written during and after the illness of 1937, when the poet was in a reminiscent mood. A soft sweetness coupled with a virile and compact expression, a deep repose and dignity even when he is in lighter vein, and an all-embracing love pervades all such pieces. But in both cases he seems to enjoy a newer and deeper taste of life born of a deeper faith in humanity, he seems to be full of the joy of direct and immediate experience of reality.

This direct and immediate experience of reality is but a step short of the dawning of historical consciousness. I have already said that this dawning is first noticeable in *Parishesh* where in several pieces he reveals his consciousness of the new light, the new joy. I am referring to pieces like 'Agantuk.' And once this consciousness is there the first question inevitably makes its appearance. The idea at the root of the pieces like 'Prasna' in *Parishesh* strikes at the very foundation of the existing social order and prepares the ground for the flowering of the historical consciousness. But as I said it was still in a discursive stage and not an integral part of the poet's emotional life. Closely following on the heels of *Parishesh* the new flowering bursts forth in a dramatico-lyrical expression in *Rather Rasi* incorporated in *Kaler Jatra*. I draw particular attention of readers of Rabin-dranath to this short dramatic piece, which is indeed the first manifesto of the common man so far as our country and Bengali literature are concerned. But even the historical consciousness is not as yet fully integrated.

Deeper studies in life viewed as historical reality engages the poet in *Punascha* in which at least two pieces are significant from this point of view, one is 'Manavaputra' where again the tune of the 'Question' in *Parishesh* reappears, but more sublime is *Sisu-Tirtha*, which, for the first time, gives almost an uncanny historical study of the eternal march of man to the goal of eternal birth; the refrain is significant: "Glory to Man, glory to the Newly-born, glory to the Eternally Living". The deeper study continues through *Vichitrta* (1933), and *Sesh Saptak* (1935), where, again, in number 43, he reaches to a meaning of history studied through the long course of his own life. Equally significant are several other pieces, notably numbers 20, 21 and 39. In *Patraput* (1936), the dawning of the

new life seems to take a definite shape and the surging consciousness eager for expression bursts forth in half-a-dozen pieces, notably in numbers 3, 12 and 15. The process continues through *Syamali*, which is equally significant as *Patraput*; particularly significant are pieces like 'Chirajatri', 'Milbhanga', 'Amrita' and 'Syamali'.

The Poet now reaches a stage where he subjects the experience of the new consciousness so far gained into an intellectual analysis that finds expression in *Kalantar* (1937) a collection of socio-political essays. The serious illness of 1937 brings him face to face with death which helps him to integrate the entire experience gained so far. From the sun-set bed spread on the shores of the last-crossing he sent out his call directed towards the eastern horizon. He wrote 18 short pieces 16 of which express his deepest emotions about life and death, but the last two reveal that underlying everything and enveloping everything was the ever-present consciousness of a deeper vision. In number 17, he frankly confesses that 'the day he came back from death's grapple to his real self he awoke to the consciousness of the burning cauldron that was the civilisation of today and into this cauldron were being thrown scraps of helpless humanity'. The last piece rises almost to the pitch: 'serpents are breathing deadly venom all-around, and soft, sonorous words of peace sounds as if they were useless mockery. Before I go, therefore, I send out my call to those who are preparing themselves everyday for the great struggle with the demons of destruction'.

Senjuti (1938) carries on the refrain though in a subdued tone, but it nevertheless continues the process of deeper study which is equally evident even in the lighter pieces of *Akas-Pradip* (1939). The early years of 1940 brought forth *Navajataka*, the Newly-born. The title is significant; it is not only frank in the admission of the integrated historical consciousness which is explicitly stated in the poet's preface, all the pieces moreover, whether descriptive, reflective or narrative, are permeated with an intellectuality that is unmistakable. Unmistakable also is the attitude of mind that loves to dive deep into the inner meaning of life and reality, into the inner process of history. Particularly remarkable from these points of view are the pieces titled 'Prayashchitta', 'Hindusthan', 'Rajputana', 'Bhumi kampa', 'Pakshimanav', 'Ahavan', 'Epare-Opore', 'Romantic', 'Rairi', and 'Rup-Birup'.

Sanai (1940) follows closely on the heels of *Navajataka*. Some of the pieces in *Sanai* are intensely lyrical, reminiscent of lighter experiences, some are frankly narrative. A couple of pieces are important but not very significant. In the triad composed by *Rogasafyaya* (1940), *Arogya* and *Janmadine* (1941) there is further deepening of this historical consciousness, of that of life and death, of direct and immediate experience of reality which I have already referred to above. The last illness gave him renewed strength and deeper faith in the new consciousness. This is not only revealed in the pieces that speak of death and life, in those that speak of the 'honeyed universe and honeyed dust of the earth', but sing also of the

eternal man and his historical d. Particularly significant are several in *Arogya* and *Janmadine*, a example, numbers 1, 3, 4, 7, 18 in *Arogya*, and numbers 5, 17, 18 and 21 in *Janmadine*.

Social awareness was always characteristic of Tagore as reflected in his short stories and novels, but even late as *Sesher Kavita* and *Yogayoga* attitude was one of compromise illustrated in the character of Bi in *Chokher Bali*, in the birth-m of Gora in *Gora*, in the attitude of Amit and Yogamaya in *Sesher Kav* also in the return of Kumu in *yoga*. But as he approaches final maturity his social awareness achieves historical consciousness which purges intellect of prejudices, he leaves behind the attitude of compromise, under the historical meaning of things, events, and stares reality in the face. This new attitude reveals itself steadily in *Dui bon* (1933) and *Ma* (1934), shows a slight slackening in *Char-adhyaya* (1934) but, at the stage, takes a revolutionary turn in *Sangi*. The demand of man, of humanity free from outworn tradition and prejudices is the only claim that he has to recognise, humanity freed from all kinds of tutelage is the ideal he stands for. To that claim and ideal Tagore brought the offerings of the last ten years of his life crowned by the thundering voice that he speaks grimly on those who are the enemies of the Eternal Man. The sentinel but his grim warning yet abiding 'Crisis in Civilization'.

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অবজার তাপে শুক নিরানন্দ সেই মল্লভূমি
হাসে পূর্ণ করি দাও তুমি।

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২১ জানুয়ারি, ১৯৪১

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February 22, 1936.

To All Whom it may concern.

I have known Mr. Haren Ghose for a long time and recently often had to requisition his help to organise the tours made by the students of the Santiniketan Music School to popularise our music and dancing in various parts of India. Mr. Ghose has gathered great experience as an impresario and I am really happy that he is taking out a troupe of Indian dancers to Europe and America. His experiences in the foreign countries would be of inestimable value in his future work in India and I hope he will also be able to make contacts in those countries, whereby exchange of artistes between India and the West will be facilitated.

Rabindranath Tagore

A FEW PAST ACHIEVEMENTS

Rabindranath Tagore and his pupils of Santiniketan 1933, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1940; Uday Shankar 1930, 1933, 1935, 1940; Bala Saraswati 1934; Mya Tankyi and Burmese Pwe 1936; Guru Nambudri and Kathakali 1936; Enakshi Ramanao 1936; Chhian Dancers of Serankella 1937, 1938, 1941; Soddhona Bose 1937, 1941; Kanaklata 1937, 1938; Manipur Dancers of Imphal 1939, 1940.

**In Memoriam
Our Deepest Reverence**

HAREN GHOSH
Impresario

8, Dharamtala Street
CALCUTTA

Phone: Cal. 3145

Gram : RHYT

১২/এ/৭, ইন্ড্রা রয় রোড,

ভুবানেশ্বর, কলিকাতা

সুর-বিতান

**সম্প্রদায়
স্মৃতি-তর্পণ**

শ্রীমদ্র গান তব্র প্রদান
জগদীশ্বর মোহন কলী
স্মরণ করি 'সুর-বিতান'
স্মরণ করি 'সুর-বিতান'
শ্রীতিষ্মন্ত্রী শ্রীমদ্র স্মরণ
স্মরণ করি 'সুর-বিতান'
শ্রীমদ্র স্মরণ 'সুর-বিতান'
স্মরণ করি 'সুর-বিতান'

নবীন-সঙ্গী
শ্রীরাবালী
ভজন
কীর্তন
সঙ্গীত
সঙ্গীত

বিশেষ বিবরণ পত্র-ব্যবহারে জ্ঞাতব্য।

কেবলমাত্র মেয়েদের জন্ম এই প্রতিষ্ঠানটি খোলা হয়েছে
শিক্ষয়িত্রী—শ্রীমতী সত্যী দেবী

Sur-Bitan

Aiming to remove the long-felt want for a respect institution to coach only girls and ladies, the SUR-BITAN started in Bhowanipore in May 1939. Coaching is given by SATI DEVI on Tagore Songs, Minabai Bhajans and K (in Brajamadhuri Saugha style). Particulars on application to:

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CALCUTTA

In Silent

TRIBUTES to great poets usually refer to their precocity, versatility, extensive survey of life, intensive study of humanity, width of vision and penetration of insight. These specimens of the jargon of criticism are properly to be condemned and yet at moments one feels that one cannot do without them or the conventional may cease to be a convention and become the sincerest expression of the heart. Homage to a poet whose works have become part of one's life and whose personality has been adored to the verge of worship, homage to such a spirit is seriously handicapped as it has to depend on the same circumscribed medium as is utilised by the callous professional reviewer for recording his points of superficial study and incomplete examination. Conscious of these handicaps one proceeds with diffidence to pay this tribute to our "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies" who has proceeded to his eternal rest after a full life of creative activity which is difficult to parallel in the history of any literature.

Rabindranath started his literary career at the age of 14 or 15 with poems like *Wild Flowers* and *Lamentation*. The most noteworthy works of these early years were the lyrics published under the pseudonym of Bhanu-datta and represented as the work of a medieval Vaishnava poet. The background of this early poetry was supplied partly by the atmosphere of the home of which the presiding deities were his father and eldest brother, partly by the landscape of the lower Bengal with its profusion of luxurious vegetation and partly by the desultory study of the early literature of religious and secular love. We have been told about his lack of University education and his disparagement of what passes under its name in this country, but we should not forget the learning evident even in some of the earliest prose of his youth, his articles on *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, *Petrarch* and *Laura*, on *Dante*, *Goethe* and *Chatterton*, written when he was only 17. In later years he spoke with assurance of what he had gained from the lectures of Henry Merley at University College, London, especially from lectures on Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne.

Quite early he evinced his predilection for expression in the dramatic as well as in the lyric form and the best examples of the former are *Trishanda* and *Bhagnahridaya* written before he was 20, while the first indications of his greatness as a

ADORATION

By

NIRMAL KUMAR SIDDHANTA

lyrist are to be found in the *Evening Songs* and *Morning Songs* written two or three years later. Thus while we admire his precociousness we have at the same time to think of that long period of creative activity that few poets have been blest with. With Wordsworth excess of longevity was a curse and many admirers of Wordsworth have wished that he had exercised greater restraint on his imagination during the last 30 years of his life, but none will make such a statement about Rabindranath. From 1878 to 1941 he has continuously worked at full pressure and though we may not enjoy all his works but have to note flagging or inspiration on occasions we cannot trace the growth of his genius only up to a certain point but have to discover the peaks scattered all over those sixty years.

Nor can we forget the versatility of his genius. In the sphere of drama he has written sentimental tragedies, serious plays with genuine pathos, problem plays with definite messages, symbolistic dramas, social comedies and enjoyable farces. He has used as his media verse (rhymed and unrhymed), rhythmic prose and the common medium of our daily conversation. It is difficult to say in which of these he excelled more than in others. Readers of his plays a hundred years hence may doubt the suitability of some of these for representation on the stage, but such an idea will never be tolerated by those of us who had the privilege of seeing them staged under his supervision with himself in a leading role inspiring the rest of the cast with vitality. *Dākghar* and *Achāyātan* (*The Post-office* and *the Home of Conservation*) have less action than most of his dramas; yet the stage-representation of these thrilled the spectators with a sense of reality which one does not ordinarily get from the theatre. It is a pity that it has not been possible to preserve in a permanent form his own acting as also that of Gaganendranath, Abanindranath and others who presented *Baikunther Khata*, *Dākghar* and the other plays in private performances in the early years of the century.

RABINDRANATH started his real career as a novelist with his *Eye-sore* in 1903, a story to which justice has not been done by his critics who have not yet fully appreciated the psychological presentation of the heroine, one of the

first live women of modern Indian fiction. The greatness of *Gorā* written a few years later was responsible for renewed interest in and popularity of his early novels, but he has achieved fresh heights with his later studies of men and women in prose fiction where he has shown his close observation and deep understanding of the life of Bengal in all its phases during the last forty years. The historian trying to reconstruct the life of these decades from a distance of two or three centuries will not find more valuable materials anywhere else in the mass of prose fiction which is threatening to swamp all other branches of literature in modern Bengal.

IT is a truism that a great novelist does not usually find the short story a satisfactory medium but Rabindranath if he has developed the Bengali novel in its adolescence may be said to have created the short story in modern Indian literature. The infinite variety of these stories may only be referred to in passing: these are comedies, tragedies, fantasies, parables. Some are short novels, others long short stories: some merely note a critical situation in the lives of certain individuals while others study a group over a considerable period of time, introducing more than one generation within their purview. It is the short story which has been responsible for the extension and consolidation of Periodicals in modern Bengal and Rabindranath in creating the Bengali short story and in establishing one of the earliest periodical Reviews may be regarded as one of the Fathers of this type of literature.

MULTIFARIOUS as his achievements are, this tribute to his memory must base its homage primarily on his lyrical genius and on his qualities as a melodious singer of the joys and sorrows of man. He saw life steadily and interpreted it as few in the West have succeeded in the present age. We who are diffident in expression of personal opinions have recourse to the testimony of A. C. Bradley and W. B. Yeats on their first introduction to his works through the agency of Rothenstein; but at a moment like this we may pluck up courage, boldly place him on the height of Olympus to which he belongs and bow our heads in silent adoration.

TAGORE

THE IMMORTAL

By

SATYA VRATA MUKERJEE

WITH the death of Rabindranath, has closed one of the world's most superb and unchallenged literary dictatorships that civilisation has ever known. The Age of Pericles was brilliant but short lived. Vergil's literary efflorescence was dimmed by the lustre of the Roman State. Shakespeare's supremacy of genius in Elizabethan England was the sovran expression of his nation's freedom and expansion of wings, but even his primacy of place was challenged by lesser lights in drama and poetry. The age of Tennyson was the one parallel we can think of in connection with Tagore's work; it was long enough to challenge comparison, but the literary throne of England, even in the height of Tennyson's power, was disputed by the rugged vehemence of Browning and the artistic brilliance of the pre-Raphaelites. Tagore's work is even more remarkable: because it succeeded supremely, without any adventitious aids; in spite of the mournful setting of his country's political servitude, he lifted his literature out of the rut of a provincial dialect to its place in the sun as one of the world's most gifted literatures. And he did this as its unchallenged master. With his definite emergence as a world poet, all his contemporaries, worthy as they were, shrank into insignificance. Nabin Chandra, Bihari Lal, who as lyricist was Tagore's exemplar, Rajani Kanta, Satyen Dutt, Akshay Baral all with remarkable achievements to their credit—receded in the starry line and gave way to this new luminary of art and song. Even the new rebels who in the evening of Tagore's career, broke away from his enchanting spell and sought new bearings, began their work always by reverent invocation to him as their *Kaviguru*.

Tagore's astonishing output is part of the basis of this literary sovereignty. From about the age of fifteen, up till a week before his death, he had been writing incessantly. One would have thought that this literary fecundity would be fatal to a poet's reputation, but the astonishing thing about Tagore is that it not only was not so, but on the other hand it flowered and fruited in a thousand ways, in an immense variety of form and theme. In Poetry he was sovereign master, but he touched excellence in many other forms. Drama, short story, novel, prose-poem, blank verse—even pedestrian prose—he tried and gave to each, new values in art and lyricism, new ways of rhythm and sonance—myriad shapes of beauty and colour and form. Tagore's work is a whole literature by itself. It cannot yet be computed how much he has actually written, but even if the estimate be rated at three hundred thousand lines of verse (apart from his prose), he can be easily adjudged as the world's most prolific poet. Even

fiences of song do not attain this output. He and Vergil do not stand comparison,—the world Dante, Shakespeare and Milton all are meagre volume.

An output like this cannot obviously be compared in quality, but even the bitterest Tagore-detractors and he had so many in his life-time—grim pandits the stiff old tradition who had the impertinence quoting from his works and asking examinees in Calcutta University to "rewrite them in old Bengali"—even they could not dare reject as himself so frankly and freely did his juvenile trash. *Mayar Khela*, one of his earliest plays was instinct with the lyric revelry of youth. His literary *tour de force* *Bhanu Sankar Padal*—one of his childhood's forgeries—bore the stamp of genius. His other earlier productions, although were marked by a twilight of expression and filled with "phantasmal doubts and leaden desponds", showing that his soul was yet not out of the woods of the mind (his *Hriday-ananya*)—but for themselves a new quality, as yet undiscovered in Bengali literature. Even in his period of decline which definitely set in about 1905 and after produced two superb volumes of verse *Mahanirbhar*; a great play, *Muktadhara* which was eloquent protest against the onslaught of magic on the ancient ramparts of man's individual freedom; his greatest novel *Jogajog*, and his brilliant translation from Russia *Ruskiya Chitra* which form a striking study of the Soviet experiment, also belong to this period. And, most astonishing thing of his last two years before his death were a creative period—as if his spirit flared up for a final alien. His *Pranatik* "From Life's Frontier" *Rog Shajya* "On the bed of Sickness" *Arogya* "Back to Health" were his last manifestoes against sorrow and pain, to sweeten which was to him spiritual death. Here was the Testament of his abiding love for all life's "ripeness, ratheness".

AND yet with all this, Tagore was no flash in the pan of Bengal's intellect. He was the crown and the crown of a long and honoured poetic tradition. Love of Nature and God was all also the most distinctive quality of the Bengali lyric from its earliest ages. It not only manifested itself in the intimate passion of Vaishnava romanticists Chandidas and Vidyapati onwards, but also the pure of the enraptured muse of *Sakta* po-

Tagore whose exaltation of the motherhood of power had its roots deep in the wonderland of Bengal's landscape. From the studied classicism of the cloister where pandits intoned their age-long mantras, to the folk music of the fields and the market place, Tagore collected material for his muse and blended them with the majestic store-house of Sanskrit song. He was also the inheritor of the Persian-Arabic culture which for well nigh six centuries had pulsed and moulded the life of mediaeval Bengal. Here the blue domes of Ispahan with their magic moonlights of unceasing dalliance mingled with the hard glitter of Arabia's league upon league of echoing sand. Finally came Europe with its multitude of influences, pouring into his soul, like the waters of the open sea. It may be that Tagore, like others of his contemporaries, at first preferred the heady wine of Europe to the more steady and nourishing food of her finer and wiser tradition. But whatever touched him, whether it was the turbid violence of Byron or the magic of Keats, the rapture of Shelleyan song or the inchoate vehemence of Browning or the loveliness of lilt of the pre-Raphaelites, he had chastened all his Western borrowings in the austere crucible of his Eastern discipline.

Tagore was brought up in the midst of this complex of influences. It was an advantage, in the great old house that he was brought up in, that he imbibed all these and was allowed to do so freely. After a futile early effort at schooling, which in later life he remembered always with disgust, he learnt to look on, forward and backward, and all ways, intimately, closely, reverently. He loved nature in its most intimate moods, but he never retired to its solitudes, unless it be for gathering strength to come back for work and effort and reform. He loved mankind even more than nature—he loved this earth with its myriad lights and shadows, and plainly referred it to the cold flawless purity of Heaven's pathways. He brought Nature and man most closely together and read in each other's ways always some lovely analogues. All the fury of nature's tempests as limned for him in a mist of tenderness. The thunder and the tumult of the Ocean's waves had for him the heaving tenderness of a mother's love. Thus the primeval Sea was to him the World's First other.

BUT apart from these reactions to Nature, Tagore derived from his cosmopolitan upbringing a richness of community-life which he utilised to the full for the benefit of his country's literature. He brought the service of his Muse all the varied currents of the world's experiences and rescued his own language, from what had hitherto been its most destructive blight, its maddening monotony of theme. It is the fate of some peoples that they may have richness of experience but that their tongues be dumb. It was the fate of Bengal, however, before Tagore came to rule in her literary firmament, that she could express herself, and do it well, but that she had little to express. Tagore gave to Bengal

A LETTER FROM PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

DISTRICT JAIL, DEHRADUN,
August 18, 1941.

Passed by Censor

My dear Amal,

Sometime back I received your "Tagore Birthday Special Supplement" and I appreciated it very much. It was a fine production. Now your second letter has arrived asking me to send contributions for "Tagore Memorial Number". I am afraid that you do not realise that a person confined in prison has to live within all manner of limitations and restrictions. Anyway I am not supposed to send contributions to papers or magazines for publication. Even if there were no such bar, I would hesitate to do so from prison, for I cannot write within the narrow ambit of numerous censorship. So I cannot send you anything.

My mind goes back to nearly ten years ago when I was in this very jail and you wrote to me for a message for the "Golden Book of Tagore". I sent you then a few lines. A few lines, or many lines, of formal appreciation or sorrow now would almost be an impertinence to the memory of Gurudev. When the time comes, I suppose I shall write about him.

Yours sincerely,

Jawaharlal Nehru

SHRI AMAL HOME,

Editor, Calcutta Municipal Gazette,
Calcutta.

The message Pandit Nehru had sent to the "Golden Book of Tagore" is given below:—

"For those who have grown up in the Tagore tradition in India it is a little difficult to measure the great influence it has exercised on them and on the country. I cannot venture to do so. But I wish to pay my deep homage to one who has been as a beacon light to all of us, ever pointing to the finer and nobler aspects of life and never allowing us to fall into the ruts which kill individuals as well as nations. Nationalism, specially when it urges us to fight for freedom, is noble and life-giving. But often it becomes a narrow creed, and limits and encompasses its votaries and makes them forget the many-sidedness of life. But Rabindranath Tagore has given to our nationalism the outlook of internationalism and has enriched it with art and music and magic of his words, so that it has become the full-blooded emblem of India's awakened spirit."

wondrous variety, and endowed her with matchless lyrical resources. Her care-worn song was born in the house of sorrow,—Tagore brought to it flashes of inspiration and joy.

And not only this: Tagore has spanned for India the ages with his song. Very few other poets have been able to do this: Goethe did this for modern Europe: he brought the chivalry and heroism of the Teuton peoples from out of the mists of legend and fable, chastened them through contact with Christian purity and classic poise, and brought to the modern spirit a grateful sense of the continuity of its cultural heritage. And the poet who does this, deserves well of civilisation. We speak glibly of the East and the West and the supposed fundamental differences between them. But these are nothing to the real chasm that exists between the ancient and the modern temper. That is the true divide of culture—the contrasted attitudes of the ancient and the modern peoples of the earth, to life itself and to methods of approach towards its problems. What was the ancient attitude towards man and society? Its antique religion was characterised by intimate comradeship between God and man. The pristine contents of its simple life pulsed with blitheness and repose. There was consecration and recollectedness—a perfect poise between thought and expression. The ancient mind, like the ancient State, was limited and close-knit: according to Aristotle's canon, bounded by 'the limitation of human vision and of human memory'. Thus the individual was important and his personality unfolded itself unfettered and supreme.

The temper of the modern world is associated with the vastness of its organisation, the boundlessness of its collective freedom, and the almost limit-

less possibilities of its opportunity. Here was a joy in being: a rebirth of the Spirit of Wonder

But the chief difference lay in the character mental make-up of the two worlds. Pater in *Plato and Platonism* has set out this contrast words that will live for all time: "The sceptic of the modern world, beset now with insane speculative figments, has been an appeal from the preceptions of the understanding to the authority of senses." "With the Greeks", as we may say for ancient peoples generally, "whose metaphysical business was then all to do, the sceptical action the mind lay rather in the direction of an appeal from the affirmations of sense to the authority of newly awakened reason". It is thus that the ideal reaction against Science in the present age is due to the recoil of the spirit from the shackles of an established Reason.

It was for Tagore to adjust for his race civilisation the conflicting claims of Science-group Reason on the one hand and of Ideality and Passion on the other. In his religion, he reproduced comradeship and intimacy of the Vedic attitude his conception of his *Jivan Devata* as *Sakhya* friend. His poetry represents the union of Romantic spirit with its high adventure, its vastness, its nostalgia for unfollowed ways, its thrilling passion, its storms and thunders, with classic austerity of outline of the antique life, epic grace and poise, the serenity of its idealism, rationality and calm, the perfect equivalence of thought and expression. In the literature of India Tagore will thus remain a supremely representative figure significant of its renaissance and voicing its loftiest dream.

মোর লাগি করিয়ে না শোক,
আমার রয়েছে কর্ম, রয়েছে বিশ্বলোক।
মোর পায় রিক্ত হয় নাট,
শূন্যে করে পূর্ণ, এট বহু বহিঃ সদাট।
উৎকর্ষ আমার লাগি কেহ যদি প্রার্থনা করে
সেই ধন্য করিবে আমাকে।

কুক্ষপক্ষ হতে আমি বহু নৈগঙ্কার বহুখানি
যে পাবে সত্যতে অচাখানা
কুক্ষপক্ষ হতে যে আমারে দেখিবারে পায়,
অশীম ক্ষমায়
ভালো মন্দ মিলায়ে সকলি
এবার পৃথায় তারি আপনারে দিতে চাই বলি।

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ



গগনে গগনে নব নব দেশে রবি
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ছুজনে পি ১১৮০৮, সহসা ভালপালা তোর, চৈত্র
পবনে পি ১১৮৩০ : আসা যাওয়ার, কবে তুমি—
পি ১১৮৩১ : সেদিন আমায়, জীবনে পরম লগন—
পি ১১৮৩৭ : আজ দেখিন, চলে যায়—পি ১১৮৪০ :
জানি হ'ল যাবার, এই সকাল বেলার পি ১১৮৪২ :
অলকে কুণ্ডল, যেতে দাও—পি ১১৮৪৫ : ধীরে ধীরে,
কাথা বাতীরে দূরে—পি ১১৮৭৮ : মম চিন্তে, দূর
দেশী এন ১৭০৮৩ : ছিন্ন পাতার, একদা তুমি—এন
১৭০৮১ : আজ কি তাহার, কেন বাজাও—এন ১৭০৩৪ :
বাকী আমি, মোর পথিকের—এম ১৭০৩৪ : আজ
শ্রাবণের, বাতাসে তুমি কার—এন ১৭১৭২ : আমরা
বৈধি! মেঘের কোলে—এন ১৭০৩৫ : দেবতার
গ্রাস এচ টি ৬৭ : শাজাহান—এন ১৭০৭৭ : দেশ
দেশ নন্দিত করি পি ৫১৮২ : দাড়িয়ে তুমি, জাগরণে
যায় বিভাবরী—এন ১৭১৮৫ :

The Master Poet's Songs & Recitations.

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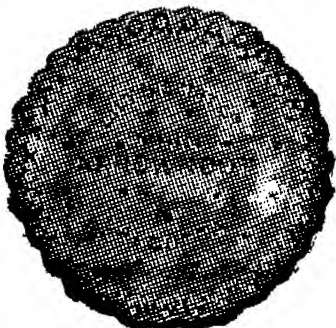
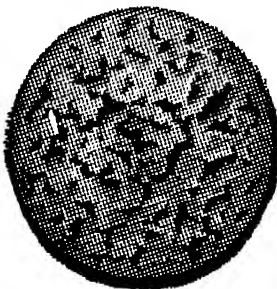
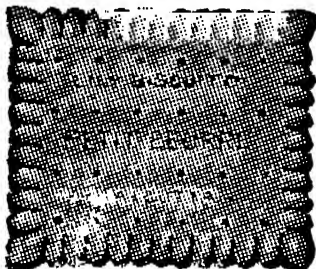
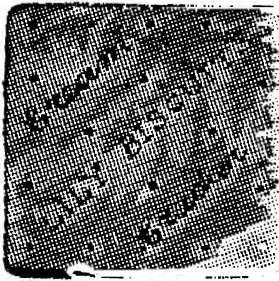
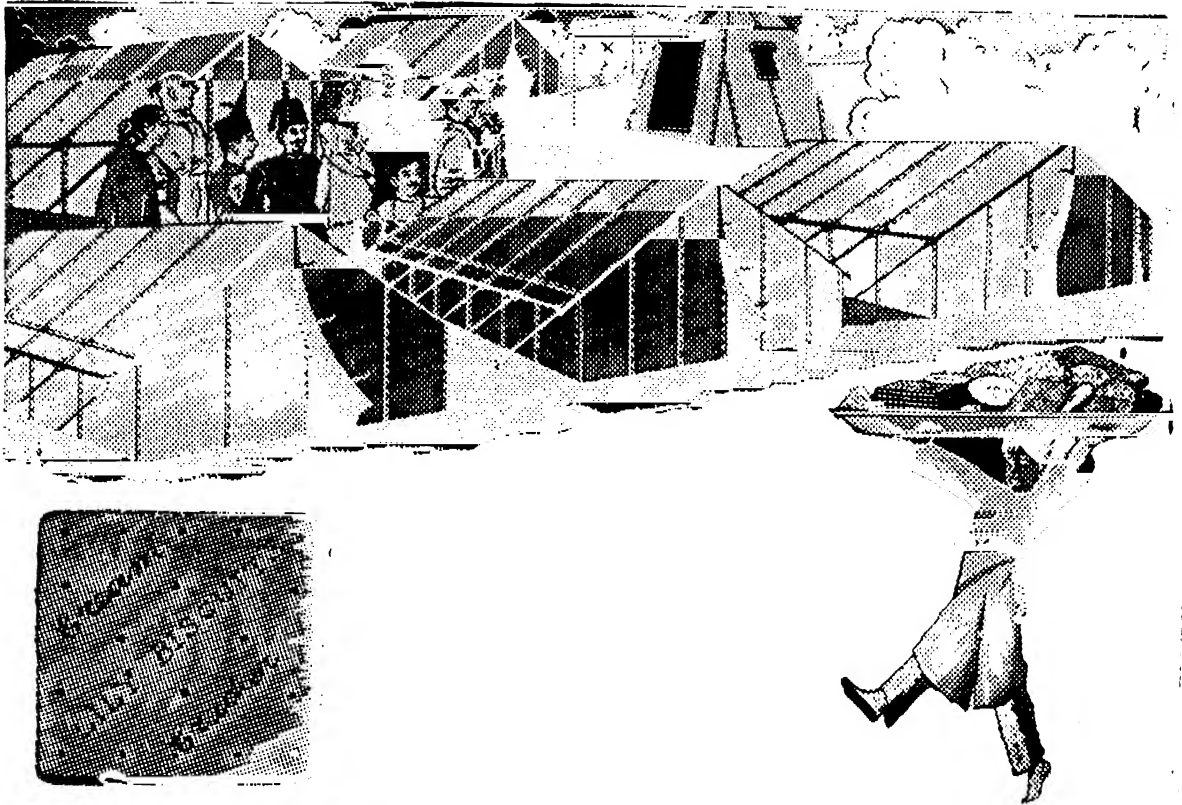
{ আমি সংসারে মন দিয়েছিল
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{ আজি হ'তে শতবর্ষ পরে
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he FOUNTAIN of YOUTH

By

KALIDAS NAG



Tagore with the children of the Pioneers' Commune in Moscow; 1930

RABINDRANATH is no more!

The departure of Rabindranath from this world was not sudden but it came as a stunning blow to us who had grown up with the prodigal gifts of his poetry and music. We feel as if we are cut off from the source of his joyous creation, and thus we are guilty of an unconscious blasphemy to the Poet, who was the long champion of *Ananda*. So many of us are dazed at the glory and variety of the scintillating gems of the Tagore-legacy, and our heart is full of agonised gratitude.

Gratitude? Are we already thinking of partial repayment of our debts to the Master? Could we, who had the privilege of seeing him and touching him, regret that he did not count on our remembrance but hoped for our renewal? The song of the triumph of Eternal Life and of Eternal Youth and symbolised the theme through his great dramatic poem *Phalguni*—the "Cycle of Life" staged by the Poet quarter-of-a-century ago. What a sublime apostrophe of Youth, what poignant cry at the temporary eclipse and what robust faith in the Eternal recurrence of the theme-motif in creation! From the sobbing darkness of the stage there emerged the music of the twilight, of the borderland of the Past and the Future:

When I saw you with the light of
these eyes,
you were far away from my eyes.
Now when the lights have failed,
may be, I shall find you
in my heart".

we settle down to accept Tagore's glorious chapter of our past, let

us try to realize what he means for the future. There is a forward urge in the whole gamut of his life and art. In his mortal existence Tagore defined the limitations of life with infinite variations but he never missed a single chance of affirming that we can conquer death through the vicarious sacrifice of Love. To love is the great prerogative of youth, and Tagore, to his last days, was singing hymns to Youth, "the New-Come on whose pathway the New Age is ever looking wistfully" (*Naba Jataka*).

As a boy he was more a victim than a subject of education, and he dreamed of a New Education Fellowship in which the teacher and the taught would co-operate in joyous creation and re-creation. Forty years ago when he started his school at Santiniketan, he had little support and less funds. But his indomitable youth drew around him a group of young teachers like the poet Satish Chandra Roy and Ajit Kumar Chakravarty, who offered their best and evoked the best in that educational colony. On the untimely death of the former, Tagore made the following significant observations: "He (Satish Ch. Roy) was barely nineteen, but he was born with a luminosity of soul. In him the spirit of renunciation was a natural product of an extraordinary capacity for enjoyment of life".

THE POET was already forty when he started the school of Santiniketan, and forty in those days was considered to be rather close to the age of renunciation. Yet we all know that he was composing about this time the *Chirakumar Sabha* ('The Bachelors' Club') and the *Kshanika* ('The Fleeting One'), which marked an epoch in the history of the love-lyrics of the world. Finan-

cial worries, estrangement of friends, death of wife, of a daughter and a son in quick succession, which might easily have unnerved any other person, transmuted Tagore's genius with the divine touch of suffering. On the eve of his fiftieth birthday, when we had the privilege of sitting at his feet for the first time, he had composed his play *Sarodhasav* (Autumn Festival) and the deathless songs of *Gitanjali*. From his appearance at the great meeting at the Calcutta Town Hall when he read his paper on *Abastha-o-Byabastha* ('The Situation and the Solution') on the 25th August, 1905, to the publication and staging of his famous play *Achalayatan* (1912), the Poet continued to attract towards him thousands of earnest youths who adored the poet because he gave a new significance to their lives enmeshed in ever so many trials and tribulations. Worshipping him while we were school boys, we had the rare privilege of coming into closer and closer personal relations with the Poet-prophet ever since our invitation to participate in the Fiftieth Birthday Celebration at Santiniketan (May, 1911). Our senior friends and guides in those days were Charu Bandyopadhyaya, the novelist; Satyendra Nath Datta, the poet; Ajit Kumar Chakravarty, the critic; Sukumar Roy, the artist-humourist and so many others who are no more. I remember with gratitude the services rendered by them in helping us to understand the Poet and his great mission. Of our friends of College days, I remember in this connection Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis and Amal Home, among others, for they were living and moving Study Circles on Rabindranath; so was our friend Jivanmaya Ray. Every book, every play, every song of the Poet would then rouse us now to a passionate discussion and again to a silent communion in the atmosphere of

the Poet's ineffable music. The Poet was generous to a fault. He not only suffered us to intrude upon his hours of creative writings (we were too young and too greedy to be discreet) but like a real Patriarch, he shared with us his dreams and melodies. Till his last days he retained that rare tenderness for and confidence in youth, and not only of his own country but of the vast world of youth abroad. Many will bear testimony, from their personal experience, to what I have said above. So I confine my remarks, in the closing portion of this brief and inadequate homage, to the Poet's relations with the youth-world outside India.

THE little school of Santiniketan was, at the end of the last war, being slowly but steadily transformed into an unchartered University. On July 3, 1919 the nucleus of the Visva-Bharati was formed when the department for advanced study in Indian literature and, later on, in Tibetan and Chinese, was opened with Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri as its head. The Poet published his "The Centre of Indian Culture", and sailing away (May 11, 1920) to Europe surprised me in Paris, where I had gone the same year to prepare my thesis under Professor Sylvain Levi. Prof. Levi came, as we all know, as the first guest-Professor of the Visva-Bharati formally inaugurated on December 22, 1921. But before that the Poet served with rare courage and inspiration the cause of international understanding in the West through a series of lectures opening with "The meeting of East and West", which created a stir in the soul of the youths of post-war Europe. In spite of the so-called Treaty signed at Versailles, we all felt that War and not Peace was the pre-occupation of the makers (or unmakers) of post-war Europe.

Romain Rolland, the immortal creator of *John Christopher*, was eagerly seeking to establish personal contact with Rabindranath, who met Rolland in Paris on April 17, 1921. If these two great prophets of the East and the West were allowed to develop their programme of internationalism, then, possibly, Europe and the rest of the world might have been spared the carnage and ruin of the present war. But, alas, things were allowed to drift; the so-called League of Nations degenerated into the diplomatic anti-chamber of big nations, and Tagore and Rolland pronounced their fateful warnings in vain.

In April, 1921, I migrated for a while with Prof. Levi to the University of Strasbourg in Alsace. In that border-land of France and Germany I realised

for the first time the significance of the term *freres-ennemies* (brother-enemies) coined by Rolland. Granted goodwill and adequate support to master spirits like Tagore and Rolland, the enemies could possibly have been transformed into brothers. But the opposite was the case, and the Western world is paying the penalty for it. While millions were squandered through the League of Nations, the admirable programme of Intellectual Co-operation in the form of Tagore's Visva-Bharati, failed to receive the financial support from any leading international organization of the West.

THE 60th Birthday of the Poet was celebrated quietly in Switzerland. But there were meetings in honour of the Indian poet in all the countries of Europe which he visited. The youths of Germany as well as of France forgot that they were enemies when they recited the poems of the Master, and I have witnessed "scenes of frenzied hero-worship" which marked the meetings of the youth of Belgium and Holland, France and Germany, Scandinavia and Czechoslovakia. Before he left Paris for India (July, 1921), the Poet had the satisfaction of receiving for his Visva-Bharati a valuable library of French classics and Orientalism through the Indian merchants of Paris led by Mr. S. R. Rana. The last great function was his reception at the Swedish Academy of Stockholm, which conferred on him the Nobel prize in Nov. 1913. The memory of those days was recounted by another Nobel Laureate, Selma Lagerlof, who communicated the following to us when we were publishing *The Golden Book of Tagore* on the occasion of the Poet's 70th Birthday:

"When it shall dawn—that day, so distant, so ardently longed for when life has reached its goal and the final harmony is attained and the old dream of Paradise has become a reality; then will the men of that time remember the Indian seer as one among those who prepared the happy future, as one among those who, with invincible hope, uprooted the poison-plants of hatred, to sow in their stead the apples of Love and the roses of Peace".

Alas! the dreams of Tagore and Rolland, of Selma Lagerlof and Madam Curie came to be frustrated before their very eyes by the tragic race in rearmament for twenty years behind the facade of disarmament. If only the prophetic warnings of Tagore and his peers were listened to in due time, then the harrowing human sacrifice of to-day

might have been averted. I cannot forget the faces of thousands of young men and women of Europe from Scandinavia to Italy and from France to Russia, who listened to the voice of the great Indian Pacifist, and hoped to live up to Tagore's ideals of Harmony but were sacrificed by the politicians of their respective countries on the altar of the God War. Yet in the very process of dying human beings continue to hope, and have seen so many half-dead, mutilated ex-soldiers of Europe reading with tears in their eyes Tagore's poems ever pointing to the region of "immortality—the very heart of death", as he sang his *Balaka*, which I had the privilege of translating into French at the request of Mon. Rolland, in collaboration with his friend, the French poet P. J. Jouve (Paris, 1924).

WHEN Tagore started the first experiment in Asia of an International University through his Visva-Bharati, not a single international foundation of Europe or America considered it worth while to offer him even a modest subsidy. To the credit of individual youths however, I must say should be noted that Mr. L. K. Elmhirst, a young Englishman and his American wife Mrs. Dorothy Elmhirst, out of their spontaneous love for the Poet and their faith in his mission, made an annual gift of Rs. 50,000—for the development of the rural welfare centre of Sriniketan. The suffering of the toiling millions of India's villages moved Tagore not to compose some of the noblest poems and short stories, depicting the life of the down-trodden, but also to devote his surplus earnings to the amelioration of their condition. His passionate active sympathy for the subjugated humanity found the noblest expression in his *Letters from Russia* published on his return from his grand reception of the Soviet Republic. The most touching document of that period was a picture in which Tagore, the Tolstoy of India, is seen, "mobbed" by the children of the Pioneer's Commune in Moscow (1930).

THE Poet Laureate of Asia did not and did not forget the generation of Asiatic youths. On his way to and from America he visited Burma and Malaya, China and Japan. In 1924 he received the formal invitation from the Chinese people through their accredited leader Chi Chao. Privileged to accompany him on that historic tour, I observed with my friends Nandalal Bose, Kshitimohan Sen, how here in the East, as in the West, Tagore's me-

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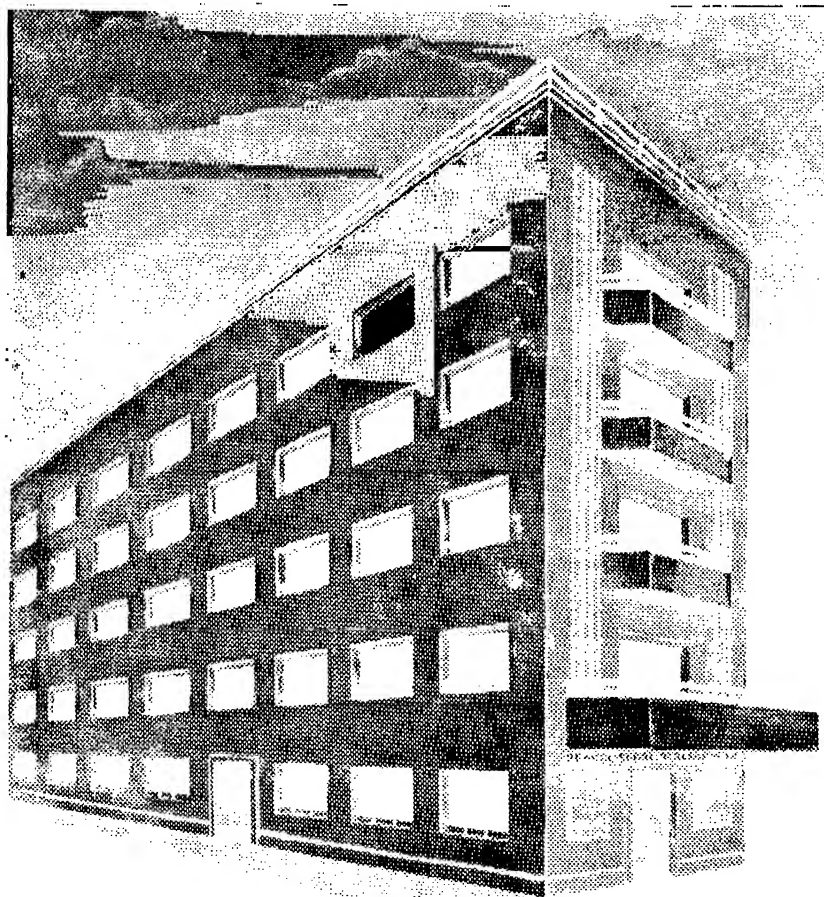
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... as an inspiration and a warning. ... admonitions to Japan are ... His criticism of the slav- ... of the West by the Chinese ... first antagonised the student ... of China but we watched ... own eyes how they gradually ... the profound significance of ... message so that Dr. Hu Hsi, ... uncrowned King of the Chinese ... (now the Chinese ambassador in ... hington), came to be one of the ... admirers of the Poet. Since then ... China has looked upon ... Santiniketan as a place of pil- ... age, where they have established ... admirable Institute of Sino-Indian ... arch, the *Cheena-Bhavan* under the ... tion of Prof. Tan Yun Shan. I found ... most of his books translated into ... ish were re-translated into Chinese ... Japanese. In other parts of Asia, ... progressive in the publishing line, ... thoughts of Tagore permeate the ... groups with a mysterious facility.

The youths of Indonesia and Indo-China know and love India through the books of Tagore. We saluted him as the *Purodha* of our Greater India Society, for, apart from his literary contributions, he was the real pioneer of the Greater India movement, personally leading his mission of culture through Java and Bali, Siam and Cambodia, China and Japan and even beyond, right across the Pacific to the North and to South America.

Of the Islamic countries of the Near East he visited Egypt, the veritable centre of Arabic culture, whence came a rare collection of Arabic books, a gift of King Fuad, to Visva-Bharati (1926). In 1932 he visited Iran and forged the cultural link between Iran and India by welcoming the young Persian poet Pouré Daoud. Thus, to prepare an exhaustive bibliography of the translations and adaptations of Tagore in the various literary languages of Asia

will be the most formidable task before the future historians of modern Asiatic thought. Men and women of Young Asia as well as of Young India are facing a new orientation in their out-look because of the poetical and spiritual legacies left to them by Rabindra-nath Tagore.

BEFORE taking final leave of us the Poet-prophet sounded another warning through his "Crisis in Civilization" pronounced on his 81st Birthday. The world was sufficiently gloomy then, and it is decidedly gloomier to-day, when we do no longer see his face beaming with Hope and Joy. Whatever trials lie ahead of us, we can never forget that he revealed to us the "joy that is in commonality spread". He discovered for us the Fountain of Youth, which Jares to look beyond death towards immortality.

Tagore is not dead, victory to Tagore !

সবুজের অভিযান

ওরে মবীন, ওরে আমার কাঁচা,
ওরে সবুজ, ওরে অবুঝ,
আধ-মরাদের ঘা মেয়ে তুই কাঁচা।

রক্ত-আলোর মদে মাতাল ভোরে
আজকে যে যা বলে বলুক তোরে,
সকল তর্ক হেলায় তুচ্ছ ক'রে
পুচ্ছটি তোর উচ্ছে তুলে নাচা।
আয় দুঃস্থ, আয়রে আমার কাঁচা ॥

* * *

ঐ যে প্রবীণ, ঐ যে পরম পাকা
চক্ষু কণ্ঠ দুটি ডানায় ঢাকা
ঝিমায় যেন চিত্রপটে আঁকা

অন্ধকারে বন্ধ করা খাঁচায়।
আয় জীবন্ত, আয়রে আমার কাঁচা ॥

* * *

ঝড়ের মাতন, বিজয়-কেতন নেড়ে
অটুহাসে আকাশখানা কেড়ে
ভোলানাথের ঝোলাঝুলি ঝেড়ে
ভুলগুলো সব 'আম্নে' বাছা-বাছা।
আয় প্রমত্ত, আয়রে আমার কাঁচা ॥

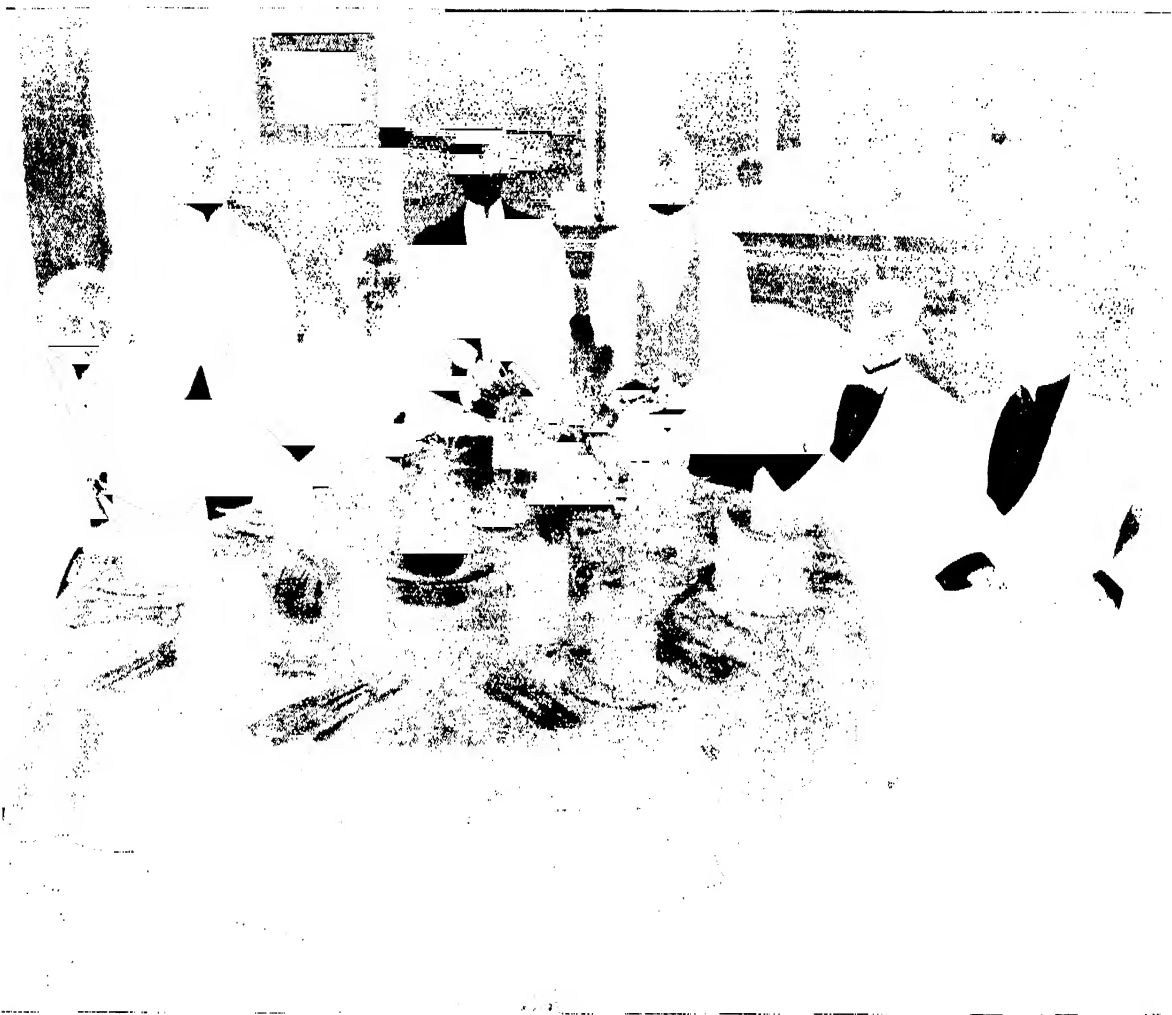
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আপদ আছে, জানি আঘাত আছে
তাই জেনে তো বক্ষে পরাণ নাচে,
খুচিয়ে দে ভাই পুঁথি-পোড়োর কাছে
পথে চলার বিধি বিধান যাচা

আয় প্রমত্ত, আয়রে আমার কাঁচা ॥

চির যুবা তুই যে চিরজীবী
জীর্ণ জরা ঝরিয়ে দিয়ে
প্রাণ অফরাণ ছড়িয়ে দেদার দিবি

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ



Courtesy: Kiran Sankar Roy

Photo: Gillman, Oxford

At a dinner given at Randolph Hotel by the Bengali students at Oxford, May 23, 1913

Left to Right: Shaheed Suhrawardy, Kiran Sankar Roy, THE POET, S. K. Gupta, Shahid Suhrawardy, The Surendra Kumar Sen (Delhi), Basanta Kumar Mullick

TAGORE AT OXFORD

By

SHAHID SUHRAWARDY

IN 1913 when Rabindranath Tagore received the Nobel Prize I was a student at Oxford. In those days we were not many Indians, but we had amongst us a fervent, energetic band of young men, passionately patriotic, inclined to the extreme brand of nationalism and intolerant of moderation in all its forms. Scientific Marxism, the creed of the modern Oxford Indian, was unknown to us, though we also called ourselves socialists, meaning by socialism, in the manner of many contemporary Indian nationalists, a liberal loosely mystical devotion to the idea of the Motherland. It was in 1912 that

this group took over the Oxford Indian Club, a vague institution for tea and cakes on a Sunday afternoon founded some time previously by Har Dayal, and transformed it into the Oxford Majlis, which became not only the centre for all kinds of revolutionary debates at Oxford, but a powerful organisation upon which, because of our habit of voting solidly, depended the results of the election for the presidency of the Oxford Union. To our meetings there came all the prominent orators among the students of the University, who sought our approval and suffrage by tempering their views on India according to

our liking. We had in become a force in University ties, and Oxford Indians of time were very conscious of position as they sauntered the High after dinner and changed uncomplimentary remarks and often blows with English students, who would reply to anti-British slogans by asking them to go back to their country. One can understand what an extent there was increase in our self-opinion insolence when the rumour to our ears that the highest in literature was going to be awarded to one who belonged to us. It is difficult now for r

capture the elation and the glory of those days, but I still remember distinctly that look of awe which was in my landlady's eyes when she brought in the breakfast with the morning paper containing the scoop, of which we had come to know earlier from 'Mullickda'* who had somehow already met the Tagores in London. Outwardly we, of course, took this sudden rise in our status for granted, but must confess to a sense of relief that for the first time, after centuries, the India in whose past greatness we profoundly believed, without having much knowledge about it, had been placed once again on the map of the world. Till then we Indians were being looked upon as the degenerate descendants of those who had composed the Vedic hymns (in Max Muller's translations), or as snake-charmers or theosophists or, at best, terrorists from the banks of the Ganges.

[I am ashamed to say that owing to defective upbringing I was then, as I am now, ignorant of Bengali except of the most debased kind, and so I had heard with a certain amount of scepticism of the great popularity of Tagore's verses, which were being sung, I was told, in every village home in Bengal. Therefore to me, as to those who first came to know of him through translations, the first renderings of his verses in English, not only because of their novelty but for their high personal literary flavour came as a great revelation. I must confess, however, that during that first period not a little of that unbounded appreciation of the newly-initiated which I had for Tagore's works was due to my knowledge of the association and collaboration with him of Rothenstein, Sturge Moore and particularly Yeats, a name draped in our fancy with magic raiments. About Santiniketan I knew a little more. That year among the newcomers at Oxford there was a particularly chubby youth with a great deal of personal attractiveness who had been brought up

there and who described it to us in glowing colours. This was Apurva Chanda. After Santiniketan he had gone to the Central Hindu College at Benares and had come up to Oxford with a number of young men from that institution. They were all vegetarians, extremely devout, long-haired and soft-spoken. During week-ends their number would become larger by the arrival from Cambridge of similar young men, notable amongst whom was Sri Prakash whom I came to know well afterwards, and it was said of them that in the early morning they gathered under a tree and chanted Vedic hymns. I did not believe there was any vestige of truth in all this except that they all lived in a house in Wellington Square and that behind locked iron-railings there actually was a tree in that square. Notwithstanding, with that thoughtless irresponsibility, which is the charm and the most irritating quality of Oxford undergraduates, I too helped in the diffusion of this legend. The only thing which might have sustained the story was that Apurva with a beatific expression had the habit of half-reciting and half-chanting a few of the Poet's songs and we used to see in them through our burning imagination a beauty such as never was on land or sea. Apurva's singing not only took us in, which was easy, as we had no competence except our enthusiasm, but even Philip Heseltine who later on under the name of Peter Warlock made such a name for himself in English music.

THE Oxford Majliss used to invite all prominent Indian politicians, who happened to be in England, as well as a great many English public men with interest in India. In fact, it was a loved game of ours to get hold of a well-known Indian political leader, cajole and flatter him, lavish hospitality upon him, invite him to the Majliss meeting and then skin him alive, proving to him that he was a worthless worm, who, in spite of his nationalistic pretensions, had done nothing else all his life but lick

the boots of British imperialism. For, in those days if one thing we hated above everything else, it was experience. Naturally Indian public men in England used to dislike us, because of our bad name, yet they always came, almost afraid of annoying us by refusing our invitation, which would usually be entrusted to me as I had developed a gift for treacherous blandishment. I used to arouse their interest in us by mock humility, pretending that we were thirsting to be taught, while all along I knew what fate awaited them once they walked into our parlour. I could give a long list of distinguished Indians who were thus brought to Oxford by me; only one person tamed us, that was Sarojini Naidu; another was consistently obdurate and that was Jinnah. Even in those days he was a difficult person. So it is quite intelligible, if, given our reputation, we were a little afraid that the Poet might not accept our invitation. I was asked to proceed to London and explain to him, should occasion arise, that as far as he was concerned, we had transformed ourselves into a domesticated herd of antelopes. Whilst I was casting and re-casting the speech I was to make, posturing in the presence of my closest friends in my rooms, two circumstances made my task easier. Firstly, we heard that the Poet had already been invited by Manchester College to come and address a gathering there and that he had consented. So I had only to request him to divide his time between them and us when he came over. Secondly, the Poet's son and daughter-in-law were visiting Oxford and some of us were asked by 'Mullickda' to luncheon to meet them.

'Mullickda' was the doyen of the Indian student community not only in years, but also in material prosperity. He did not live at college or in digs, as all of us did, but in a large boarding-house on Woodstock Road, where, according to report, he was being cruelly rooked. He was the naivest and best of men, exceedingly generous to all of us, paying up our debts and spoiling us with gifts. Nevertheless, his lunches were

extremely boring because of that flair of his, which he has retained till this day, of gathering round an abundant table men and women the most incompatible in taste and temperament. He was already promulgating some sort of a philosophic doctrine of his own backed by lavish hospitality and no wonder in that city of large leisures he was drawing to himself people of widely divergent types. In spite of the great affection we all, and particularly I, had for him, I accepted his invitation with an inward fear at the prospect of being wedged in, as had happened before, between a lean clergyman from Pusey House bent on saving my soul and the fast-extinguishing charms of the widow of a defunct professor. Therefore this particular luncheon turned out to be such a delightful surprise. Incongruous people there certainly were present but the grace of Pratima Devi and the spontaneous urbanity of Rathí Babu gently smoothed down all the angles and for a short while we were happily enveloped in the kindly atmosphere of a Bengal home. I shall always be thankful to 'Mullickda' for the opportunity he gave me of knowing these noble persons for whom my affection has since then ever been on the increase. Coupled with the gratitude which I like many others feel towards them for their unchanging kindness and goodness is my great admiration for that fine and rare talent for decorative art on the stage which makes Pratima Devi unique among our artists.

ON arriving at Paddington Station I took a taxi to Chelsea where the Poet and his suite were putting up in a big house. I was introduced into a large-sized room where I first saw the Poet. He was sitting on a divan and along the walls there were many chairs occupied by men and women, Indian, British and continental, who sat in rapt silence, as in a prayer-hall. In one corner of the room an

Poet's head in clay whilst in another a fierce young man, a Pole perhaps, was sketching, as I saw from a corner of my eye, the fine folds of his robe. The windows were wide-open on to the Embankment and I do not now remember if incense was burning in that room, but if it was not, it ought to have been because the atmosphere was so charged with awe and admiration. My visit was formal as the Oxford programme had already been fixed upon by Rathí Babu. Disconcerted as I felt at the collusive silence of the place, I was a little relieved at the thought that the invitation I had brought need not, by being communicated in words, strike a harsh note in that stillness. At that time I thought that the Poet's immobility and his closed eyes were due to his posing for the artists in the room, but since I have understood better for he possessed the rare quality of being able to withdraw within himself at will and relapse without effort into the statuesque. That capacity for complete aloofness in the midst of contacts, that sudden communion with the inner life in the intervals of spoken words, that faculty of abstracting oneself from one's surroundings, he shared with the prophets and the visionaries. Such men one may come to know very well and yet never be familiar with. I have seen him later once in Paris after a lively conversation in a company of which he was the very soul, for he could be humorous, playful, almost childlike, chill into a beautiful stone mellowed with age, making me think of what Hammurabi would have looked like had that great Babylonian law giver ever the chance of being modelled by a Grecian master. On that occasion I was maliciously amused to see the consternation of the charming and exuberant Comtesse de Noailles, who was sponsoring the exhibition of the Poet's paintings in Paris and was treating him before all the assembled artists and writers as her special preserve.

I am not sure who was the president of the Majlis that year.

whether it was Shaheed* or Sankar Roy, but he was of a stature, for I remember how the Poet in his flowing robes looked large above him as he alighted from the train at Oxford station. Beside the entire Indian contingent on the platform there were a number of English people headed by Estlin Carpenter, vigorous bearded, who was to be the host. The arrangement was that our visitor was to dine that evening with the committee of the Majlis at the Randolph Hotel, breakfast in my rooms the next morning and deliver his address at Mandai College in the early afternoon. Then attend the large reception. The Majlis was giving him a hired hall in the city. The day of that morning we were fixing up details, the most important of which to us was to arrange to garland the Poet who arrived by train. We gave, interrupting one another, instructions to the best florist at Oxford what kind of garland one uses on such occasions in India, carefully suppressing the fact of the wire, which has lacerated the breast of many a distinguished Indian, and we were just that a suitable object was delivered at the station in time. Our horror can be imagined the president turning to the florist's assistant, who had been breathless just at that moment, unpacked the thin tissue paper and held aloft the air before the Poet's bow a funeral wreath, stiff in its frame, decked with wide white flowers.

ONE could not find a happier set of you as during that evening in a private room at the Hotel. The Poet was in form. He was talking at the time, commenting on the changes that had taken place in his last visits to Europe. He spoke of India, now so late now playfully (we were so intense about India to each other in that particular mood of his)

*The writer's brother, H. S. Subhawardy.—ED., C.

with comprehending reference to our wild talks, in we attempted to outshine another. He ate little of the menu of which I had prepared after careful thought, and I was a little glad to see how he banished one after another those culinary inanities which go under the name of vegetarian dishes in England. Rabindranath was a great connoisseur of the fine things of life, and also understood good food. In fact, he was not of those who glorify their failing digestion with reference to the high ideals of our traditional asceticism. I have always received encouragement at his hands for my frivolous advocacy of gastronomy. I remember him once at antiniketan as he sat reclining in a low arm-chair and listened with smiling attention to a long confession of mine as a glutton in many lands. He was so interested that I am told it was one of those rare occasions when he did not order the meeting to be interrupted for the sake of the evening prayer, which it is customary to defer there.

THE Poet came a little late to breakfast to my place the next morning as he had lost his way in Christ Church meadows and was full of the enchantment of Oxford. His visit had taken place during the summer term when Oxford was in her most beautiful month with laburnums hanging down in full bloom and ivies on the old walls of colleges a mass of scarlet flame. It was a delight going round with him down the narrow lanes and among the broad stone thoroughfares and sharing in his joy at the sight of so much squandered wealth. Only we were never to see as his unusual appearance attracted a large crowd that followed us about. That evening our landlady's little daughter told me she had seen me in the streets with Father Christmas. She did not know what treasures he had brought into our lives that year. For luncheon, propped up on cushions, he sat on a punt, and took him down that part of

the river where it narrows under overhanging branches. He sat stone-still all the while in his shining garments of white and in the noon-haze I fancied to myself Orpheus, sculpted on the prow of some Hellenic boat, mirrored in the waters of the Ionian seas.

ONE thing I noticed that afternoon in the vast hall of Manchester College, crammed with a brilliant and awe-inspired crowd of professors, dons and undergraduates, that the Poet's voice was ill-suited to large audiences. Even in private conversation, when he first spoke to me, I was struck by a certain discrepancy between his appearance, on which nature had showered her most exquisite gifts of beauty and dignity, and his voice, which did not seem to belong to his magnificent exterior. In itself the voice was melodious and expressive but it might have belonged to any one else. It possessed a fine timbre but lacked in tonality. I have always wanted to ask members of his household whether a voice like his was capable of being raised in discussion or reprimand. I suspect, were he ever moved to anger, which I doubt, he would probably employ the subtler instruments of irony and humorous innuendo. I hope the newly-baked fanatics of the Poet will not accuse me of disrespect towards him for these observations of mine. That would be very unfair because my love and reverence for him, since I first met him, has bordered on adoration. I am trying with difficulty to delve into my memory and I am faithfully recording my first reactions to him before more frequent contacts made me get used to his ways.

I do not remember either the subject or the gist of the Poet's lecture; I was too much under the influence of his enchanting personality, as he sat slightly-bowed on his high chair reading out from a manuscript, detached and patriarchal, to listen to his words. My eyes have always given me greater pleasure than my ear. I know that evening I

felt serenely peaceful as I hurried along after the meeting to catch up the fast-striding figure of Robert Bridges, who had come all rigged up in his full academic robes to do honour to the Indian poet, and walked part of the way with him. Bridges did not speak; he evidently did not wish to share his impressions with me. He was a curious old man, garrulous on occasions and then suddenly silent. When parting from me he asked me in that kindly curt tone, which was so characteristic of him, to come to tea the next afternoon when he had invited Tagore to his house.

ROBERT BRIDGES lived in a large house on a hill six miles from Oxford. In those days the road to it was long and difficult and to come to him one had to traverse meadows, pass by farmsteads and then climb a wood within which ensconced lay his house. This gave to each visit to him the flavour of a pilgrimage. During his lifetime he had already become legendary. There were plenty of stories about his whimsicality and crankiness and though he was the kindest of men, as some of us Indians had occasion to know, he had a reputation for being abrupt and rude. Of all men I have met he acted up to the injunction of Christ to his Apostles to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. He would be often seen, like some large bird, ranging the hillside with his broad-brimmed hat closely set over his head and his loose black cloak flapping behind him. He rarely came down to Oxford, and when he did, people would stand about watching his tall figure slouching from the larger roads to the quiet lanes. He sometimes stood for hours before a bookstall in the street, reading a book he had picked up unmindful of the crowd behind him. He and Rabindranath Tagore were the two most beautiful old men I have ever seen. And yet I thought that afternoon when I saw them together how different they were in the quality of their attractiveness. There was nothing

of the sage, rather of an overgrown schoolboy, about Bridges. With his splendid face marked accurately with wrinkles, like a perfect autumn leaf, his healthy complexion and spare figure he looked as one who had always lived the outdoor life in touch with fields and animals. There was manly energy in his large frame and even in his long unkempt hair. In other ways too there could be no greater contrasts than he and Tagore and I thought that there in that house for once, physically, the East had met the West. For no poet in England was so indigenous as Bridges, so unexotic, so classically free from the touch of the Orient. And Tagore in my eyes represented the melody, the abundance, the grace of the East; to him Beauty came as she flowed down streams or awoke on the sprays of the breeze-tossed corn; she came to him naturally as the cherished one to her lover. Whereas to Bridges she was a burden; with him there was a constant struggle to reduce the conflict between language and mood to the counterpoints of harmony, to force Beauty into the fierce shackles of tone and

rhythm. I know this is not saying all. There is probably no deep difference after all between the East and the West, but it is true that each moulds in its own manner human passions and temperaments. Anyway, it is good that Beauty has many moods; she yields to him who fights for her as to him who succumbs to her.

I have seen Rabindranath Tagore at Chilswell, Bridges' home, twice, once then and about a dozen of years later. I cannot quite disengage in my memory the incidents of the two occasions. I remember, however, one evening when the two sat together on a jutting hillock in the corner of the garden, which commands a superb view of Oxford. In fact, in 1914, Bridges had once said to me that were Germans ever to occupy his house, what a wonderful emplacement that hillock would afford to artillery reared to destroy completely with one shattering shot the eternal beauty of Oxford. For it is true that from the bench on which the two poets sat all the ugly accretions of modern Oxford were

hidden by rolling uplands and could only see the proud towers and spires against the sun. Such must have been the view of the lovely city that first lay upon the sight of Erasmus as he trudged along the road from his distant home to find in her solace of faith tempered by reason. Tagore had come over in a hansom-cab and I was going back to Oxford on foot. After he had left, Bridges excitedly spoke of how that evening, more than could from his works, he had come to understand Tagore's spirit. Then turning brusque he added: Tagore is an extraordinarily good-looking fellow. There is something unreal about him, something Assyrian, Asiatic. Do you think he has gold in his beard? When he suggested that it was the colour of the sunset that had been shining on their faces, he broke out in a loud schoolboy laughter and said: You cannot know the vanity of poets. And striding to the mirror on the wall of his study he carefully combed his fingers his hair and tousled by the wind.

*By arrangement with
"Chaturanga", Asolo, 1948*

O THOU the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death, come and whisper to me!

Day after day have I kept watch for thee; for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope, and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy.

One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own.

The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.

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The Myriad-minded Poet

THIS century, in its eagerness to enter the maw of eternity, had barely learnt to toddle. In a mansion,—the far side of which was washed by the waters of *Ganga Mai* as she flowed past the crescent-shaped Benares bank studied with numerous flights of steps and above them spired fanelets and fanes,—an Englishman was being shown a fly-shuttle hand-loom. He was not clean-shaven or with only a moustache, as had been his countrymen whom I, then in the early twenties and happening to be there, had theretofore met. His face, instead, had a generous beard, reddish-brown in hue. It suited his visage, gave it distinction. Artists in Europe, I was told in a discreet whisper, affected that style. Painter he—E. B. Havell—was by profession; and at the time the Principal of the School of Art in Calcutta. He was on a brief visit to that ancient cultural centre.

The fly-shuttle loom had been brought from Scandinavia by a Sinhalese Buddhist—the Anagarika (Pharmapala—who had recently settled in Sarnath to revive the glories of the “middle path” in the land in which it was originally bred. It carried the painter-principal’s mind from the Ganges to the Hooghly bank. He told us about a man of broad culture and rare attainments and charm who, for years, had been seeking to infuse new life into Indian handicrafts. Rabindranath Tagore by name, he was an uncle of Havell’s most promising pupil Abanindranath Tagore. For many years he had been introducing hand-loom improved type in the cottages round his family estates that covered many broad acres. Even before that he, while still a young man, had, with some relations, opened a stores in Calcutta from which high naught was sold that had not been made in India—that was the Swadeshi.

Rabindranath Tagore had been writing verse almost from his

By
ST. NIHAL SINGH

filled with lyrical beauty and infancy, the English artist went on. It was as inspiring as it was haunting melody. An artist in the broadest sense of the word, he had been Havell’s and Abanindranath’s mainstay in the revival of the Eastern traditions of art—in turning the youth of our country away from slavish, soul-destroying imitation of the West.

Such was my first image of Tagore.

II

DURING the middle of October, 1905, I found myself in Calcutta. It was not my first visit to that city; but since I had been there before the metropolis—metropolis in the real sense of the term, for the capital had not yet been shifted to Delhi—some subtle change had occurred. The streets and the buildings standing alongside them were, to be sure, the same as they had been. Not the current of life, however. It no longer flowed evenly—sluggishly—almost imperceptibly—in a bed that had been fashioned for it by outsiders. Charged with some force concealed beneath the surface, it was sweeping headlong in the channel it had dug for itself.

There was a purposefulness in the mien of the men that I had not detected during my previous visits. Indignation—resentment burning within their breasts gave a glow to their countenances. The Governor-General of the day—the Earl, later the Marquis, Curzon—had tried to bend them to his will. Failing to do so, he had flung at them the taunt that they and truth would ever be strangers to each other. Followed the fiat for the bisection of Bengal.

That ukase administratively partitioned the province; but it united the people politically.

Only in India could resentment have found the expression that it had done in Calcutta at that time. It had ushered in a movement of fraternization. Men understood the need of standing shoulder to shoulder as they never had done before. In token of it they were tying to one another’s wrists bits of red and white thread that, through the ages, has, in our country, symbolized fraternal love.

Banglar Mati, Banglar Jal, was, at that fateful moment, upon their lips. The author of that song instinct with patriotic fervour—Rabindranath Tagore—had been one of the prime movers in rousing, shaping and guiding the emotional stream that soon burst Bengal’s bounds and, sweeping over the entire Motherland, powerfully affected life throughout India. In this wise did I see the floodgates of emotion opened at a word from Tagore.

* * * *

IT might have been the spring of 1907, or it might have been the summer. I cannot recollect which. To Hongo-ku, the district of Tokyo

where, surrounded by thousands of Japanese and non-Japanese students, I then dwelt, came a young Bengali. As I remember him he had just emerged from his teens. His people, I was given to understand, owned large landed estates and he had been sent abroad to make science the hand-maiden of agriculture.

Rabindranath Tagore—to name him—was the eldest son of the Poet of whom Havell had given me such a vivid impression and of whose power to move people I had witnessed unforgettable demonstrations in Calcutta. He did not tarry long in Japan, but moved on to the United States of America. So did I. We met in Illinois.

where he had joined the State University and I was in journalism in Chicago, as I had been in Tokyo and elsewhere in the Orient before. Through contact with him and later, upon my return to India in May, 1910, with a cousin of his—Shrimati Sarala Devi Choudhuran—the mental image that I had formed of Rabindranath became amplified—clearer. To it were added touches by Bhupendra Nath Basu and Rash Behari Ghosh, whom I encountered in Simla in the summer of that year.

A many-sided personality was Rabi Babu's, I learnt. While managing property, he composed verse, wrote and produced plays, sang and acted, spoke in public, contributed articles to literary and artistic publications, off and on had one or another magazine of his own and thought nothing of filling it from cover to cover with notes, articles, poems, humorous sketches, stories, novellettes and serials from his own pen. He was a teacher, too, himself taking classes in an educational institution that he had opened on his father's estate, Santiniketan, in Bolpur, a village in western Bengal.

Love of the land of his birth ever tugged at his heart-strings. He felt keenly the humiliation of political subjection. His soul writhed under the shame of it. Plaintive notes at times issued from his lyre. This mood seldom depressed him for long, however: for depression drugs the faculties and devitalizes them. Conscious of his people's potential strength, his creative force lifted up his drooping spirits.

At the moment of which I write Bhupen Basu was wroth at Rabi, whom he accused of deserting Calcutta and immuring himself in Bolpur. That was just the time, he said, when they could not dispense with the Poet's presence—his active, incessant help. He should have been with them to light up the gloom of the political movement—to pull the people, with the power of his lifting poetry and forceful prose, out of the morass of depression.

Bhupendra's soul was filled with indignation at the fetters that were being forged on the legislative anvil at Simla. If he could have

had his way he would have had Rabi cease wooing the muses and throw himself headlong into the struggle.

Rash Behari Ghosh seemed to be of the same mind. His expression was, however, much more restrained.

III

HOW happy were these critics when the harvest that the Poet had garnered in the seclusion of Bolpur was given to the world! Among them Bhupen Basu. Of that later in correct sequence.

It was, I think, from Ramananda Babu, who has been to me more like a brother than a friend since my early manhood, that I first learnt of what was happening at Santiniketan. While there for a respite from his arduous editorial labours, the Poet said to him: "You have been a schoolmaster. You may care to glance at these."

"These" were some translations in English by Rabindranath of his poems in Bengali. Having urged him, on more than one occasion, to undertake such work, Ramananda Chatterjee was only too eager to read them. Delighted with the elegance of the diction—the appositeness of the phrase—he begged the Poet to persevere.

A little later Rabindranath came to London. Some of the translated poems were read by William Butler Yeats at William Rothenstein's house, to a gathering of literateurs and artists. They were published by the India Society in a small, thin volume entitled "Gitanjali". Every critic acclaimed it. Followed the Nobel prize. In a few weeks he became the world's—instead of merely Bengal's—Poet. This story has been told by me and by others intimately associated with him: and therefore needs no amplification here.

About this time, or, possibly, a little later, Kedarnath Das Gupta, who had set up the Union of the East and of the West, came to our house. His society, he said, was giving Rabindranath a reception. Would I mind if the translation I had made of one of his patriotic poems were read at this function?

Many were the fetes and festivals held in his honour. Tagore bearing at these greatly impressed me. Neither word nor gesture indicated elation. Ever calm ever dignified—was he. His manner was gentle with man and maid. His speech was soft. To one who saw him—heard him—regarded him as a seer—a sage sent by the East.

IV

DURING one of my visits Dublin Yeats, talking to me at his house in Merrion Square close to which I then resided, spoke of the best part of the year, spoke me thus of Rabindranath's writing: "Most persons write so that if you were to detach a sentence from the context, it would have no meaning. With Tagore's writing, however, it is just the other way about. Almost any sentence will stand by itself almost as a clause."

"The more you study his compositions, the more significant they become. They grow upon you."

About that time A. R., who was a painter as well as a poet and prose writer of outstanding merit, remarked to me also in Dublin that Tagore must have an astonishingly good memory. He could be a painter—a great painter—I liked: for painting was firstly the formation of the mental image secondly the transfer of it, with fidelity, to paper or canvas.

V

JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD lived just one street away from me during the time he occupied a house in Belsize Avenue, Hampstead, London. After his visit to India in connection with the Public Services Commission (I believe), we were having a talk in a bedroom he had converted into his literary den. He had, he informed me, been to Tagore's school at Bolpur. I had impressed him. A bit of old India it appeared to him to be—and teachers forming a firm group—instruction under trees instead of in stuffy rooms.

... for the mind and for the
... character building and cha-
... ter building in consonance with
... es-old cultural codes.

Yet would I believe it, he
narrated, this institution of
gore's was suspect in official
es! The young men who were
ssing through it would not, the
ympians feared, quite fit into
e pattern laid down by them.

One forenoon, when I was
ling upon Lord Carmichael
ortly after his return from
agal, I told him what
cDonald had said and asked
if it were a fact that
bindranath Tagore was regard-
as something of a rebel and
Santiniketan a hatchery for
ition.

"Some officials are capable of
folly," was the ex-Governor's
ptic but caustic comment.
en he went on to tell me of
gio-social institutions he had
en off the secret police list.



—WITH HIS LIFELONG FRIEND AND ADMIRER J. C. BOSE : 1913

This photograph was taken by the late Mr. H. Bose on November 23, 1913 at Santiniketan when a deputation of several hundred people went there in a special train to congratulate the Poet on his receiving the Nobel Prize. Standing from left to right are Rev. W. S. Holland of St. Paul's College, J. C. Bose, Chunital Bose, Asutosh Chaudhuri

Courtesy: Sudhindra Mohan Bose

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their life-long friendship. None
was prouder of the Poet's achieve-
ments.

Recognition was unduly de-
layed, however, the great scientist
insisted. It took decades and
decades for the world to wake up
to the merit of Rabi's verse.

"Such intellectual slaves are
we," he added, "that not un-
til the West had acclaimed him
did many Indians trouble about
him. What was worse still, fol-
lowing the bestowal of the Nobel
prize upon him our people began
to fall all over themselves to do
him honour.

"And for their pains they were
soundly trounced by Rabi." With
his great gift of mimicry the
scientist recounted to me the
scene at Santiniketan when a
deputation of influential men
waited upon him to offer him felici-
tations. How taken aback were
they when the man they had
come to honour turned upon them
and told them to their faces that
they were no more than intellec-
tual serfs.

* * * *

VII

IN July, 1921, the Commons
had their say anent the ter-
rible deeds that had been perpe-
trated in the Punjab in the spring
of 1918—some fifteen months

after the humiliations heaped
upon the people in Lahore and
Amritsar. Edwin Samuel Mon-
tagu, His Majesty's Principal
Secretary of State for India, had
laboured hard to secure some sort
of action that would commend it-
self to our people. He failed
in that objective. He, neverthe-
less, was booed within my hearing
—within my sight—because the
stand he had taken was deemed
detrimental to Imperial interests.

The Lords, too, had their say
on the subject. The matter re-
mained, however, just where it
was.

The evening after the debate I
was seated in a corner of a bow
window in an apartment over-
looking Kensington Gardens. Op-
posite me sat the Poet, who, as I
remember it, had but recently
arrived. He looked bent under
the weight of those enormities in
the Punjab and even more so at
the escape of the highly placed
miscreants. The substance of his
talk with me I incorporated then
and there into a cablegram that,
with some slight modification by
him, I sent out to one of my
newspapers in India. As it reflec-
ted his burning love for the
Motherland and the grandeur of
his soul, I reproduce it in part :

"... he felt grieved and
insulted at the unashamed con-

VI

ONE evening in the autumn of
1919 Surendranath Banerjea,
who had come to London in con-
nection with the Montagu mea-
sure for constitutional reform in
India, then committed to a Joint
Committee of the two Houses of
Parliament, was in reminiscent
mood as we sat in front of a
fire in the drawing room of
his flat facing Hyde Park. In-
terrupting his flood of words—he
was as eloquent in private as he
was on the platform—I told him
my experience in Calcutta
during the partition days.

Perhaps, it would come to me as
surprise, he added to my reci-
tation that Rabi broke many a lance
in defence of him at that junc-
ture. Some impatient idealists
sought to oust him from the
leadership of the movement. The
Poet would not, however, hear of
this. He spoke and wrote against
the swapping of horses in mid-
air. Challenged he refuted
every argument advanced. A
true friend and ally was he to
Surendranath during that terribly
tragic period.

And the Acharya Jagadis
Bose found Rabi during

donation of a brutal outrage by the very class from which our rulers are recruited.

" 'This makes us,' he said, 'realize the futility and humiliation of relying for any boon of any value from those who hold us in contempt. Only by removing the inner sources of weakness and organizing our social, educational and economic life, can we rise out of our present depth of degradation.

" 'Be prepared for many sacrifices, to undergo the suffering for the common cause. Sink differences of all kinds. Promote the spirit of concord and co-operation. The present shock of disillusionment, if accepted in the right spirit, will prove a blessing in disguise and form the basis of a new era of a career of national self-respect, spiritual emancipation and material progress. Only by freeing ourselves from the spirit of dependence and mendicancy, casting out fear and guarding ourselves against the wasteful destruction of impotent anger and vengeful resentment, can we rise to the true measure of greatness.' " *

No one in the wide, wide world was more moved by the Poet's act in stripping himself of the honour of knighthood that had been conferred upon him by His Majesty the King-Emperor, as a sign of protest over these outrages, than Bhupen Basu, at the time a Member of the India Council and Montagu's confidant. In his admiration for that brave stand

inspired by patriotism of the most exalted character, he wholly forgot Rabindranath's withdrawal from politics a decade or so earlier.

VIII

THE Poet knew that Montagu would be thrown to the wolves at the first moment convenient to his colleagues. The diehards, under Birkenhead's lead, had sworn to oust him. It was only a matter of time when he was thrust into the political wilderness.

India—the India that regards itself as educated—is realistic. So, at least, it fancies itself to be. Montagu, it thought, had failed it—failed it in the greatest crisis in Indo-Anglian annals.

Knowing the world as the Poet did, he did not blame any one in particular for a judgment that, in the circumstance, made no allowance for an effort bravely put forth even though it proved largely fruitless. In the situation that obtained, naught else was to be expected.

A dual motive egged him on to action. One of these was to serve India—the other to succour a genuine friend of India.

In the course of an interview with a representative of the *Observer* (with which I was then connected) he urged Montagu's appointment as Lord Chelmsford's successor. Though he had faults—temperamental and otherwise—there was none among Britain's ruling classes, he thought, who would make so sympathetic and

imaginative a Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

The diehard clique would not hear of the suggestion. Reading easily obtained the sanction. A little later Montagu took over his job over the impolitic and unjust—treaty forced by Curzon upon the Turks, was lost in the Great War (1914-18). He sickened subsequently and died.

IX

NOT only did Rabindranath love India with an all-consuming devotion, but he was passionately fond of her physical beauties, her spiritual and bounteousness pronounced more so of the culture and life. By slow degrees through the years. Upon nearly every occasion when we conversed, he insisted that he had as much to give to the world as we stood in need of from it—if not more. He wanted the exchange to be made on a basis of freedom and equality. He was ever striving to put an end to the relationship of patronage.

My acquaintance with him was extensive. No one having been in any quarter of the globe for so long, freedom meant more—or more willing—aye, eager—to make the greatest sacrifice for the need arisen for him. His life for it, he, I have no slightest doubt, would have been blithely to the gallows.

And freedom to him was more than political freedom. It meant also freedom from poverty—cramping social—inhuman social conditions. Throughout his life he carried this message through speaking, and, above all, living



"KONARK", SANTINIKETAN, 1926
Photo: Susil Banerjee

*Before the end of my journey
May I reach within myself
The one which is the all,
leaving the outer shell
To float away with the drifting multitude
upon the current of chance and change*

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His death of Rabindranath Tagore is a terrible and irreparable loss not only to Bengal and India but to humanity. One of those high and commanding spirits who arise from time to time to stir their generation with new vital and moral impulses, Rabindranath had long passed the stage when he could be said to belong exclusively to his own province and country, though his people were immensely proud of him. Whether as a poet or as a man of letters or as a thinker of lofty thoughts he belonged to the whole world. His writings reached not merely the literature of his province and of other Indian provinces, but the literature of the entire civilised world. There was hardly a language in which his works had not been translated in his life-time, and there was hardly a country known to civilisation where his name was not as well known and pronounced with as much veneration as that of any native oracle. This rare distinction in the case of all poets and men of letters. It is literally true in the case of a poet and a man of letters belonging to a politically subjugated country, the conditions of which hindered the growth of literary and artistic genius in its highest form nor calculated to win for it that outside recognition which naturally comes to poets of genius in free countries. But his winning the Nobel Prize Rabindranath would not have had anything of the world-wide celebrity that he gained during the last twenty-eight years of his life, and the winning of the Nobel Prize by him was due to a combination of circumstances, which were almost accidental. Many of his poems and literary pieces had been printed and his name had become a household word in his own province and in other Indian provinces long before he won the Nobel Prize, but the world knew neither him nor his works and was deprived of the benefit of his thoughts and his inspiring writings. This ignorance and deprivation, the penalty which the world paid for the crime of keeping one of the greatest peoples in the world, with its unparalleled heritage of culture and literature, in a state of political darkness.

This thought is not for to-day, but for some other day. To-day millions of men in our coun-

By

KALINATH ROY

try and tens of thousands of men in other countries we mourn the passing away of a man to whom we, our country and humanity owe more than to any other living teacher and master of our race. The sorrow that we feel—our sense of grievous loss—is too fresh and too intimate to permit any other thought to take even momentary possession of our mind. Yet the fullness of our grief is softened by a certain greatness and solemnity in the event. Death in the case of a man whom the world would not willingly let die can always be said to be premature, but viewing things in their proper perspective one can safely say that the Poet has died full of years and of honours. Every hour and minute of the Poet's life for the sixty years of his productive period had been consecrated to the noblest purposes and filled with splendid achievements. If it is a cruel and painful thought that such richness of culture, a creative genius of such sublime excellence, such maturity of wisdom and experience, such passion for truth, for justice, for progress, for enlightenment and freedom is by a single stroke extinguished, we can still find some not unworthy solace in the knowledge that if the force has been spent it has been nobly spent in devoted and effective service to the country and to humanity.

THE first and most obvious thought on the passing away of this illustrious man is that if the world has, in the words of Mahatma Gandhi, lost in him the greatest poet of the age, India has lost in him not only the greatest poet and one of the foremost thinkers and men of letters produced by her in modern times but her first citizen. Without a doubt the most gifted member of the most cultured family in Bengal and India, his contributions to the thought, ideals and aspirations of modern India, whether in the realm of poetry, which was his special province, or in the wider realm of letters and art,

were literally unique. Bengal had produced other poets, some of whom had great vogue in their days, and at least one literary man who in his day had undoubtedly even greater ascendancy in his own province than the Poet could claim. But it is safe to say that not one of them ever exercised that potent influence over the thought and life of India as a whole that Rabindranath exercised for more than a quarter of a century. He was modern India's first national poet and man of letters and the first in this case was also the greatest who outdistanced all competitors.

But though poetry, literature and art were undoubtedly Rabindranath's first love, they did not absorb all his time and energy. The most puissant bookman of his time in India, no one knew better than he the intimate connection between literature and life. It has been said by one who was himself a man of letters of no mean pretensions that "the man who has never left the life of a recluse, drawing an income from the funds and living in a remote garden, constructing past, present and future out of his own consciousness, is not qualified either to lead mankind safely or to think on the course of human affairs correctly." Every page of Rabindranath has the bracing air of close and living contact with the world and its affairs. When Rabindranath flung away his Knighthood in spirited protest against the atrocities perpetrated in the Punjab in the days of Martial Law, there were not wanting men who thought that his action was out of tune with the detached position befitting a poet and literary man of his international reputation. Those who said this were as ignorant of the Poet's own past life as of the true mission of poetry and literature in the life of humanity. Take up any book that has profoundly moulded the thoughts and emotions or affected the destiny of man, and you are sure to find that the author of the book, however much he might seem to lead the life of a recluse, did in reality live full in the life of his fellow men. Without that he would not have had either that knowledge of human affairs or that sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the wishes, the cravings, the ideals and aspirations of mankind that alone could have made his literary productions the powers they were.

RABINDRANATH himself, it is hardly necessary to remind any one who knew him at all, had never lived the life of a recluse, but had always been in close and intimate contact with the life of the world. He threw himself heart and soul into the anti-partition-cum-Swadeshi movement which convulsed his province from end to end and indirectly and somewhat remotely the country as a whole in the early years of this century, and it is an open secret that he narrowly escaped the fate that befell so many of his countrymen in those dark and yet spacious days. By his poems of unsurpassable power and beauty, by his inspiring and soul-captivating national songs as well as by his speeches and essays, distinguished equally for their brilliant and penetrating analysis of the situation and for the many luminous and constructive suggestions they contained he rendered a service to the national movement as effective immediately as that rendered by the greatest political leaders and of far more enduring value. With certain aspects of the non-cooperation movement of a later day it was impossible for him, consistently with his life-long convictions and with that intellectual honesty which had always been among his unfailing characteristics, to sympathise, but to the national freedom movement led by the Mahatma, viewed both as an attempt to throw off India's political subjection and as an organised and sustained effort to get rid of the curse of untouchability, to promote inter-communal harmony and banish ignorance, illiteracy, insantiation and poverty, in a word to make India a strong, efficient, self-reliant and self-governing country, he lent his whole-hearted support.

THE friendship between Rabindranath and Mahatma Gandhi was, indeed, one of the most remarkable things in contemporary history. In several vital matters they differed widely from each other. Their fields of activity too were divergent. But this did not affect the cordiality of their relations. The Poet had unbounded affection and esteem for the Mahatma and the Mahatma never addressed him except as *Gurudev*. When the Mahatma undertook his historic fast unto death Rabindranath was among the first to rally to his side, and the Mahatma followed the minutest details of the Poet's life with loving veneration. How did all this come to be possible in an age in which the slightest difference in ideas or in practice tends to

intensely unselfish and religious-minded, and the basic agreement between the pair was far greater than their disagreement in detail. If the Mahatma is the prophet of nationalism and humanity, Rabindranath had all his life been their poet. To oppression and tyranny, by whomsoever and in whatever manner practised, he was as formidable and relentless a foe as the Mahatma. Equally formidable and equally relentless was his opposition to imperialism in every shape and form, and particularly in the form of domination of one country or race over another. The strength and vigour with which he condemned the spirit of imperialist domination in his speeches and writings in the first decade of this century has seldom been equalled and never surpassed even by men who have made the winning of India's political independence the supreme mission of their life. The flinging away of his Knighthood was of a piece with all this, and represented no isolated episode in the life of the Poet. It was an inevitable manifestation of that love of freedom and hatred of injustice and oppression which breathes the breath of life in so many of the Poet's literary and artistic masterpieces. And it is a matter of common knowledge that during the twenty-two years that followed that spirited act the Poet never let slip a single opportunity of making similar protests and remonstrances against official measures and policies savouring of racial domination or arrogance. Some of those protests and remonstrances have become an imperishable part of our political history.

* * * *

It was in recognition of all this, no less than on account of his commanding position in the world of thought and of letters and of the undeniable fact that he was one of the two men who more than any other represented India in the eyes of the world and who had undoubtedly raised its stature in the estimation of other countries, that the promoters of the Civil Liberties Union immediately and instinctively thought of the Poet when they looked round for a President for that body. No choice could have been better or more appropriate. For no man in India or abroad could have been more jealous of civil liberties and, indeed, of liberty itself in its highest and most commanding sense than the Poet. In this respect his ardour fully equalled that of Milton, that classic example of the impassioned champion of liberty among English

GLOWING tributes have been not only in all parts of India in Britain and America to the wonderful versatility of Rabindranath Tagore, but also to his genius and the profound influence exercised on contemporary thought and life. Among those who have joined these universal tributes are thinkers, men of letters of world-wide reputation, statesmen and officials like the Secretary of State for India, the Viceroy, Commander-in-Chief, the Governor of Bengal, the Chief Justice of India, the Metropolitan of India, leading English and leading American journals like the *London Times* and the *New York Times* and the *New Herald Tribune*. But for the war and the complete dislocation of norms caused by it we have not the slightest doubt that continental Europe as well as Japan, China and Iran, all of whom delighted to honour the Poet in his time, would have joined in mourning the tremendous loss to humanity by his death.

In India there is hardly a man of any eminence from Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Sir B. K. Krishnan, Mr. M. R. Jayakar, Mr. A. Jinnah, Mr. V. D. Savarkar, the Premiers of Bengal and the downwards who has not paid him the warm and reverential homage to the memory of one of the greatest Indian times. To a special category belongs the warm and eulogistic tribute to the greatness of the illustrious Poet from his prison home by that great son of India, whose gift of expression was equalled only by his transparency and his matchless love of truth—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. "The Poet's passing away," says the great souled patriot, "has left us a void that has grown up in the shadow of a towering genius and mighty power and enveloped by his great forlorn and in the dark. India is a star, illuminating not only her country but the world with a ray of the rich wisdom of the past. In the present, has set, and our future is empty. Yet his voice rings in our ears and the flaming message of his life will be our guiding star. With the great Indian sages he has left us an imperishable inheritance and even at the moment of his passing away we think with gratitude, with love and reverence of his magnificent life and its achievements. That precious inheritance shall treasure." I venture to say that no individual tribute to his achievements would have gone

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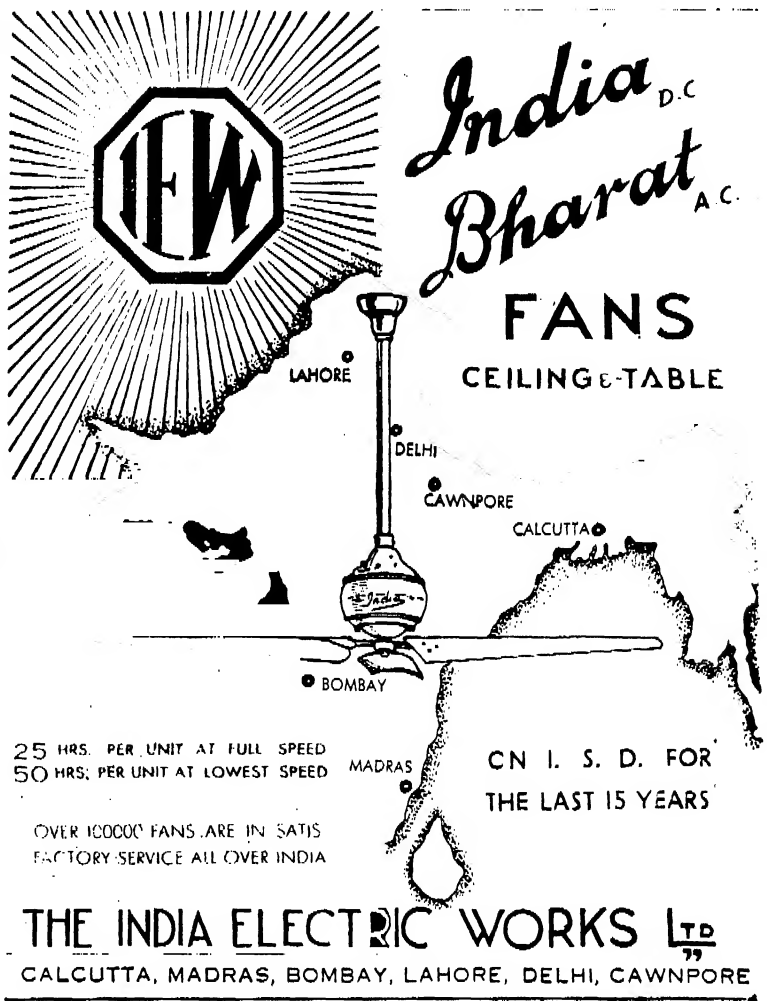
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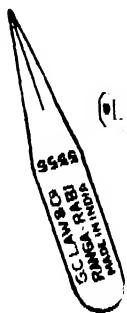
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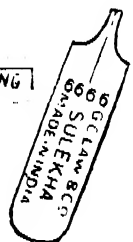
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day as this magnanimous tribute for whom he had unbounded love in language worthy of his fame.

Is this spontaneous appreciation of the Poet's greatness and his services to his country and to his people, and the imperishable heritage he has left behind confined only to Bengal? In his own province the Legislative Council, which was in session, adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory. The High Court was closed for half a day. The Secretariat and other Government offices in Calcutta, the Corporation offices and all business houses and offices in the Indian Chamber of Commerce, the Muslim Chamber of Commerce, the National Chamber of Commerce and all their affiliated associations were closed. Under the orders of the Government of Public Instruction all educational institutions throughout Bengal were closed for a day on receipt of the news, while the Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University placed wreaths on the statue of the Poet when it was passing the Senate on behalf of the Chancellor and the University. Assam was as deeply affected by the tragic news as Bengal and all educational institutions all Government offices were closed in honour of the memory of the departed Poet. Bombay Municipal Corporation adjourned without transacting any business and the Lucknow University was closed for the day after passing a condolence resolution. Delhi, as befits its position as the capital of India, held less than 24 meetings in one day to commemorate the loss sustained. In other Provinces the sorrow expressed by the people is as sincere as in Bengal, Assam and Bombay, and has found powerful expression in the utterances of public men and in resolutions passed at public meetings. Even the exchanges in Bombay and Calcutta remained closed on receipt of the news of the Poet's death. As far as we are able to collect at this moment on no previous occasion in history had the death of a man who was pre-eminently a poet evoked such uni-

versal expression of sorrow in India and abroad.

WHAT was the secret of this immense influence and this amazingly universal popularity of Rabindranath? It lay not merely in his superb poetical and literary genius and in the magnificent services he rendered by means of it to his country and to humanity over a period of more than fifty years, but in the comprehensiveness of his appeal, in the fact that there is hardly a chord in our heart which he did not touch and hardly a corner in our mind which he did not illumine. Not only was he a lyrical poet, a composer and singer of national songs, a dramatist, a novelist, a storyteller, an essayist, a literary critic and a philosopher rolled into one, but in every one of these capacities he reached a standard of excellence which it had been given to but a few in any country or age to reach. Of his lyrical poetry, on which his fame and his title to immortality pre-eminently rests, there is no need to say anything. It is enough to note that many of them have long become classical and form an abiding part of the world's standard literature. His dramas and novels are among the most widely read of all his works and have undoubtedly exercised a potent influence on contemporary thought both in his own province and in India as a whole. His short stories and his national songs are the best in the Bengali language and among the best in any language. His essays on political and social subjects and his philosophical dissertations will for all time take a high place among intellectual efforts of that kind. His criticisms and his satirical poems were distinguished at once by an analytical acumen, a spirit of discernment, a breadth of view, a high moral purpose and a finesse which made them a thing of tremendous power. Lastly, and this is the most important part of the thing, here was a man who wrote not merely for his own country and time, but for all countries and times and for men and women of all ages and in all their varied moods. He was at once a friend

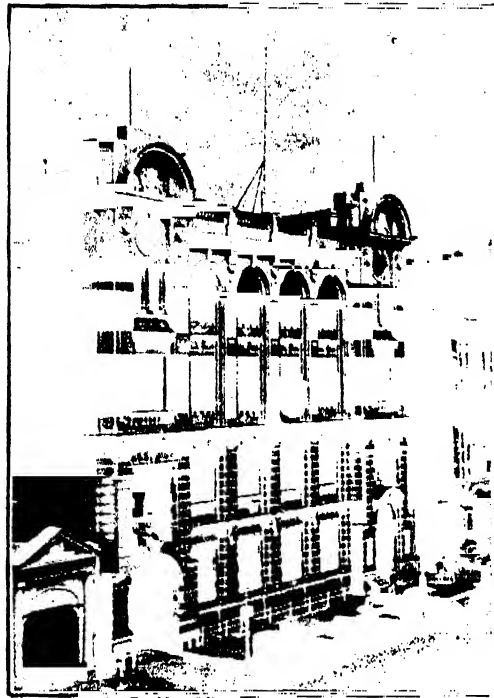
who amused and delighted us and an instructor and admonisher who sought to make us better than he found us, and he was one of the few poets and literary men to whom one could turn not only when one was in high spirits but when one's spirit was low and one sought relief from the world's manifold woes and worries.

AS for immortality, what immortality can be higher or more coveted than the immortality that is ensured to the Poet by his poetic and literary works, which will live as long as the literature they have enriched in so many directions, and by the lasting contributions he has made to the thoughts, the ideals and aspirations of his contemporaries and of generations yet unborn of his country and of humanity? Nor should we forget in this connection to make a passing reference to that unique educational institution at Santiniketan in and through which the poet's constructive and synthetic genius found its highest expression and to which he dedicated so many precious years of his life. Among his many titles to enduring fame the foundation of this great institution and the strenuous exertions he made in it to combine the highest learning and culture of the East with the highest learning and culture of the West will always have a commanding place. Who among us is more truly alive than the great men of the past whose thoughts we think, and to whom we owe all that we value most in life—country, freedom, peace, knowledge, art and literature? Who among us is more truly alive than the poets and philosophers, the men of letters and men of action who "toiled, endured, bled and died, so that we by their labour might have rest, by their thoughts might know, by their death might live happily?" In us and through us and in and through countless generations of men and women these great men live and will continue to live. By his death Rabindranath has been finally admitted to this calendar of the world's immortals.

মরিতে চাহি না আমি সুন্দর ভুবনে,
মানবের মাঝে আমি বাঁচিবারে চাই,
এই সূর্য্যকরে এই পুষ্পিত কাননে
জীবন্ত হৃদয় মাঝে যদি স্থান পাই।

ধরায় প্রাণের খেলা চিরতরঙ্গিত,
বিরহ মিলন কত হাসিঅশ্রু-ময়,—
মানবের সুখ দুঃখে গাঁথিয়া সঙ্গীত
যদি গো রচিতে পারি অমর আলায় ॥

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ



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Our RABINDRANATH

THERE is an emptiness in every Indian heart and home to-day, an aching emptiness and an anguished gloom. A great and glorious light has gone out of our lives, a wondrous illumination. Rabindranath Tagore is no more: your Rabindranath, my Rabindranath, everybody's Rabindranath, Bengal's beloved Rabi Babu, India's revered 'Gurudev', the world-honoured Tagore is — dead. Our grief is unspeakable. We feel orphaned and forlorn.

It is difficult for us fully to realise yet that he is no longer with us in the flesh, that the magic of his physical presence, so stately and kindly and serene—beautiful as that of some fairy king whose sweet, soothing graciousness is the stanchless generosity of his soul—is to thrill and enthrall us no more, that the melody of his dream-laden voice is hushed now in the stillness of death. And the songs which poured out from him in quotidian, mellifluous profusion, songs which our cradle-old habit had beguiled us into expecting to be a never-ending flow, songs heavy with an ancient people's joys and yearnings and woes and religious hauntings, contextured with our common lot in life—are there to be for us no more new songs by him?

If we have become insatiable, it was he who made us so. For how many decades did he not heap upon us the treasures of his overflowing genius, unload argusies of mystery, vision, ecstasy, sympathy, ardour; in poetry, prose, drama, dance, song and noble practical endeavour—unceasingly to the last even while the Ultimate Shadow was closing upon the mortal part of him?

TO say that Rabindranath was a poet would be to say too little; he was a king of poets. With a master's spell of sound woven into ravishing sound he charmed open a magic casement upon a world of all-forgetting, all-remembering trance. And behold!—the Cosmic dance of Creation beneath the dissolving tread of Nataraj: Tagore, like Nietzsche, could not conceive a God who did not dance; the witchery of Urvashi, queen of the dancing-maidens of Heaven, who was not a mother, not a daughter, but the sum and essence of all feminine fascination, embarrassment-free, flashing upon a mad-glad

By

ABANY C. BANERJEE

of "Jhulan"; Chitrangada's hungering passion of flesh and soul finding fulfilment in a single night of union, when flesh turns to soul and soul turns to flesh and Eternity is held in an hour; the lotus-dance of love's light rapture upon the radiant waters of youth, rapture blushful with private dreams, rapture the heart of whose fragrance yet sways with the glint of a tear; the tragic infatuation of a Dev-guru's daughter who scorns the wisdom of the gods and pines for the love of a man; and what is that proud swelling vision that goes floating down the stream, across the blurring rain, beneath the thunder-clouds? It is the Golden Boat gleaming with the riches, not of perfumed princes, but of perspiring peasants bulging yellow corn, sheaf upon groaning sheaf. Mother Earth's bounty from her breast. And hearken!—to the laughter of children sweeter than the laughter or the nectar of the gods; to the sighings and weepings of all life born; to the tidings of myriad-mooded Nature; to echoes from where no sounds are, from the other side of shadow-tossed Silence, from the Beyond, echoes caught by the grieving heart, like the sounds of the sea in a shell, in the stark vigil of the night. And witness! how (as in the marvellous art of bygone China) "the winds of the air become our desires, the clouds our wandering thoughts, the lonely mountain-peaks our lofty aspirations and the torrents our liberated energies." It was, indeed, such poetry as should make the dead awaken.

HIS prose, like his poetry, was endowed with a matchless quality of magnificence, pathos, exquisiteness. And he created a new language on the way. Common words, despised by the learned and the refined, received from his pen fresh values and an unimagined dignity; for to him words, however humble, were gems, were fairies, were pearls or tear-drops, were spindrifts trembling in the air, were Aeolian harp-strings, were sparks of flame.

some butterfly poised on a blade. The grand and lofty ones he dealt with magistral power and precision. What marvels the sorcery of wrought with them all! The lotus of our flowers (no less of such among them as the 'akanda' and and the nameless wild ones of the forest than of the lotus their queen, as a vase and proud with centuries-memory-inheritance), the song of our trees in the wind, the dappled sunlight on the grass, the melody of our rains, the beauty of our rippling streams, the turbulence of our mighty rivers and oceans, the majesty of our god-haunted mountains, the uprush of our gorgeous dawns, the surrender of our angry sunsets to the moon's swooning light and the maddening perfume of our groves where we have sported and ed and sported, these and the of birth and life and death, the face of the sleeping infant with hints of the Unknown, the serenity of the child, the sweet attractions and distractions of youthfulness, the crippling canons of old age, the hopes, fears, struggles, questionings and frustrations and especially of our neglect and shy shades of thought, elusive of emotion, fugitive overtones—such things his genius held in imperishable prose and ed before us with an enchantment of touch. It was a touch and animating as that of some wizard of the brush like Michelangelo rolling a warm scroll, scene of a scene, now gay, now dizzy or infinitely sad.

IN drama, too, he was in supreme, whether as producer or actor. His at these departments had vision, sublimity and strength at its highest. In word, gesture he expressed his waste, without false emphasis, plucking our heartstrings with rhythms of sound and emotion. Not Anna Pavlova. Empress, who described the play as unforgettable beautiful hand. And into the texture of it all with creative appropriateness songs and lovely dances. intimate and universal in have passed into the fan

inquest for the esoteric few, but a festival for all.

"That training", Rabindranath has taught us, "is the most intricate which adds to the utter simplicity of tune". Once he was past the growing pains of immaturity, there was about all that he wrote and said and did that simplicity which is the seal of superlative worth. This gave a nameless grace to his effluences. Late in life he unexpectedly adventured into the realm of pictorial art and what he accomplished there was truly astonishing. Without that "intricate training" in the technique of the pencil and the brush, he yet fulfilled—with the intuitional antennae of his genius—a linear simplification, a bold but not indelicate directness of colour, and an economical ordonnance of lines, with emotional content such as poets, even considerable artists, labourers, and experimenting each for a lifetime, might envy. These pictures may be summarily described as the externalization of some of the experiences of an ever-alert spirit, experiences that were incommunicable except in line and colour.

RABINDRANATH was a man to whom nothing that was human could be alien. To us he was, indeed, the high-priest of Life and Humanity. He saw Life whole and thrilled to it with the joy that is "the other side of length". He touched Life everywhere and nowhere he touched but defined it. Men are wise in proportion to their capacity for experience. To Rabindranath every experience was an adventure, every phenomenon a miracle. And the value of Life was revealed to him in the context of Universal Love, which taught the meaning of the word 'brother'. They love not a who only India love. Rabindra could love his India so proudly, he could love his Bengal so passionately, he could love his Bolpur so intimately why?—because he loved all mankind that to him "the whole world is a single nest." He was one of those rare beings who have stood bravely at the outposts of human conscience guarding man's belief in man; was one of those "watchers and wardens" of Thomas Hardy who are

with fair compassions skilled
in the deep art in life-development

who love truly the excellent
and make their daily lives a melody"

RABINDRANATH was no prisoner of environmental enclosures, no victim of the ancestral tyranny of the past, he transcended the trammels of

inherited error with fortitude but without self-dramatization. He was a rebel who yet had his loyalties to the past and drew sustenance from it. The movement of his spirit may be likened to the growth of a tree which, while it clings with its roots to the sapful soil, yet rises away from it heavenwards in the light of the sun and in the spaciousness of the air. His mind and heart were ever young, moving joyfully forward with the hand of the world-clock. The "fairy tales of science" kindled him to a seer's excitement, equally with the fairy tales of children where, though the story was false, the meaning was the revelation of truth. Alert and agog for everything that made for "life-development", he was impatient of all that might render it frustrate: venerable falsehoods, crusted prejudices, vestigial survivals of outgrown systems and institutions, "the bookful blockhead's . . . loads of learned lumber", the unctuous rectitudes of those for whom it was no struggle to be righteous, the mummetry of empty rituals, "the exploitation of man by man and of woman by man". He heard the sigh of the oppressed and sorrow welled out from him in an impassioned pearl. He stooped in active, caressive sympathy and concern to the wretchedness of those "dead men living", India's countless villagers; and his heart bled for their analphabetic, huddled, famishing, crawling lives. He was a true patriot the secret of whose patriotism was the realization that "Patriotism was not enough"; for his patriotism was a part of his rebellion against evil, as that rebellion was integrally related to his humanity. Nor to him was liberty enough. Without reference to "life-development", it would be just a changing of prisons, he knew. Wherever he found life-developing processes active, how he rejoiced! Witness his enthusiasm for what he saw in Soviet Russia. On the other hand, his challenging indignation against the embattled hosts of exploitation, violence and destruction, masquerading as Civilization in the West to-day—how intrepid, inspiring and wise! Listen to some of the words of one of his last utterances:

" . . . Violence stands forth
with drawn sword among the order-

ed ways of love. It tests them without mercy. In this strife of values everything is broken, scattered, torn to shreds. To things built up with painstaking care it shows no respect, but tramples them wantonly under foot. . . .

So the mind must needs question: What is the true purpose of this great order of creation? Is the end of its dervish dance of violence merely the ashes of the mighty funeral pyre on some blood-stained field of Kurukshetra? . . .

If this is the final purpose of creation, in what uncreated emptiness is man's imagination to seek its Heaven?"

RABINDRANATH was no mere builder of castles in the air, no mere philosopher perpending imponderable verities in the ineffectualness of an arm-chair. He shut himself up in no garden of thought or elysium of fancy or secluded sanctum, but went forth into the highways and thoroughfares of life and became a practical builder with dreams, a master-builder. What till about forty years ago had been his saintly father's hermitage, "far from the madding crowd", is to-day the happy, humming meeting-place of the many varied creative forces of the world from North, South, East and West. It is at once the nursery and the treasure-house of different arts and crafts, of science and international scholarship, of culture, agriculture and the artisan's industry. Rabindranath has builded, forsooth, at Bolpur a house where there are many mansions.

CAN it be that thou art no longer with us, Master? Thou hast not died, surely, "thou wast not born for death". Thou hast but passed in pilgrimage from thy span of four-score mortal years to a Hush that holds thee now as a permanent splendour in the life of our race, lifted above the dust of Time. 'PRANAM'! we cry to thee in bended obeisance with the inaudible cry of our gathered-up souls 'PRANAM, GURUDEV, PRANAM'!

পেয়েছি ছুটি বিদায় দেহ ভাই

সবারে আমি প্রণাম করে যাই

ফিরিয়ে দিছু ঘরের ঢাবি

রাখিনে আর কাহারো দাবী

সবারি আমি প্রসাদবাণী চাই ॥

AN INSPIRATION TO MANKIND

By
MUHAMMAD AZIZUL HAQUE

RABINDRANATH is no more in our midst. He has now freed himself from the fetters of illusion and has passed into the Infinite, where neither human language nor imagination can reach; and the people of Bengal, the Visva-Bharati, the University, nay the whole of India is swept away by the tide of an inconsolable grief. We do not know how far words can express this aching of our heart. Whatever we might say would but faintly express the feelings of our innermost soul.

Our mind now goes back to the time when the great Queen Victoria had made her memorable proclamation and assumed the administration of India. The Sepoy Mutiny had just been put down: the regime of John Company was at its end. It was a great turning point in the history of India. A century had rolled away after the fateful defeat of Siraj in the Plassey. This period had seen many great changes in the social life of Bengal. The same land was farmed out again and again on the plea of collecting revenue. The old system of land-tenure had practically collapsed. Innumerable rent-free holdings had been confiscated in absence of legal documents to prove ownership. The money-lender reduced the debtor to abject penury by compelling him to pay interest at a compound rate with the help of law; rural administration, the social ties, public opinion became weaker and weaker. Railway lines were being laid all over the country. Telegraph posts stretched from the Himalayas to the Cape Comorin across numerous hills and other barriers. The medieval age was at an end and the modern ushered in.

In that critical hour of our history was born Rabindranath on 7th May, 1861. The heart of Calcutta was not yet paved with stones, the smoke of the chimney had not yet blackened the face of the sky and oil lamps were light-

This is the story of a vanished age. During these eighty years Indian life has undergone many transformations through a long process of intricate evolution. A citizen of the old world Rabindranath lived to know the new. He has closely studied and interpreted both the ages; he has revealed to us their innermost spirit and has embodied it in poetry, prose and painting. He has voiced the deepest sentiments that throbs in the heart of the nation; and stirred his people by his inspired message; has proclaimed in the clearest accents the true ideal of his country; the poet has laughed, wept, sung. He has made the ideal real, brought truth into the light of day. The high priest of revolution he also condemned the ugly excesses of hysteric enthusiasm. He has in all his utterances but written the history of his society and country. If by a sudden cataclysm all the historical data for these eighty years be swept away, we shall be able to reconstruct the history of that period from the writings of Rabindranath.

THE genius of Rabindranath is today radiating throughout the world. The litterateur, the philosopher, the historian, the sociologist have studied his genius from various angles. In the village common, on the banks of river, on the sea-shore, in the lonelinesses of the wood, and in the crowded thoroughfares, on the river-ferry or in the plain, in the market-place everywhere his poetry prevails. The child, the adult, the young, the old, the poor and the destitute, have all found in his works a joy and an inspiration. He has given expression in his poetry to the aspirations of his countrymen, their sorrows and their hopes. Today the work of Rabindranath is the most precious possession of Bengal. He has been given the highest place of honour in the world's literature; the world has acclaimed him as

The poetic impulse came to him in the midst of the din and bustle of the crowd. When the matin rays of the Sun quickened his heart, he cried:

“চারিদিকে মোর
পাশে রচিত কারাগার ঘোর
বুকের উপরে আধার
করিছে নিজের ধান।”

*There are iron bars all around
and on my breast is a brooding
ness.*

But the awakened heart would break through the fastnesses of ignorance, the stone walls of inertia and desires to abandon himself to sun and laughter; like the anxious waves of the seas he wants to sweep over the world with melody.

“অগাধ বাসনা অসীম
জগৎ দেখিতে চাই”

*With infinite desire and hope
want to see the world.*

It is this wistful desire for a finite which

“পাশাণ বাদন টুটি
ভিত্তায়ে কঠিন ধরা,
বনেরে আমল করি,
ফুলেরে ফুটায় হরা”

*breaks through the hard
and softens the earth, which may
woods green and flowers blossom.*

He wants to pour out the feelings of his heart. His desires to move into the limitless spaces of the infinite, the ecstasy of an emancipated soul. He then firmly resolves to fight to his ideal—

“কিরে নেব রবিশশিতারা,
কিরে নেব সন্ধ্যা আর উষা,
পৃথিবীর আদল যৌবন,
কাননের ফলময় ভূগা।
কিরে নেব হাধানো সঙ্গীত,
কিরে নেব মৃতের জীবন,
জগতের ললাট হইতে
আদার করিব প্রফালন”

*I will bring back the sun
moon and the stars; I will res-
green youth of the earth a
blossoms of the woods. I will
again the songs that were lost
give life to the dead. I will di-
darkness from the face of the*

He has in him a longing for the unknown and the distant, the desire of his heart—

“সুদূর সমুদ্রে গিয়া
সে প্রাণ মিশাব, আর সে গান কহি

I will go to the distant

Now wants to pierce through the
bars of physicality, to storm the
prison-house of the soul.

“আমি ভাঙিব পাষণ-কারা
আনি জগৎ প্রাবিয়া
বেড়াব গাহিয়া
আকুল পাগলপারা।”

*will break the prison bars. And I
sweep over the world with my wild
ecstatic melody.*

He is fearless, and is sure of the
power of his spirit.

“মতিয়া যখন উঠিছে পরাগ,
কিসের আশার, কিসের পাষণ
উল্লি যখন উঠিছে বাসনা
জগতে কিসের ভর?”

“ভাঙরে হৃদয় ভাঙরে বানন
সাধরে আজিকে প্রাণের সাধন
লহরীর পর লহরী তুলিয়া
আঘাতের পর আঘাত কর;”

“ওরে চারিদিকে মোর
এ কী কারাগার খোর।
ভাঙ ভাঙ ভাঙ কারা,
আঘাতে আঘাত কর।
ওরে আজ কী গান গেয়েছে পাখি
এয়েছে রবির কব।”

*When the heart is once awakened
ars not darkness and bondage;
the desire is once kindled the
is not daunted by anything in the
break asunder the chains; fulfil the
desires of the heart.*

his indomitable optimism of the
today inspires the whole nation
will one day bring about the con-
servation of our spiritual life. The
had his moments of depression and

“পূর্ব্ব আকাশ হতে উঠিবে উজ্জ্বল
পশ্চিমেতে হঠাৎ বিলীন।”

*he impulse will rise from the
m sky and will dissolve itself in
vest.*

no one knows where this pilgrim-
of the soul will end.

তের মাঝপানে, সেই সাগরের তলে
ঘটিত হতেছে পলে পলে

এ জীবন মহাদেশ,
কে জানে হবে কি তাহা শেষ।”

*in the midst of the universe, in the
is of the seas is being built,
ent by moment, the eternal con-
t of man's desire. Who knows if
it ever be completed?*

no soon recovers from this despair
realises the eternity of the human

“যে প্রাণ অনন্ত যুগ রবে
যে প্রাণ পেয়েছে নূতন।”

*that will abide for ever now
with its own youth.*

He is not eager to know the finale
of the universal process. Perhaps it
will end in

“ছন্দোমুক্ত জগতের উন্নত আনন্দ-
কোলাহলে,”

*The tumult of wild joy in a world
freed from the chains of its own
harmony;*

or

“সৃজনের ধ্বংস যুগান্তরে।”

In the destruction of the universe.

Perhaps the universe will one day burn
in a mighty conflagration.

“আকাশের অনন্ত হৃদয়—
অগ্নি, অগ্নি, শুধু অগ্নিময়।”

*The eternal essence of all existence,
fire only fire.*

It is this ideal which the poet holds
before his countrymen. In the light of
the dawn the poet leaps into the eternal
current of time and harkens to the
mighty symphony of earthly voices. On
the way there are innumerable difficul-
ties and obstructions but they rather
make the joy of life more intense.

“জগৎ হয়ে রব আমি
একেলা রইব না,
নরিয়া যাইব একা হলে
একটি কলকণ।”

*I will not remain alone. I will be
at one with the universe.*

The poet does not desire to tread the
path of death

“আমার নাহি স্বপ্ন-দুগ
পরের পানে চাই
বাহার পানে চেয়ে দেখি
তাহা হইবে হাই।
তখন ভাসে, তারা ভাসে,
আমিও যাই ভেসে,
তাদের গান আমার গান,
যেহেঁচি এক দেশে।”

“চারিদিকে সে চাটিতে চায়,
তারার মাঝে হারিয়ে গিয়ে
আপন মনে গাহিতে চায়।
মেঘের মত হারিয়ে দিশ:
আকাশ মাঝে ভাসিতে চায়।

* * *

*I mind not joy or sorrow; I only
look at the universe. I become what-
ever I see; I career through the
universe like the sun and the stars;
their music is my music and we are
bound for the same goal.*

The radiance of the morning sun first
revealed to him a true picture of his
motherland.

“চারিদিকে সোনার বান ফলেছে”
“নীল আকাশেতে নারিকেল তরু—
ধীরে ধীরে তার পাতা নড়ে,
প্রভাত আলোতে কুঁড়ে ঘরগুলি
জলে ডেউগুলি ওঠে পড়ে”

*There is a golden harvest all around
me.*

He felt the pulse of rural Bengal.

“কেহবা দোলায়, কেহবা দোলে,
গাছতলে মিলে করে খেলা,
বাশি হাতে নিয়ে রাখাল বালক
কেহ নাচে গায়, করে খেলা।”

*Some are rocking and some are
rocked; and they play around the
trees. The cowboy pipes his flute;
they dance and play.*

But he also felt the miseries of
deserted villages.

“চারিদিকে কেহ নাই, একা ভাঙাবাড়ি
সন্ধ্যাবেলা ছাদে বসে ডাকিতেছে কাক,
নিবিড় আশার, মুখ বাড়িয়ে রয়েছে,
যেথা আছে ভাঙা ভাঙা প্রাচীরের কাক।
পড়েছে সন্ধ্যার ছায়া অশ্রুপূর্ণ গাছে,
থেকে থেকে শাখা তার উঠিছে নড়িয়া,
শুক শুক দীর্ঘ এক দেবদারু তরু
হেলিয়া ভিত্তির পরে রয়েছে পড়িয়া।”

*It is all desolation and loneliness
and in the evening the broken parapets
are crowded with ominous crows.*

IN the next phase of the spiritual his-
tory of his life, the landscape of the
earth began to be revealed to his eager
inquisitive mind in fragments as in a
panorama.

“এক কালে বিশ্ব যেন ছিলে বৃহৎ,
তখন মাহুয় ছিল মাহুয়ের মতো,
আজ যেন এরা সব ছোট হয়ে গেছে”

*There was a time when the universe
was a vast existence inhabited by types
of great humanity now extinct. Now
I only see pygmies all around.*

He then saw the sordid state of vil-
lage life. He was shocked by the
squabbles of the narrow-minded villagers.
The villagers are boisterously engaged in
ruining their neighbours, in driving them
away from the village in ignominy and
shame. The pundit is busy with
futile disquisitions on empty problems.
Religion degenerates into silly polemics
and harmful superstitions. The poor and
the starving are writhing in thirst and
are driven away from the gates of a
heartless aristocracy. He hears the
doleful cry of the hungry and the desti-
tute. “The earth is full of rich harvest
still the people starve.” The poet cries,

“কেন দুঃখ, কেন পীড়া, কেন এ ক্রন্দন?
অত্যাচার, উৎপীড়ন, অজায় বিচার,
কেন এ সকল? কেন মাহুয়ের পুরে
মাহুয়ের এত উপদ্রব? দুকালের
ক্ষুধ দুঃখ, ক্ষুধ শাহিটুকু তার পুরে
সবলের জেনদৃষ্টি কেন?”

*Why this sorrow, this sickness, this
weeping? Tyranny, oppression and
injustice—Why all these? Why this
greedy eye of the mighty on the weak?*

In the midst of this cruel indifference
he becomes hopeless and despondent.

“লৌহ পঙ্করে মাঝে বসিয়া বসিয়া
আকাশের পানে চেয়ে ফেলিব নিঃশ্বাস
তবে কিরে আর কিছু নাহিকো উপায়?”

*I will look at the sky from my iron-
cage and brood over the miseries that
cannot be redeemed.*

"At the end of the poem the poet realises that in love lies our salvation."

"ভালবেসে চাহিব—

এ জগতের পানে,
তবে তো দেখিতে পাবো
স্বরূপ ইহার।"

I will look at the universe with love; with love only we can understand the meaning of creation.

This is the history of the unfoldment of the poet's mind.

His initiation into this spiritual life is consecrated by the radiant rays of the morning sun and he enters the society of man with a large hope about the future of the world. I am not competent to assess the literary value of Rabindranath's poetry. But I feel that Rabindranath is a creator in literature; that he has expressed the infinite through the finite; and that he has analysed human nature in all its aspects.

I do not propose to discuss the poetry of Rabindranath in its aesthetic and metaphysical bearings. I only want to emphasise one particular aspect of the poet's mind—i.e., the patriotism of the poet, his deep love for his country.

The country is not with him a mere abstraction or a fancy. It is to him a living personality. In his poetry and prose he has written the inner history of his country. But his patriotism is free from the taint of narrow parochialism. He has placed his love of mankind above all local attachments.

"জগৎ জুড়িয়া এক জাতি সবে,

সে জাতির নাম মানব জাতি"

There is only race in the world, that is the human race.

Not long ago India was almost lifeless, in a world awakened to a new life vibrant with new hope. In those days of suicidal inertia the poet beckoned his countrymen to the path of that mighty progress and inspired them with the song—

"আগে চল, আগে চল, ভাই।

প'ড়ে থাক পিছে, ম'রে থাকা মিছে।

বেঁচে ম'রে কী বা ফল ভাই।

আগে চল, আগে চল, ভাই।"

March forward; it is death to lag behind.

"পিছায়ে যে আছে তা'রে ডেকে নাও,

নিয়ে যাও সাথে ক'রে

কেহ নাহি আসে, একা চ'লে যাও

মহত্বের পথ ধ'রে।"

Follow them who lag behind and take

He wanted us to hold fast to our highest ideal—

"দাঁড়া দেখি তোরা আশ্রয় পর ভুলি
হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে ছুটুক বিজুলী,
প্রভাত গগনে কোটি শির তুলি
নির্ভয়ে আজি গাহো রে।"

Stand united my countrymen in love and hope; Rend the morning sky with the pealing of your anthem.

He has discovered for us the grandeur and sublimity of Mother India.

"নীল-সিন্ধু জল-পৌত-চরণতল,

অনিল-বিকম্পিত-স্থানল অঞ্চল

অঙ্গুর চন্দ্রিত-ভাল-হিমাল

শুভ্র-তুষার-কির্দিতনী।"

Thy feet are washed by the waters of the blue ocean; thy green skirts are flowing in the air. The sky kisses the forehead of the Himalaya and the white snow is your crown.

He wanted his nation to be quickened to a new life, to be inspired by a high ideal.

"দৈত্যের নাক্ষে আছে তব পন,

মৌনের নাক্ষে রয়েছে গোপন,

তোমারি মন অগ্নিবচন

ভাই আমাদের দিয়ে।

পরের সজ্জা ফেলিয়া পরিব

তোমার উত্তরীয়"

Give unto us the treasure hidden under our miseries; let the simple gift from you replace the luxury from beyond.

Then a day came when the whole of Bengal was shaking as in a great storm.

The Poet then sang the glory of his motherland in words which inspired his countrymen with a new hope.

"আমার সোনার বাংলা, আমি তোমায়

ভালবাসি

চিরদিন তোমার আকাশ, তোমার বাতাস

আমার প্রাণে বাজায় বাশি।

ও মা, কাণ্ডনে তোর আগের বনে

ঘ্রাণে পাগল করে

ও মা, অঘ্রাণে তোর ভরা ক্ষেতে

কী দেখেছি মধুর হাসি।"

My Golden Bengal, I love thee; my heart echoes the music of your sky and your air. My mother, the sweet fragrance of thy mango blossoms makes me mad; My mother what a lovely smile in the plenty of thy cornfields!

He inspired his nation with the ideal of freedom and self-sacrifice. He addressed his countrymen, he warned them. He said:

"আমার স্বদেশ, আমার চিরন্তন

স্বদেশ, আমার পিতৃ-পিতামহের স্বদেশ,

আমার সম্মান-সম্মতির স্বদেশ, আমার

...যে পথ কঠিন, যে পথ কষ্টকর

সেই পথে যাত্রার জন্ত প্রস্তুত হইবে

আজ যাত্রারন্তে এগনো মেঘের

শোনা যায় নাট বলিয়া সমস্তটাকে

খেলা বলিয়া মনে না করি। যদি

চকিত হইতে থাকে, বজ্র ধনিহ

উঠে, তবে তোমরা ফিরিয়ে না

না, তুষাণের রক্তচক্ষুকে ভর

তোমাদের পৌরুষকে জগৎ-সমক্ষে

মানিত করিয়ে না। বাবার

জানিয়াই চলিতে হইবে, তুংপকে

করিয়াই অগ্রসর হইতে হইবে।

বিবেচকদের ভীত পরামর্শে

ছুরল করিয়ে না। যখন বিপাত

আসে, বচা আসে, তখন সংযত

আসে না, কিন্তু প্রয়োজন বলিয়াই

তা' ভাল-মন্দ লাভ-ক্ষতি দুইই

আসে।"

"My country that is India, the country of my fathers, the country of my life and strength. . . . I prepared for a journey this hard, thorny path of the absence of thunder and the beginning should not into thinking that this is if it lightens and thunder retreat; do not humiliate in the eye of the world by to danger. Do not allow to be weakened by the counsel of over-caution. When the storm comes not slowly or mildly. It is a necessity, as a prelude, to benediction."

So the poet resolves to be and buoyant.

"আমি ভয় করবো না,

ভয় করবো না

তুবেলা মরার আগে

মরবো না ভাই মর

তরীখানা বাইতে গেলে

মাঝে মাঝে তুফান

ভাই বলে হাল ছেড়ে দিয়ে

কান্নাকাটি ধরবো

"I will not be afraid; tempest comes I will not hope."

The poet ardently prays filment of the aspirations of

"বাংলার মাটি, বাংলার

বাংলার বায়, বাংলার ফল

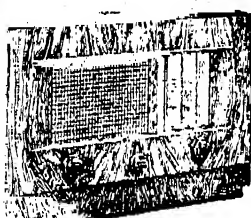
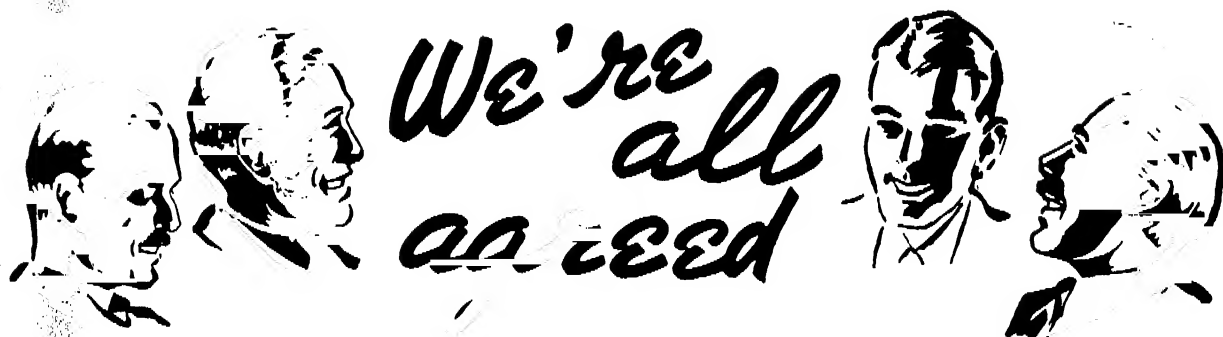
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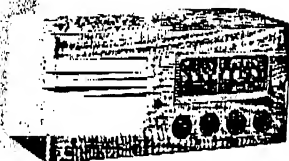
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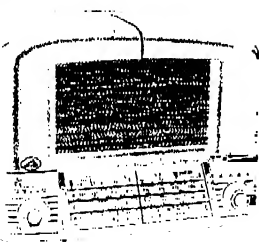
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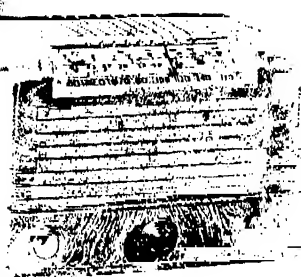
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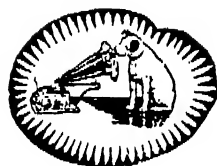
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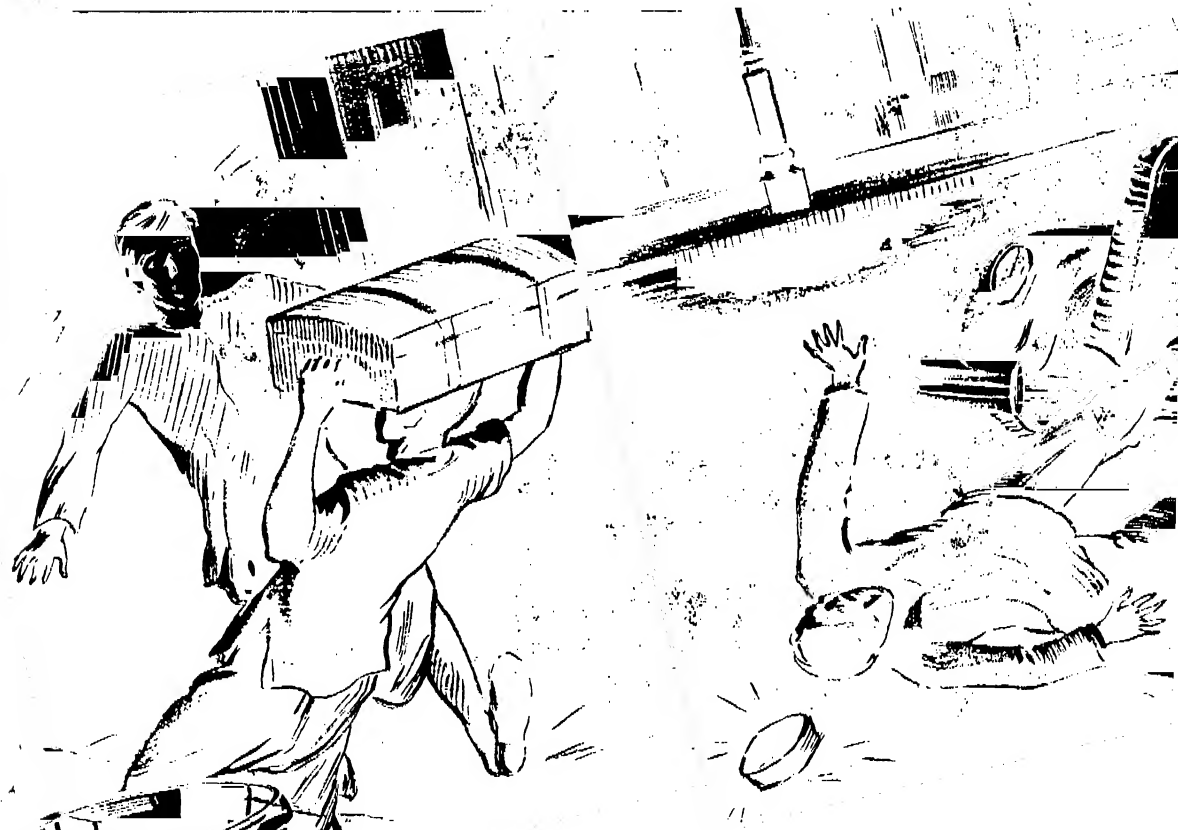
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RABINDRANATH has not only seen the physical beauty of his country : has realised also the spiritual significance of India. "India has a definite contribution to make to the world culture."

"ভারতবর্ষের প্রধান সার্থকতা কী, এ ধার স্পষ্ট উত্তর যদি কেহ জিজ্ঞাসা যেন, সে উত্তর আছে। ভারতবর্ষের তিহাস সেই উত্তরকেই সমর্থন রিবে। ভারতবর্ষের চিরদিনই এক-ই চেহারা দেখিতেছি, প্রভেদের মধ্যে কা স্বাপন করা, নানা পথকে একই ক্ষেত্র অভিমুখীন করিয়া দেওয়া এবং সব মধ্যে এককে নিঃসংশয়রূপে অহর-রূপে উপলব্ধি করা—বাহিরে যে সকল পার্থক্য প্রতীয়মান হয়, তাহাকে মনে না রিয়া তাহার ভিতরকার নিগূঢ় যোগকে ধিকার করা।"

"পরস্পরের প্রতি আমাদের দাবী আছে। আমাদের সমাজের গঠন ইচ্ছাপূর্ণ। আমাদের সমাজে যে ধর্মী সেন করিবে, যে গৃহী সে আতিথ্য করিবে, জানী সে অধ্যাপনা করিবে, যে জ্ঞান পালন করিবে, যে কনিষ্ঠ সে সেবা রিবে। ইহাই বিধান। পরস্পরের বীতে আমরা পরস্পর বাধ্য। ইহাই আমরা মঙ্গল বলিয়া জানি। প্রার্থী যদি রিয়া যায় তবে ধর্মীর পক্ষেই তাহা শুভ, অতিথি যদি ফিরিয়া যায় তবে ধর্মীর পক্ষেই তাহা অকল্যাণ। শুভকর্ম স্বকর্তার পক্ষেই শুভ।"

"The one ideal of India is the quest unity in diversity; to discover inner unity of things without highlighting their outward differences. The Indian society is based on a system of reciprocal claims. In our society the rich shall make gifts, the scholar will receive guests, the rich will impart education, the old protect, the young will serve them return."

Not motivated by any petty parochialism patriotism is conceived on a lofty

human ideal. He recognized the universality and the rich variety of Indian culture as the natural result of the blending of diverse races that have embraced this country as their home.

"কেহ নাহি জানে কার আশ্রানে
কত মানুষের ধারা

তুষ্কার শোতে এলো কোথা হতে
সমুদ্রে হোলো হারা।

হেথায় আশ্রয়, হেথায় অনাশ্রয়,

হেথায় হাবিড চাঁন

শক ভন দল পাহান মোগল

এক দেহে হল নীল।"

Various flows of humanity converged on India to make it a great nation. The Aryan and the non-Aryan, the Dravidians and the Mongol, the Pathan and the Moghal met here in a unique unity."

This is the true nature of the Indian nation; and Rabindranath realised that the liberation of India depends on the recognition of this inclusive and integral character of Indian humanity. This great ideal brings him to the vision of an India that inspires love and humanity.

"উত্তরে হিমালয়ের পাদমূল হইতে দক্ষিণে তরঙ্গমুখর সমুদ্রকূল পর্যন্ত নদী-জালজড়িত পূর্ব সীমান্ত হইতে শৈলমালা-বন্ধুর পশ্চিম-প্রান্ত পর্যন্ত চিত্রকে প্রসারিত করো। যে চাষী চাষ করিয়া এতক্ষণে ঘরে ফিরিয়াছে তাহাকে সন্তাষণ করো, যে বাথাল বেতুনকে গোষ্ঠগৃহে এতক্ষণে ফিরাইয়া আনিয়াছে তাহাকে সন্তাষণ করো, শঙ্খমুখরিত দেবালয়ে যে পূজার্থী আগত হইয়াছে, তাহাকে সন্তাষণ করো, অশ্বস্বরের দিকে মুখ ফিরাইয়া যে মুসলমান নমাজ পড়িয়া উঠিয়াছে, তাহাকে সন্তাষণ করো। আজ সাধায়ে গঙ্গার শাখা-প্রশাখা বাহিয়া বঙ্গপুত্রের কূল উপকূল দিয়া একবার বাংলাদেশের পূর্বে পশ্চিমে আপন অস্তরের আলিঙ্গন বিস্তার করিয়া দাও, আজ বাঙ্গালাদেশের সমস্ত ছায়া-তরুণবিড় গ্রামগুলির উপরে

এতক্ষণে যে শারদ আকাশে একাদশীর চন্দ্রমার জ্যোৎস্নাধারা অংশ ঢালিয়া দিয়াছে সেই নিহত শূচিকৃতির সন্ধ্যাকাশে তোমাদের সম্মিলিত হৃদয়ের গীতিকবনি একপ্রান্ত হইতে আর এক প্রান্তে পরিব্যাপ্ত হইয়া যাক।"

"Go and speak to the plough-man as he returns from his field; to the cowboy when he drives home his herd; to the devotee as he comes to the temple of his God that resounds to the blessing of the conch-shell; to the Mussalman when he stands facing the sunset and says his prayers. . . . Let the evening sky echo the song of your united voices."

In his early days the poet once sang.

"যেথায় হারানো গান

যেথায় হারানো হাসি

যেথা আছে বিশ্বত স্বপন,

সেইখানে সন্ধান

রেগে দিস গানগুলি

বচে দিস সন্মানশয়ন।"

"Preserve my songs in that region where all songs fly; Let my poetry be my only memorial."

To-day the songs of Rabindranath have spread over the universe.

Rabindranath has left the world; but he is not dead. He is with the immortals—Valmiki, Kalidas, Shakespeare, Firdousi and Iqbal!

Still we feel that we have lost something, something very precious has vanished from our sight. We cannot say how we shall express our love for the departed great.

This University has resolved to do its best to keep Visva-Bharati, the great creation of the poet, alive. What the poet has given to Bengal, to India, to the world in various way, for over half a century will ever remain a source of life and inspiration to mankind. To-day he is freed from the bondage of mortality and has passed into a region where death is not known.

Adapted and translated from the Bengali address of the Vice-Chancellor at the Memorial Meeting held under the auspices of Calcutta University—by Rabindra Kumar Das Gupta, Post-Graduate Department, Calcutta University.

He is there where the tiller is ploughing the hard ground as where the pathmaker is breaking stones.

He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust . . .

—GITANJALI

The Legacy for TO-MORROW

By

NIKHIL CHAKRAVARTTY

I

LENIN once asked a group of Soviet students as to whom they regarded as the greatest literary figure of Russia. "Mayakovsky", they replied. "Yes, but what about Pushkin?" asked Lenin, and added, "Could there have been a Mayakovsky without a Pushkin?" A hundred years from to-day the people would speak of Tagore in the same way and with more truth. At the moment we are too near to his personality to fully appraise its greatness. You cannot size up a Titan when you stand next to him. Tagore cannot be measured by our standards, nor can we comprehend the infinite variety of manifestations in which his genius has taken form. He was not a personality, nor an institution, he was an epoch. He was as much the product of an age as the age was his product.

On the changing face of India, personalities come and go in rapid succession. The leader of yesterday is discarded to-day, and the hero of to-day slips into oblivion to-morrow. That is not the fault of the nation nor of those who play these fleeting roles. We in India are in the ferment of a dynamic world, the giant is awake, the unchanging East has stirred. But even at this quick Tempo, Tagore tried to keep pace with the times. He was never a back number.

But he was a progressive in more ways than one. On the one hand, he broke away from traditions— in language, music, painting and religion: on the other, he never lost touch with the vital currents of the day, absorbing within his receptive mind all the new ideas and thoughts of his age. A scientific study of the last fifty years would no doubt recognise in him the Pole Star of our national culture.

II

CONSIDER the invaluable legacy that

he destroyed the traditional fetters of old Bengali. Take away Tagore and we at once fall back with a thud upon Iswar Gupta, with perhaps the exception of Michael, as our immediate poetic heritage. The hide-bound code of traditional technique had to give way before this wizard of words. He enriched our language with a diction that is at once supple and powerful. This has been a great achievement—a technical revolution—not only for having made the language more elastic and expressive, but also for having destroyed, from the point of view of future progress, the germs that were ossifying our medium of expression. He narrowed the gulf between the spoken and the written tongue, between the language of the man in the street and that of the learned scribe. Bengali has become a living language, ready to welcome new forms and expressions which future generations will bring along with them.

When the common man comes to inherit the culture that is to-day the monopoly of the few, he will have to battle against the age-old conventions of language to make it the true vehicle of his own expression. Tagore played the historic role of making the first assault in this war against outworn literary conventions. The language that he created is now ready to adjust and expand itself to suit the needs of its votaries of to-morrow.

In music and painting too, he played a similar significant role. He tried to give new forms, though never totally rejecting the content of the classical tradition. He realised that no art-form could ever be permanent. A living culture though retaining all that is best in human values would express itself through new forms in every age. That is one of the reasons why the generation that has come in his wake has been so creative in its output. Not only the men of to-day, but the men of to-morrow too will pay their tribute to his

painting and music free from shackles of the past and at the same time set up a new tradition of innovations and experiments.

Technical perfection by itself cannot exhaust his great gifts to our culture. The literature that we owe from him is stupendous in both quality and quantity. To have reaped so much and reaped so richly has seldom been the way of an individual mind. His poetry has given voice to almost all varied emotions and experiences, joys and sorrows, our hopes and frustrations—as individuals or in the collective—find echo in Tagore's writings, never lost touch with life and realised that life is always on the move. The poet too moved forward with it, not backward. He was not afraid to face realities, and that is why he scorned the escapist trends like symbolism with which he experimented in the days of *Phalguni*. Never since the age of Dante has the culture of a generation been epitomised so completely in one man.

Tagore's religion is of no interest to progressives. He never tried to reduce his idea of values to categories. His God is not the Master Taskmaster, a dispenser of Right and Wrong, nor does He speak in terms of Good and Evil. The Poet created his own God as the God of Beauty. For him, evil is bad because it is ugly, and good is good because it is beautiful. An idealist he no doubt was—for himself was the product of idealism, an idealist of the highest order. He is a mind freed from the stiffness of a rigid code. It would be wrong to say that he was never strictly to any organised religion. He appreciated much that is beautiful in different religious forms. Persecution might have kept him within a fold. But he was no believer in dogmas and ceremonials. To him religion was mostly personal. Born in a country where feudal concepts of religion still dictate the standard of behaviour, Tagore had the liberal mind that seeks after a freer religion. He played the same role as the Humanists in Europe in destroying foundations of a dogmatic religion. Though still confined within the fold of idealism, however beautiful, he brought us out of the narrowness of orthodoxy. A creed such as this marks a distinct stage in the evolution of a freer mind.

III

THE age of Tagore forms a

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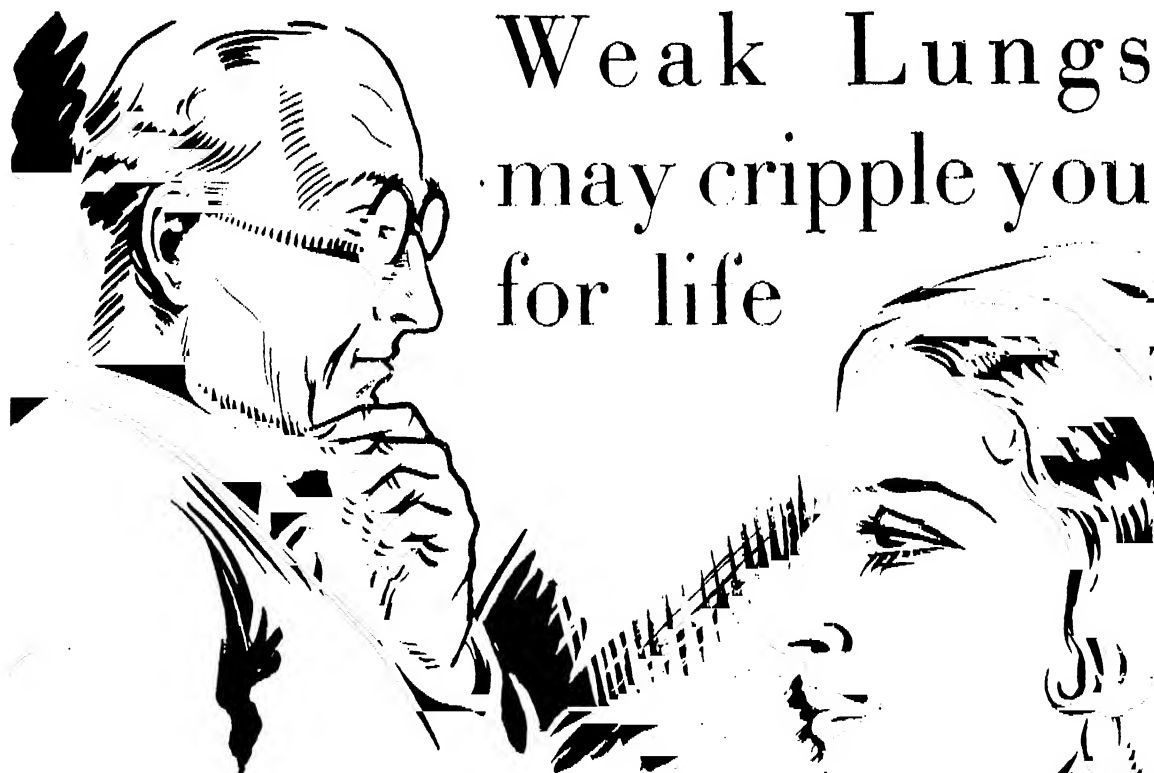
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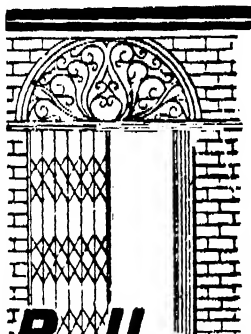
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BENTLEY'S

It relates the story of the rise and fall of a colonial bourgeoisie. This is the period when the Indian middle class came into the political field leading the whole nation against the foreigner. In the common struggle for freedom the interest of the middle class merged with that of the common people up to a certain point. 1905 was the turning point when the middle class came into the arena of the mass movement, and the climax of this alliance came in 1920. Placed at the vanguard of the movement, the middle class led the way whenever their own leadership appeared to be in jeopardy. This is what happened after the 1920 and 1930 Civil Disobedience movements, and this is exactly what has been happening for the last two years when the force of organised masses has kept the national bourgeoisie in a state of coma. Viewed from this perspective the bourgeoisie in a colonial country has certainly a progressive role to play, though the potentialities of that role are being more and more exhausted as the masses are coming to the forefront, and, externally, as the general crisis of the whole capitalist system deepens.

The reflection of this relation of class forces upon the cultural front is clearly unmistakable. With the first stirrings of national consciousness, our writers and poets achieved almost a renaissance and Tagore was its highest. The 1905 movement shook off his complacency and he began to take active interest in the burning topics of the day. Through his songs and poems he inspired the nation, but he went not further. His pen became merciful in the denunciation of Imperialism, and in course of his numerous tours abroad, his speeches were equally unpromising. At Santiniketan, he never failed to give shelter to the weary soldiers of the nation whenever they approached him. Under his influence, our intellectuals as a whole have never lost touch with the national struggle.

This living link with the masses brought out the noblest instincts of Tagore's humanism. He did not merely applaud the men in battle from the underground. He came down into the arena and responded to the demands of the people magnificently. The renunciation of knighthood was a small thing for a great man, but it brought down upon him the wrath of Kipling's kin. The Englishman at the time wrote: "As if it mattered a brass farthing whether Rabindranath Tagore who has pro-

bably never been heard of in the wilds of the Punjab, and who, as a writer is certainly not so popular as Colonel Frank Johnson, approved of the Government's policy or not! As if it mattered to the reputation, the honour and the security of British rule and justice whether the Bengalee poet remained a knight or a plain Babu!" But the plain Babu was not to be brow-beaten by Frank Johnson's fans. His ceaseless denunciation of imperialism continued, drawing him out, once again, of his seclusion to the public platform. Even in his old age he came out to lead the nation's protest against the brutalities of Hitler.

IV

TAGORE'S reactions during the last ten years were remarkable. These were the years of tremendous activity in the national movement. But these were also the years that saw the nervousness of our national leadership drifting helplessly to a retreat through inaction. In the outer world too, these were the years of the menacing rise of Fascism, of the growing conflict between progress and reaction. For the intellectuals the hour of choice came. Many followed the line of retreat, either openly as advocates of reaction or indirectly by returning to their old discarded shell of romantic escapism. The hard realities were too strong for their frail constitutions to bear. But the nobler minds did not cross the line, they remained with the people. Consciously or unconsciously, they felt that their place was with the people and that there was no going back. Tagore chose this path of progress. He was, perhaps, not conscious of it but it came out of his mighty humanism. The poet who, years ago, realised the futility of Ivory Tower once again remembered his own old prayer: *Ebar phirao more*,—this time with even greater emphasis. He felt that in this decisive conflict he could not go to Innisfree with its 'nine bean rows' and 'hive for the honey-bee'. Even from his sick-bed he showed the daring and indignation of youth in his last public statement in reply to the Rathbone letter. Just when the class to which he belongs was following the line of retreat, the Poet chose to move forward with the people.

It is this which earns him the title of the People's Poet. Though born and bred in the best bourgeois tradition of Bengal, Tagore could move with the times, and the sign of the times indicated that in the alliance of the bourgeoisie

with the common people, the latter would be asserting more and more. Tagore as the finest cultural product of this alliance was its most worthy mouthpiece. To brand him as solely a poet in the service of the bourgeoisie would be unfair.

Equally would it be wrong to regard him as a declassed intellectual in the service of the people. Tagore had no clear conception of the class forces at work in society. The biggest thing that impressed him in the Soviet Union was not the Revolution, but the liquidation of illiteracy—a thing which was achieved under bourgeois conditions in the metropolitan countries. Even in his care for the peasantry, he started in the well-meaning individualist fashion with a patriarchal benevolence, believing sincerely that model villages like Sriniketan could eliminate poverty. His first reactions towards constructive national work was to spread education whether through the National Council or the Visva-Bharati, and here too he forgot that education itself is determined by surrounding social forces.

But these do not detract from his greatness. His progressivism lies in the fact that unlike many of his contemporaries, he was bold and candid enough to admit his disillusionment with the bourgeois standards of values. His last Birthday Message was a tragic confession of a class confronted with its own moral bankruptcy. He found out the futility of the philosophy of his class. True humanism, he realised, could come now only through a new philosophy, a new social order with new social values. He could only faintly discern its outline, but he welcomed it. Therein lies his greatness, a greatness that will get its true recognition, not to-day when the wide world is mourning him, but on the day when such a social order will be realised, when the common man will receive his rightful heritage. They will hail him as the poet of this age, whose rich legacy will be the starting-point of the richer culture of to-morrow.

TAGORE'S PORTRAITS

LONDON, Sep. 13.

In accordance with a suggestion made by Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery in London has agreed to hang portraits of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore painted by Sir William Rothenstein and Sir Muirhead Bone. Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery, made this move on behalf of the Tagore Society.—*Reuter*.

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TAGORE GENEALOGY

The Tagores belong to the *Sandilya Gotra* and come of the *Rahri* clan of Bengal Brahmins, being *Bandyopadhyaya*. According to the 'Kulasastra', the Tagore family originally belonged to the *Kusari* line of *Pithavoga*. Bhattacharayan is the earliest *Kusari* known to us, but his son Dina Kusari may be regarded as the real founder of the *Kusari* line. Then came Jagannath Kusari, who was linked up with the *Pirali* family by his marriage with the daughter of Guri Sukadeva of Jessore, one of the original *Piralis*. After Jagannath came Purushottam, who may be regarded as the original head of the Tagore family. Sixth in descent from him came

PANCHANAN "THAKUR",

who left his original home in Jessore in 1690 and settled at Gobindapore, a village on the site of the present Fort William in Calcutta. The merchants of the locality used to call him "*Thakur Masāi*" (Reverend Sir) from which he gradually came to be known as Panchanan "Thakur". This is said to be the origin of the surname of "Thakur", or Tagore in its anglicised form.

JAYARAM

(died 1756)

[Appointed *Amin* of the first Survey operations by the English in Calcutta in 1707, acquired considerable properties.]

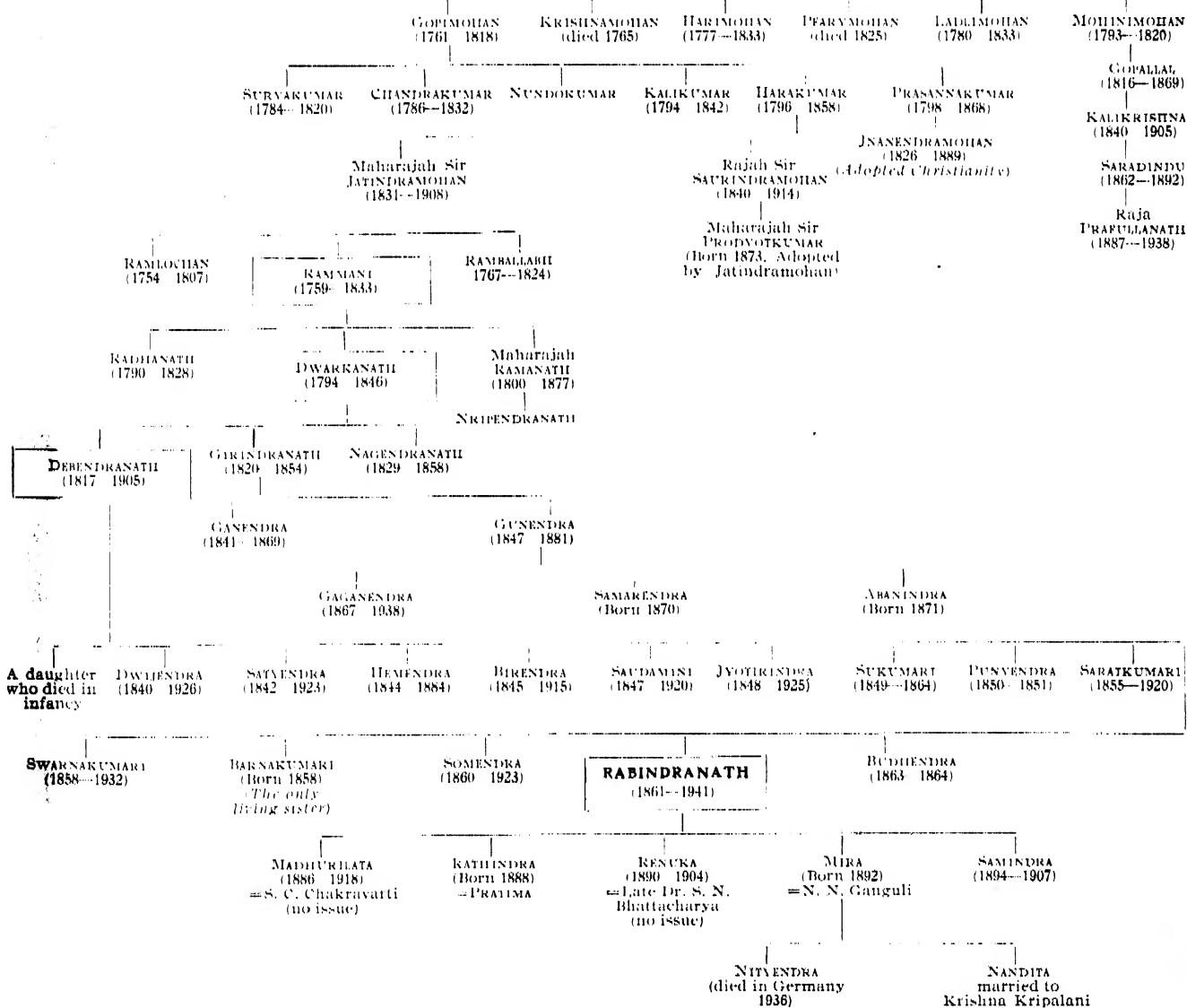
ANANDIRAM
(died before 1756)

NILMANI
(died 1791)

DARPANARAIN
(1731—1793)

GOBINDARAM
(died 1777)

[After the battle of Plassey and the flow of wealth from Murshidabad to Calcutta Nilmani considerably added to his fortune and he purchased, in 1765, land at Pathuriaghatta, Calcutta and built a house thereon in which he lived with all his brothers till 1784, when he separated from them and settled with his sons at Jorasanko.]



Rabindranath's Nativity

[Compiled by SUSIL KUMAR BANERJEE]

To numerous admirers of the Poet the reading of his Nativity (Janmakundali) will be a very interesting study as it will appear from the signs in the Zodiac (Rasi-chakra), where a wonderful and rare combination of planets and their positions indicate an extraordinary phenomenon in the life of the *Jataka* (the Born). This planetary combination and the places of the different stars in the Nativity foretell the *Jataka's* divine gifts, the moon (Chandra) at the first place (Lagna) at once indicating his most handsome features (Soumyamurti).

Rabindranath was born on the 7th of May, 1861, a little after 2-37 A.M., the Bengali date being the 25th day of Baisakh, 1268 B.S.

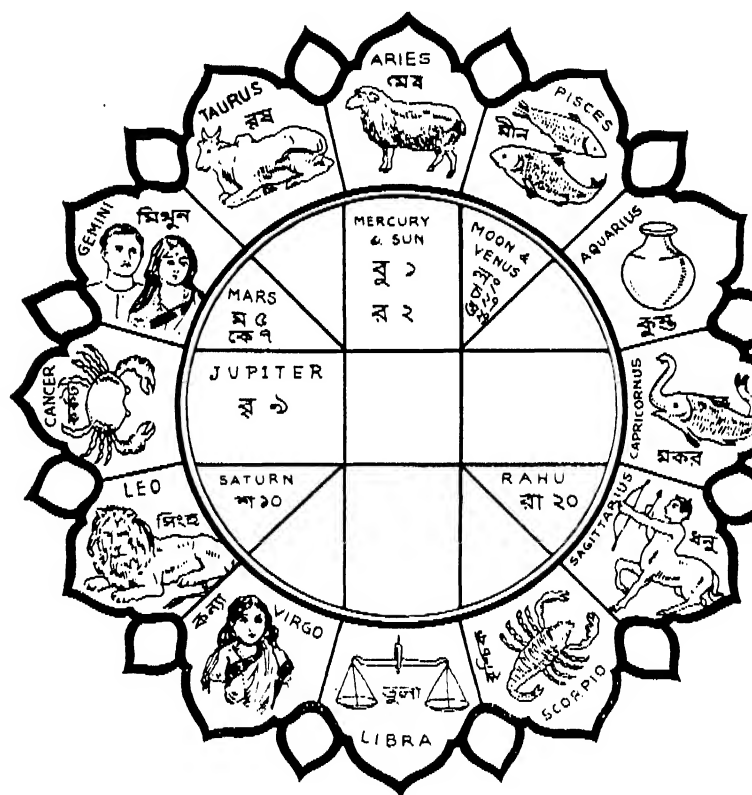
The day of birth was Monday, according to the Bengali reckoning, it being *Krishna Trayodasi Tithi* (thirteenth day of the dark moon) having *Rebati Nakshatra*, *Min Rasi* (Pisces) and *Min Lagna*, *Bipra Varna* and *Devagana*. Among the important planets we have both the *Chandra* (Moon) and *Sukra* (Venus) occupying the first place, the *Lagna* which is in the *Min Rasi* (Pisces), the Moon having 27 degrees and Venus 21 degrees respectively. *Rabi* (Sun) and *Budha* (Mercury) come next, occupying the second place having about 24 degrees in the ascendant (*Tungi*) in the house of *Mesha* (Aries); this indicates that the *Jataka* is born in a noble and renowned family. Again, *Budha-Aditya Yoga* (combination of Sun and Mercury) having taken place, the *Jataka's* future will be marked by fame and riches. The most important feature in the Nativity is the high position of *Brihaspati* (Jupiter) which occupies the fifth place in *Chandra Kshetra* (the house of moon) where the *Binimaya Yoga* (a combination where there is a friendly exchange of planets) has taken place. A relation called *Nava-Panchama Yoga* (where the planet while occupying its own place also has the greatest influence on another place; here *Brihaspati* occupies its own place and influences the first place where there are both *Sukra* and *Chandra*) has also been established, to which also *Sukra* (Venus) is added, the most happy result being the birth of a poet. Also, *Sukra*, though occupying the first place, is the *Tritiyapati* (lord of the third house), and its being in conjunction with *Chandra* indicates the *Jataka's* sea-voyage and world-wide travel. *Rahu* also spreads its rays in the fifth house, indicating the *Jataka's* power in the domain of poesy other than his own native tongue.

Rabindranath's departure from this mortal world was signalled in the Nativity

রবীন্দ্রনাথের জন্ম-কুণ্ডলী

শকাব্দ ১৭৮৩।৫২৪।৫৩।৫০

সন ১২৬৮।২৫শে বৈশাখ—জন্মসময়—সোমবার। রাত্রি ২।৩৭ গতে



Sambat Era 1783. Christian Era 1861 A.D. 7th May—Tuesday.
B.S. 1268 B.S. Time of birth 2-37 A.M.

Positions of the Planets

Sun (Rabi) ...	0:24:39	Jupiter (Brihaspati) ...
Moon (Chandra) ...	11:20:44	Saturn (Sani) ...
Mercury (Budha) ...	0:8:16	Rahu ...
Venus (Sukra) ...	0:23:21	Ketu ...
Mars (Mangal) ...	2:0:25	Dasam ...
(Lagna) ...	11:1:13	

Krishna Trayodasi Tithi—Rebati Nakshatra—Min Rasi (Pisces)
Min Lagna.

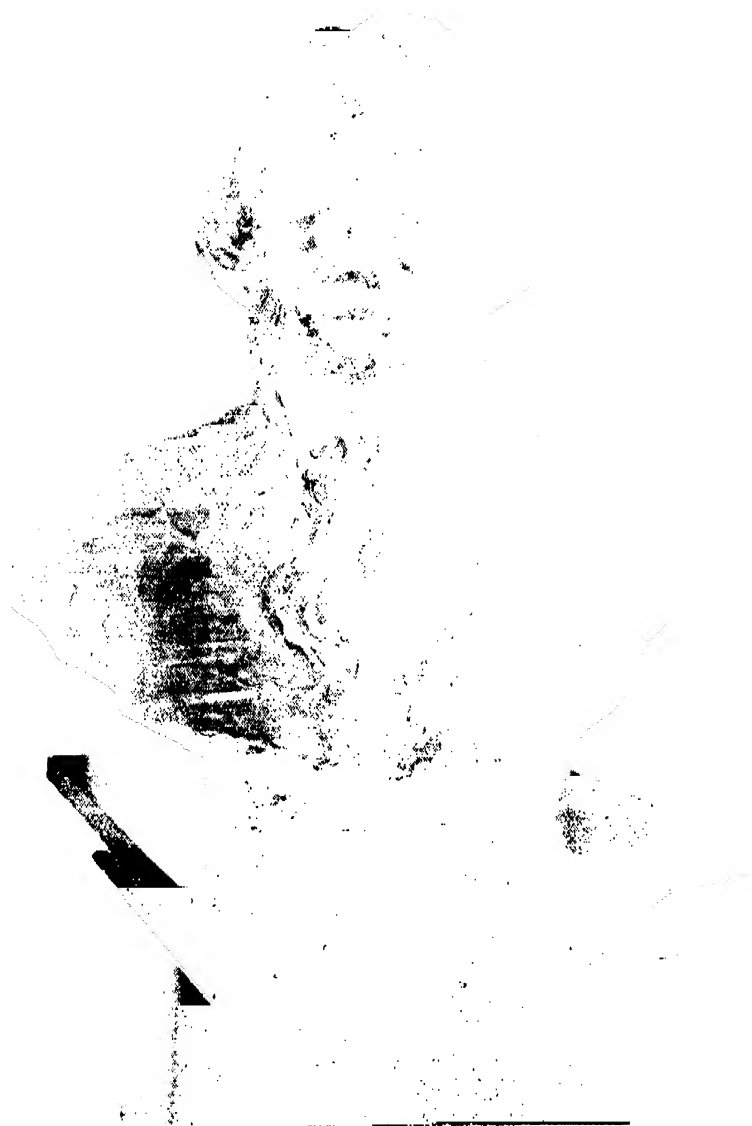
and *Sani* (Saturn) became lords of the 12th and 2nd house (*Dwadaspatis*) and (*Dwitiyapatis*). This indicates shortening of the span of life of the *Jataka*, which would be caused by some ulceration in the body when *Rahu* would also spread cruel rays on *Brihaspati* (Jupiter) and *Mangal* (Mars) and influence them. The influence of Mars over the *Lagnapati* *Brihaspati* (Jupiter) indicates surgical operation and ultimate death of the *Jataka*. The Nativity also points out the death of the *Jataka* in the same place where he was born; *Lagnapati* *Brihas-*

which indicates the death of the *Jataka* at a distance place, but Saturn who is the Arch Destroyer, being in the 2nd place (*Sthira Rasi*), making a combination with *Brihaspati*, which indicates the *Jataka* to come from a different place to meet the fatality. Thus, the end of *Tirobbhab* (passing away) was marked on Thursday, the 22nd of May, 1348 B.S. (7th August, 1941), which was also a very auspicious day—the day of the Hindu festival of *Sre Krishna*, which was inaugurated by the Gandharvas, the night being

Rabindranath Tagore

A Chronicle of Eighty Years

1861—1941



From a bronze bust by an Italian sculptor at the Royal Asiatic Society, Calcutta.

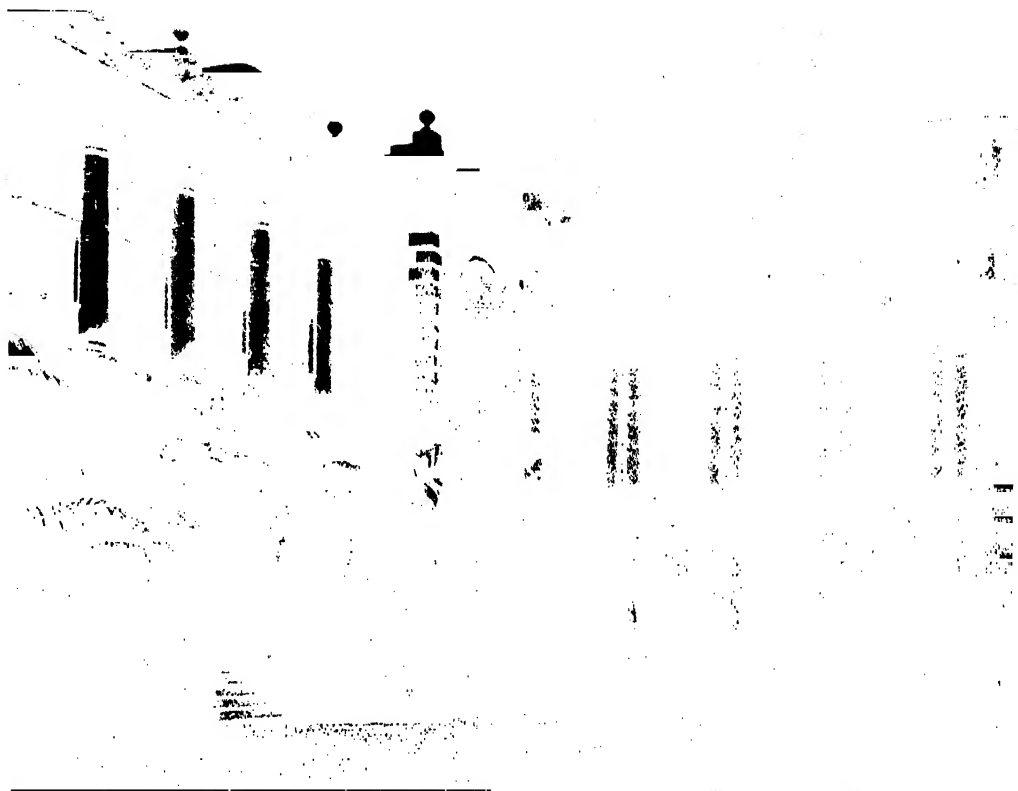
This Chronicle compiled and annotated for *The Tagore Birthday Special Supplement* to THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE has since been revised, enlarged and brought up to date. New illustrations have also been added.

—THE EDITOR

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE HOUSE
WHERE
HE WAS BORN

6, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta, known as the Jorasanko House, is a great rambling mansion in the heart of Calcutta's teeming life. Only a portion of the house is seen here



1861-1866
FIRST 5 YEARS

BORN in Calcutta, at 6, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, named after his grandfather, the "Prince" Dwarka Nath;* on Tuesday,

*A friend and disciple of the great Hindu reformer and founder of the Brahmo Samaj, Rammohun Roy, the Poet's grandfather, Dwarkanath Tagore (1794-1846) contributed more largely than any of his contemporaries to the wonderful social progress which marked the history of Bengal during the first half of the nineteenth century, a man of whom *The Times*, commenting on his death, observed that "his name would be proudly associated with all the noble institutions flourishing in Calcutta."

He was the first Indian to enter into mercantile business in Calcutta on the European model, and when, in 1834, he established, in partnership with Mr. W. Carr and Mr. W. Prinsep, the firm of Carr Tagore & Co., the Governor-General of the day, Lord William Bentinck, considered the event of sufficient importance to make it the subject of a congratulatory letter to the author of the enterprise. He also founded the Union Bank.

Reorganizer of the Hindu College, a founder of the Medical College, both of which he endowed with munificent gifts, Dwarkanath took a leading part in the establishment of the Landholders' Society now known as the British Indian Association. Rammohun found in this friend of his a



THE POET'S GRANDFATHER
Dwarkanath Tagore

efforts for the abolition of the cruel rite of *Suttee*. In the agitation which ultimately led to the establishment of regular steam communication between India and England, Dwarkanath took a prominent share. Against the Press Act of 1824 he fought at considerable cost to himself, and when Lord Metcalfe liberated the Indian Press from its shackles in 1836, at a public dinner at the Town Hall to commemorate the event, his health was toasted as one whose name was inseparably connected with the cause whose triumph was being celebrated. He also took a prominent part in connection with the agitation against what was known as the "Black Act".

Dwarkanath first visited Europe in 1841. A public meeting was held at the Town Hall on the eve of his departure presided over by the Sheriff at which a complimentary address was presented to him on behalf of the Indian and European citizens of Calcutta. In London, the Court of Directors of the East India Company entertained him at a public dinner and presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his services to his country. He was received by Queen Victoria

May 7, 1861, between 2-3 A.M. (corresponding to the 25th *Baisakh*, Bengali 1268 and Saka Era, 1783, the nineteenth issue (ninth son) "Maharshi" Debendra Tagore† and Sarada Devi (1875).

banquet at the Guild Hall where the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall, when the Mayor proposed his health in toast; he was admitted as a three Guild Brother of the city of Edinburgh received in Paris by King Louis by the King and Queen of Belgium, and by the Pope in Rome. On return to India, in 1842, he refused from the expiatory ceremony *pind*. He died in London in 1846 on a sea to England when he took with his own expense, four students of the College for higher studies in medicine. His funeral at Kensal Green was attended by Royalty and the nobility of England.

His unbounded charity and his humanity earned for him the title of "No man after Rammohun did in Dwarkanath to promote the well advancement of his countrymen, thoroughly imbued the spirit of progress and he spared neither his energy nor his princely wealth to the cause he had at heart.

His admiring disciples and gave the title of *Maharshi* or "saint", to the Poet's father Deb Tagore (1817-1905) and his countrymen to call him as such. As a boy he was Rammohun Roy's school and later Hindu College. As the eldest son of Dwarkanath Tagore he had unbounded wealth disposal but early in life he lost all in worldly pursuits. A stray leaf of *Ishopanishad* asking men to seek, not covet wealth had set his mind

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS



THE POET'S FATHER

Maharshi Debendranath



THE POET'S MOTHER

Sarada Devi

Debendra Nath purchases in 1853, about 20 *bighas* of land at Bolpur, the present site of Santiniketan and Visva-Bharati.

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reserved*

1867 1876

AGE 6 15

o., where he had been placed, to study
ion and philosophy. The world lost its
otions for him and God became his only
ort.

1839, he founded the *Tattvabodhini*
a, or the Society for the Knowledge of
h and started its journal, the *Tattva*
ini-Patrika. He made it the medium
nstructing his countrymen in the tenets
e Hindu theism of the *Upanishads* and
the diffusion of scientific as well as
sophical and antiquarian knowledge.
s days it worked a great revolution in
advanced thought of Bengal.

ie *Brahmo Samaj*, which had been
led by Rammohun Roy in 1828, had
ished after his death in England in

Debendranath formally joined it in
und in 1843, he introduced the "Brahmic
ant", an instrument of catholic prin-
as applied to Hindu theism. In 1845,
nt four young Brahmins to Benares to
the four *Vedas*. After two years they
ed to Calcutta when, after much dis-
n, the Brahmo Samaj, under Debendra-
lead, decided that neither the *Vedas*
he *Upanishads* were to be accepted as
ble. This departure from orthodox
d a turning point in the history of
rahmo Samaj. In 1850, Debendranath
hed his well-known treatise, *Brahmo*
na in which he collected and presented
ighest Hindu teachings on the unity
d and his worship without image.

the meanwhile, Debendranath had lost
ther, and calamity befell the family in
illure of the Union Bank and other
ndertakings started by Dwarka-
Against the advice of his friends and
as Debendranath took on his own

reputated as not being personal. The
consequence was that he had to part with
much valuable property including the famous
Belachhia Villa (where Dwarkanath used to
entertain Lord Auckland and his sisters and
the *Life of the Calcutta Society*) as well as
the splendid equipages, plate and enormous
jewellery left by his father, and to live for
years with strict economy. Such a sacrifice,
unparalleled in the annals of Calcutta society,
at once raised Debendranath's reputation for
honesty and upright conduct and marked
him out as a man who practised as he
preached.

Beyond acting for a time as Honorary
Secretary to the British Indian Association,
in which capacity he addressed, in 1851, a
remarkable letter to the prominent men in
Madras on the need of an all-India orga-
nisation, he took little part in secular
affairs, and, at one time, retired for some
years to the Himalayas for contemplation and
meditation.

As the teacher and "Spiritual father" of
Keshab Chandra Sen, the third great leader
of the Brahmo Samaj, Debendranath's in-
fluence had had enduring results. His
stirring sermons in Bengali delivered from
the pulpit of the Brahmo Samaj served to
reclaim many a wanderer from the path of
religion and morality. His impassioned
eloquence no less than his saintly life
contributed greatly to the success of his
high mission as a reviver of religion. He
was a voluminous writer on religious sub-
jects and was the author of a large number
of treatises and tracts dealing with the tenets
of Brahmoism. His *Atmajibani* (autobiog-
raphy) is a noble and permanent asset of
Bengali literature.

ADMITTED to Oriental Seminary;
leaves it after a short while to join
Normal School; is later placed, along
with his elder brother Somendranath
and nephew Satya Prasad Ganguly,
under private tutors, the subjects
taught including rudiments of physics,
elementary geometry, arithmetic, his-
tory and geography, physiology and
anatomy besides Sanskrit grammar,
Bengali and English; also drawing and
music; practises wrestling and gymnas-
tics; makes first attempts at versifica-
tion in 1868; joins Bengal Academy
but plays truant shortly after; visits,
for the first time, Santiniketan with
his father, coming back for his
Upanayan (Brahminical initiation into
Gayatri prayers) in Calcutta on 6th
February, 1873 (25th Magh, 1279 B.E.,
age 11 yrs. 10 mths.); composes a

* The Poet writes in "My Boyhood
Days"

"From morning till night the mills of
learning went on grinding. To wind up this
creaking machinery was the work of
Shamada (third eldest brother) Hemendra-
nath. He was a stern taskmaster. . . . Studies
of all kinds were heaped upon me. . . . The
clock strikes ten. . . the old horse draws
me in the rickety carriage to my Andamans,
in which from ten to four I am doomed to

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

drama *Prithviraj Parajaya* ('The Defeat of Prithviraj'), the manuscript of which is lost; accompanies his father—after a short stay at Santiniketan—on an extensive tour through northern India, staying at Amritsar for a month and four months in the Himalayas (Dalhousie); receives from his father regular lessons in Sanskrit grammar, English and rudiments of Astronomy; returns to Calcutta and is admitted to St. Xavier's School (1874); one of his earliest poems under the title *Abhilas* ('Desire') published anonymously in the *Tatvabodhini Patrika* (Nov.-Dec., 1874), it being only mentioned that it is composed by a 12-year-old boy; death occurs of his mother (March 8, 1875: Poet's age: 13 yrs. 10 mths.).

Early Days and Early Poems

THE first poem published over his name appears in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (then an Anglo-Bengali weekly) of February 25, 1875, written for and recited (on February 11, 1875) at the 'Hindu Mela', a patriotic gathering held annually in Calcutta (sponsored in 1867 by Rajnarain Bose and organized by Nabagopal Mitra and the Poet's cousin, Ganendranath Tagore);* study under tutors continued at home in Sanskrit poetry and drama (*Kumarsambhavam* and *Sakuntala*) and in English literature (mainly Shakespeare); translates *Macbeth* into Bengali verse (a portion of it was later published in the Bengali magazine, *Bharati* of 1880-81); composes a song for a patriotic play, *Sarojini*, written by his fifth brother Jyotirindranath Tagore (1848-1925); writes at about this time *Bana Phul* ('The Wild Flower'), a long poem running into eight cantos and fully published in 1876 in *Jnanankur* (a Bengali monthly edited by Sri Krishna Das); also composes some lyrics in the style of Vaishnava *padabali* (lyrics) under the pseudonym of 'Bhannusinha Thakur'; goes with his father on a second sojourn to the Himalayan regions.

about an hour I exercise my body on the parallel bars. He is no sooner gone than the drawing master arrives. . . . In this way the days passed monotonously on. . . . My spirit shrunk and faded among those drab coloured days."

*An interesting report of this the first public appearance of the Poet has been unearthed by Brajendra Nath Banerjee from *The Indian Daily News* of Calcutta, dated the 15th February, 1875. It runs as follows:

"The Hindu Mela". The Ninth Anniversary of the Hindoo mela was opened at 4 p.m. on Thursday, the 11th instant, at the well-known Parsceebagan. . . . on the Circular Road, by Rajah Komul Krishna Bahadoor, the President of the National Society. . . .

Baboo Robindra Nath Tagore, the youngest son of Baboo Debendro Nath Tagore, a handsome lad of some 15, had composed a Bengali poem on Bharat (India) which he delivered from memory; the suavity of his tone much pleased his audience."

It only remains to be added that the Poet was then aged 13 years and 9 months

1877-1884

AGE 16-23

RETURNING to Calcutta, appears in the role of 'Alik Babu', a character in a play written by Jyotirindranath, privately staged at the Jorasanko House,† contributes



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH
1873-74

poems (including the 'Bhannusinha' series), essays, literary criticisms (notably one on Michael Madhusudan Dutt's *Meghanadbadha Kavya*); all to the new Bengali monthly magazine, *Bharati*, started in 1877 and edited by his eldest brother Dwijendranath Tagore (1840-1926); other contributions include *Bhikharini* (a long story), *Karuna* (a novel, unfinished), *Kabi Kahini* (a long poem) and articles on such varied topics as 'English Manners', 'The Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Saxon Literature', 'Beatrice and Dante' and a review of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's poems (*Kabita-Pustak*); composes and

*This, however, appears to be not his first appearance on the stage. Before this he had appeared, with his brother Jyotirindranath, in the performance of a musical play written by the latter, to which Rabindranath had contributed a few songs. This play was published under the title



BRAJA BABU

Brajanath De under whom studied privately at home:

reads at the Hindu Mela, at Lord Lytton's Delhi Durbar immediately following the great Famine—an impassioned Indian the cringing tribute paid by the and peoples of India to "the chain" imposed on India by 1 is sent to stay and study literature with his second Satyendranath Tagore (1842- first Indian member of the Indian Service, then District Judge at Dabad.

In England

SAILS with Satyendranath for England by s.s. *Poona*, October 20, 1878, his first book *Kabi-Kahini* is published on 5, 1878; arrives in London to school at Brighton stay Mrs. Satyendranath Tagore children Surendranath and later Mrs. Pramatha Chatterjee shortly after brought to London by Tarakanath Palit (later Sir) and admitted to the University studies English literature at Henry Morley (brother of Morley),†-staying at first at Latin tutor (opposite Regent's) then with Prof. Barker and also studies European Music frequent visitor to the British Museum attends a session of the House of Commons to hear Gladstone and contributes (from London) papers

*This patriotic poem later in his brother Jyotirindranath's *Swadhinamayee* published in 1883.

† Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" the books he read with Henry Morley's teaching, Tagore "Literature came to life in his voice, the sound of his voice, it reached inner beings. . . . With his found the study of the Clarendon at home to be an easy matter, upon myself to be my own teacher."

An interesting story is told of Morley setting an essay to his class. Tagore expressed himself strongly against British rule in India. Morley gave the essay to his pupils, some of whom, a few Indians, had helped fulsome

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS



HENRY MORLEY

for whom Tagore studied English literature at the University College, London; 1879-80

Bhagna-tarl: 'The Wrecked Boat', a ballad written at Torquay) and a collection of letters (*Europe-Prabasi Patra*) giving his impressions of England and the English people—published in 1881 with critical footnotes by the poet (Dwijendranath); also a number of poems and essays on a variety of subjects; begins in England the verse-drama, *Bhagna Hridaya* ('Broken Heart'), published later in book form

Public Speech

RETURNS to India (1880); writes two musical plays *Lalmiki Pralaya* ('The Fall of Lalmiki') and *Kalyan* ('The Fatal Hunt'); appears in the role of Lalmiki in the former and the Blind Hermit in the latter in performances of the two plays (the first in February, 1881 and the second on 23rd December, 1882) staged at the house of the late Mr. Prasanna Chatterjee (1838-1894), Guru-

das Banerjee (1844-1918) and others; condemns in a scathing article in the *Bharati* the opium trade carried on by England in China under the title of *Chine Maraner Byabasa* ('The Traffic of Death in China'); discourses on "Music and Feeling" (with vocal demonstrations) at the Lecture Theatre of the Calcutta Medical College (his first appearance as a public speaker) at a meeting held (May, 1881) under the auspices of the Bethune Society (founded 1851) with the Reverend Krishna Mohan Banerjee (1813-1885) in the chair.

Bankim's Blessings

LEAVES for England in May, 1881 with Satya Prasad Ganguly (his nephew) and his friend Asutosh Chaudhuri (later a Judge of the Calcutta High Court) to study law; changes his mind and returns from Madras and proceeds to Mussoree to meet his father; begins in the *Bharati* his first extant novel *Banthalakurani Hat* ('The Young Queen's Market'); publishes *Rudrachandra*, a historical drama in blank verse; publishes *Sandhya-Sangeet* ('Evening Songs') in 1882, which so impresses Bankim Chandra Chatterjee that at a social function at the house of the late Mr. Romesh C. Dutt (1848-1909) he takes off the garland of greeting from his neck and places it round that of Rabindranath; stays with Jyotirindranath at Chander-nagore, composing poems and setting some to music; returns to Calcutta and stays at 10, Snodgrass Street (off Chowringhee, near the Indian Museum); here comes the "Great Illumination" and is written the exquisite poem, *Nirjharer Sapna-bhanga* ('The Fountain Awakened from its Dream'), which is the key-poem of *Pravrat Sangeet* ('Morning Songs'), 1883+; takes a leading part in attempts (which proved unsuccessful) to establish an Academy of Bengali Literature with the assistance of Rajendra Lala Mitra (1821-1893); reads

*The play and the performance so impressed the great novelist that in reviewing Hara Prasad Sastri's well-known *Lalmiki Hara* ('The Victory of Lalmiki'), he wrote in his "Bangadarshan":—

"আহারা বাবু রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুরের 'বাপীক-প্রতিভা' পড়িয়াছেন, বা তাহার অভিনয় দেখিয়াছেন, তাহারা কবিতার অগুণ্ণত্ব কখন ভুলিতে পারিবেন না। হরপ্রসাদ শাস্ত্রী...রবীন্দ্রনাথের অনুগমন করিয়াছেন।"

+ Of *Sandhya-Sangeet* and *Pravrat-Sangeet*, Dr. Brajendra Nath Seal wrote in his famous "New Essays in Criticism":—

"Along with the waxing and waning light, the rising or setting sun comes floating to the poet's soul aerial phantasms and drowsy enchantments, memories of days of fancy and fire, ghostly visitings and flashes of Maenad-like inspiration, which the poet seizes in many a page of delicate silver-lined introspection or imaginative verse. In these songs Bengali poetry rises to the height

a paper (March 23, 1883) entitled *Akal-Kushmanda* ('Good for Nothing') at the fifth anniversary of the Sabitri Library, deploring the futile social, political and literary efforts of those days; visits Karwar on the sea (Bombay) with Satyendranath; returns to Calcutta; marries Mrinalini Devi, daughter of Beni Rai Chaudhuri of Jessore, on December 9, 1883 (Poet's age: 22); writes the verse-drama *Prakritir Pratisodh* (Eng. trans.—'Sannyasi'), the poems of *Chhabi-o-Gan* ('Sketches and Songs') in the *Bharati*; his first great sorrow in life comes in the death of his sister-in-law, Jyotirindranath's wife (May 20, 1884) to whom he was deeply attached (see "My Boyhood Days"); composes the poems of *Kadi-o-Kamal*



AS A STUDENT IN LONDON
1879-80

(Sharps and Flats') with translations from Shelley, Mrs. Browning, Ernest Myers, Aubrey de Vere, Victor Hugo and other European poets; reads another paper at the Sabitri Library (August 26, 1884) entitled *Hate-Kalame* ('Theory and Practice') in which he strongly criticises the futile method and humiliating character of the political agitation of the time;* is appointed

*The Poet wrote:—

.....তবে agitate করিতে বাইব কি ইংরাজের কাছে। আমরা পথে সজোরে



THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

ed Secretary of the Adi Brahmo Samaj (October, 1884); enters into a controversy (writing in *Bharati*) with Bankim Chandra Chatterjee (writing in *Nabajiban* and *Prachar*) on the ideals of Hinduism, which ends in the great novelist's writing a most generous letter of appreciation to the young poet and polemic.

1885 1889

AGE 24—28

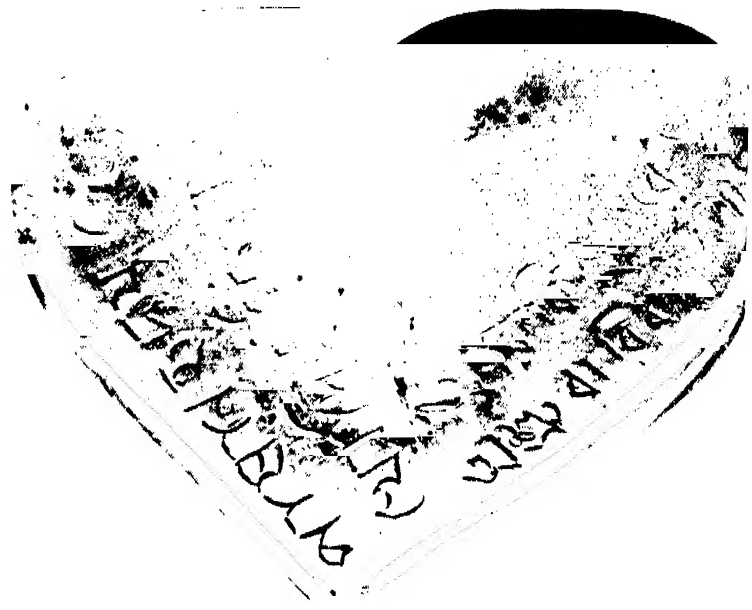
IS placed (April, 1885) in charge of *Balak*, a new Bengali monthly magazine for the young, edited by Mrs. Satyendranath Tagore, later incorporated with *Bharati*; writes for *Balak* a

প্রভুর গালাগালি সচা করি, ইংরাজের গৃহে গিয়া যোড়হস্তে তাহাকে মা বাপ বলিয়া তাহার নিকটে উমেদারী করি, ও তাহার থানসামা রতুল বয়সকে সেলাম করিয়া থা মাচিব বলিয়া চাচা বলিয়া খুসী করি, ইংরাজ আমাদিগকে সরকারী বাগানের বৈকিতে বসিতে দেখিলে গাড় ধরিয়া উঠাইয়া দিতে চায়, ইংরাজ তাহাদের দ্বাৰে আমাদিগকে প্রবেশ করিতে দিতে চায় না, ইংরাজ রেল গাড়িতে তাহাদের বসিবার আসন স্বতন্ত্র করিয়া লইতে চায়, gentleman শব্দে ইংরাজ ইংরাজকে বোঝে ও বাবু অর্থে মসীজীবি ভীষ্মদাসকে বোঝে, ইংরাজ আমাদের প্রাণ তাহাদের আত্মা পশুর প্রাণ অপেক্ষা শ্রেষ্ঠ বিবেচনা করে না, ইংরাজ আমাদের গৃহে আসিয়া আমাদের অপমান করিয়া যায় আমরা তাহার পশুবিধান করিতে পারি না, সেই ইংরাজের কাছে আমরা agitate করিতে যাউব যে, তোমরা আমাদিগকে তোমাদের সমকক্ষ আসন দাও।...

...আর ইংরাজের সমকক্ষ হইবার জন্ত ইংরাজের কাছে হাত যোড় করিতে যাওয়া এত বা কেমনতর তাহা না! সমকক্ষ আমরা নিজের প্রভাবে হইব না? আমরা নিজের জাতির গৌরব নিজে বাড়াইব না? নিজের জাতির শিক্ষা বিস্তার করিব না? নিজের জাতির অপমানের প্রতিবিধান করিব না, অসম্মান দূর করিব না?...

...ভিক্ষালব্ধ সম্মানের তাজ না হয় মাথায পরিলাম, কিন্তু কোপীনা ত খুচিল না, এইরূপ বেশ দেখিয়া কি প্রভুরা হাসে না!...

...নিজের সম্মান যে নিজে রাখে না, পরের এমনিত কি মাথাবাগা তাহাকে সম্মানিত করিতে আসিবে? আমরাই বা কেন স্বজাতিকে ঘৃণা করি, স্বভাষার কথা কই না, স্বল্প পরিতে চাই না, ইংরাজের কুমালটা কড়াইয়া দিতে পারিলে গোলোক-প্রাপ্তি-স্বথ অমুভব করিতে থাকি! আমরা আমাদের ভাষা, আমাদের সাহিত্যের এমন উন্নতি করিতে চেষ্টা না করি কেন, যাহাতে আমাদের ভাষা আমাদের সাহিত্য পরম প্রজ্জ্বল হইয়া উঠে! যে স্বদেশীয়েরা আমাদের জাতিকে,

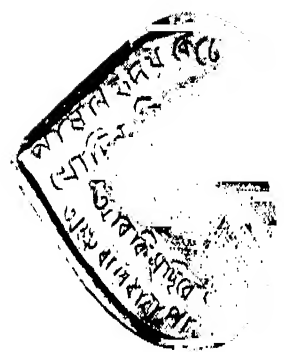


—The above is an enlarged reproduction of a piece of quartzite stone cut in the form of a heart by the Poet's own hand and the verse composed and engraved by him, when he was staying at Karwar on the sea (Bombay) with his brother, Satyendranath in 1883. It was presented to his friend, the poet Akshoychandra Chaudhury. The verse runs thus:

পাষণ্ড গদয় কেটে
খোদিত নিজের হাতে
আর কি মুচিবে লেখা
অশ্রুবারিধারা পাতে?

"Having cut my heart of stone,
I have engraved (the words) with
my own hand. Will it (the writing)
be ever effaced by the flow of
tears?"

THE HEART STONE
Exact Size



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novel, *Rajarshi*, (published 1887); the story *Mukul* (published 1908); numerous essays and articles, letters and humorous sketches, a brochure on Ram Mohun Roy (1885); undertakes editing of an anthology of Vaishnava

Padavali (lyrics) jointly with friend, Sriish Chandra; *Rabi-Chhaya*, the first collection

নিজের উন্নতি-পক্ষে গতি হইয়া উঠেন, তাহারাই হয়ত সভা করিয়া জাতীয় সম্মানের তাজ ইংরাজের কাছে নাম-সহি-করা দরপাশ পাঠাতে চেষ্টা করেন, নিজে বাহাদিগকে সম্মান করিতে পারেন না, প্রত্যাশা করিতে থাকেন ইংরাজের বাহাদিগকে সম্মান করিবে!...

...আমাদের গলার শৃঙ্খলটা পরিয়া ইংরাজ যদি আমাদিগকে তাহাদের ফাসিকারি অন্তঃ উচ্চ ভাষায় লটকিতয়া দেয় তাহা হইলেই কি আমাদের চরম উন্নতি কি আমাদের পরম সম্মান হইল! যথার্থ স্থায়ী ও বাপক উন্নতি কি আমাদের নিজের ভাষা নিজের সাহিত্য নিজের গৃহের মধ্য হইতে হইবে না! নহিলে পেটের মধ্যে কুখা লইয়া হাওয়া খাইয়া বেড়াইলে কিরূপ স্বাস্থ্য রক্ষা হইবে! গদয়ের মধ্যে আত্মব্রহ্ম বহন করিয়া অল্পহলক বাহিরেব সম্মান খুটিয়া খুটিয়া ময়ূরপুঙ্খ বিস্তার করিলে মহৎ কি!...যে অবমানিত, তাহাকে আরও অবমানিত করিতে লোকে কণ্ঠিত হয় না। আমরা যের অবমানিত, সেই জন্তই আমাদিগকে পরে অপমান করে। সেইজন্তই বলিতেছি, আইস আমরা যের সম্মান রক্ষা করিতে প্রবৃত্ত হই; সহস্রে আমাদের উৎকর্ষ সাধন করি;... পাতের কাজ সামান্য সম্মানটির না পাউলে দিন



—In the role of Valmiki!

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

songs published by a friend (1885); publishes *Alochana*, discourses on various topics, and the poems of *Pravasi Sangeet* ('Songs of Childhood')—a group of about sixteen poems of his early years (13 to 16), dedicated



The Poet's brother Jyotirindranath, the guide, philosopher and friend of his early youth

to his deceased sister-in-law Mrs. Jyotirindranath Tagore; attends on his sick father at Bandra (Bombay); goes to stay in Sholapur with Satyendranath; his first child (daughter, Madhurilata, or Bela) born on February 22, 1886; is engaged in several controversies on social and socio-religious subjects in the pages of *Sanjivancee* a Bengali weekly founded by Dwarka Nath Ganguly, Heramba Chandra Maitya, Kali Sankar Sukul, Parashu Nath Sen, Krishna Kumar Mitra. Editor, Nagan Chandra Home Asst. Editor, against writings appearing in the *Bangabasee* (another Bengali weekly edited by Jogendra Chandra Bose) attacking the ideas and ideals of Brahmo Samaj; composes and sings the evening song (*Amra Milchhi ai Mamee*—'Assembled are we to-day at the call of the Mother') at the second session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta, in December, 1886; publishes some letters on social questions in *Chitthi Patra* (1887); Asutosh Chandhuri publishes *Kamal* ('Sharps and Flats') 1886; first collection of critical essays on various subjects, *Samalochana* (1888); visits Satyendranath, posted at Nasik; spends some time in Mysore, where he writes most of his *Pravasi* group of poems; returns to Calcutta and stays with his father at 10, Sudder Street; reads, at the instance of Chandra Pal (1858-1933), a paper on the ideals of Hindu marriage in the *Indian Association for the Advancement of Science* with the late Dr.



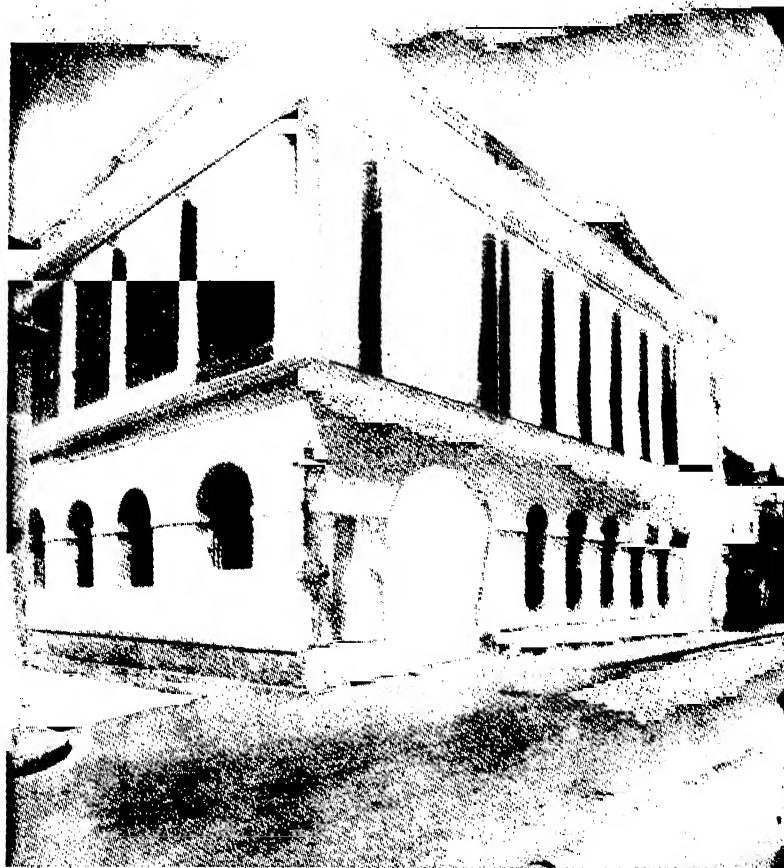
A pencil-sketch of the Poet drawn by Jyotirindranath in 1877

chair; a bitter and prolonged controversy follows, in which the Poet receives the support of M.-M. Mahesh Ch. Nayaratna (1836-1906), the then

Principal of Sanskrit College; first visit to Darjeeling (1887); goes to stay in Sheldah, the headquarters of his ancestral estates, with his wife and



About the time when his "*Pravasi-Sangeet*" was published: 1883-1884



WHERE THE "GREAT AWAKENING" CAME

The House at 10, Sudder Street, Calcutta, where Rabindranath wrote his '*Nirjharer Swapna-bhanga*' (*The Fountain Awakened from its Dream*) the key-poem to "*Pravasi Sangeet*", from which he dates his real birth as a poet. Writes he in his *REMINISCENCES*: "Where the Sudder Street ends, trees in the garden of Free School Street are visible. One morning I was standing in the verandah, looking at them. The sun was slowly rising above the screen of their leaves; and as I was watching it, suddenly, in a moment, a veil seemed to be lifted from the eyes. I found the world wrapt in an inexpressible glory with its waves of joy and beauty bursting and breaking on all sides. A veil was suddenly withdrawn and everything became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music—one marvellous rhythm. That very day the poem known as '*The Fountain Awakened from its Dream*' flowed on like a fountain itself. . . . There was nothing and no one whom I did not love at that moment. . . . I seemed to witness, in the wholeness of my vision, the movements of the body of all humanity, and to feel the beat of the music and the rhythm of a

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

—With his newly-wedded wife; 1883-84



—With their first-born; 1889
(Courtesy: Mrs. J. N. Bose. Reproduction strictly forbidden by the)

daughter and his nephew Balendranath Tagore (1871-1899); goes again to Ghazipore, incessantly writing poems and composing songs; writes, at the request of Mrs. P. K. Ray, *Maya Khela*, a musical play, for performance by the members of the

Sakhi Samiti (a ladies' club, started by the Poet's elder sister Swarnakumari Devi); his eldest son, Rathindranath born on the 27th November, 1888; appears in the role of 'King Vikrama' in a private performance of his *Raja-o-Rani* ('King and Queen'),

dedicated to his eldest brother, Dhananath, and published in 1889; for Shahajadpur to write a play, the well-known *Visarjan* ('Sacrifice'), dedicated to his nephew, Rathindranath Tagore, and published in 1890.





1886

Portrait Photo taken
in 1886



1890

Portrait of a man
by [illegible]

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS



11 Shelidah; 1890.

1890-1899

AGE 29 38

(TAYING at Santiniketan composes his magnificent poem on *Meghaduta* (inspired by Kalidasa's famous poem, 'The Cloud-Messenger'); his second daughter Renuka born: 31st January, 1890; sails for England (Aug. 1890) with his friend Lokenath (son of Sir T. Palit) and second brother Satyendranath Tagore; arrives in London via Italy and France and returns to India, landing in Bombay, 4th November, 1890 after a sojourn of about ten weeks abroad; is now called upon to shoulder responsible work in connection with the management of the Tagore estates; makes Shelidah his headquarters and constantly tours by houseboat to different parts of the zamindari Patidar, Shelidah, Kusthia, Pabna, Kumarkhali and Cuttack (Balia)—and introduces a remarkably efficient system of administration, which receives appreciative notice in Government publications; attends the sixth session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta (Dec., 1890) under the presidency of Pherozshah Mehta, when he sings the *Bande Mataram* on the opening day; acts as Secretary to a committee of prominent Calcutta citizens for a public entertainment to the poor; President in the Town Hall

Shelidah and "Sadhana"

JOINS his nephew, Sudhindranath Tagore, in bringing out a new Bengali monthly magazine *Sadhana*, turning out poems, short stories, essays, reviews, political and even scientific articles and topical notes himself filling more than half the new periodical every month, also commences his famous *Europe Jatri Diary* ('Diary of a Traveller to Europe'); collaborates with Krishna Kamal Bhattacharyya (1840-1932) in starting the Bengali weekly *Hitabadi*; contributes to it a number of short

stories (notably, 'Post Master'); takes part in the ceremonial festivities of the 7th Paus (1298 B.E.) in connection with the consecration of the prayer hall at Santiniketan; his youngest daughter, Mira born: 12th January, 1892; writes his verse-drama *Chitrangada*, dedicating it to his nephew Abanindranath Tagore, who illustrates it (1892).

TOURS frequently in North Bengal looking after the affairs of the estate, establishes intimate contact with the life of the people around him, — "the patient, submissive, family-loving, Bengali ryots", — goes to Cuttack (Orissa)

* In a letter written about this time the poet says:

"I feel a great tenderness for these peasant folk our ryots big, helpless, infantine children of Providence, who must have food brought to their very lips, or they are undone. When the breasts of Mother Earth dry up, they

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

In laying out the pictures illustrating this Chronicle it has not been found in some cases possible to place these alongside or near the events or occurrences recorded. The sequence of time has, however, been maintained, as far as possible, in arranging the pictures.

THE EDITOR

— Singing to the accompaniment of 'esraj' played by his nephew Abanindranath, the artist:

1888-89



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Instructing Iqbal Chitrangada to draw the illustrations of
"Chitrangada" 1892



Setting his songs to tune with his brother Iqbal
Chitrangada at the organ 1892-93

by steamer from Calcutta to inspect the zemindari there; engages, in the pages of *Sadhana*, in a sharp controversy with Chandra Nath Bose (1843-1909) over the latter's essay (published in *Sahitya*, another Bengali monthly, edited by the late Suresh Chandra Samajpato on the metaphysics of dietetics; also writes two remarkable articles, *Stri Majori* ('The Female Labourer') and *Kutari Umdar* ('The Job-hunter') showing the interest he was taking in the awakening of labour as reported and reviewed in journals from abroad; writes his humorous play *Goraya Galad* ('Wrong at the Start'); publishes *Ganci Bati*, a collection of 352 songs in 1893; writes the poems of *Sonar Fateh* ('The Golden Barge', published in 1894); *Vichitra Galpa*, a collection of short stories from *Hitabadi*, *Nabajiban* and *Sadhana* is published in 1894 and dedicated to the late B. L. Gupta.

are at a loss what to do, and can only cry. But no sooner is their hunger satisfied than they forget all their past sufferings.

"I know not whether the socialistic ideal of a more equal distribution of wealth is attainable, but if not, then such dispensation of Providence is indeed cruel, and man a truly unfortunate creature. For if in this world misery must exist, so be it; but let some little loophole, some glimpses of possibility at least, be left, which may serve to urge the nobler portion of humanity to hope

Educational Problems

CONDUCTS a remarkable correspondence with his friend, Loken Palu, mainly on literary, ideal and expression in *Sadhana*; enters, again in the pages of *Sadhana*,



As Editor of the "Sadhana"
1894-95

into a vigorous controversy with Chandra Nath Bose over the latter's essay on the Hindu doctrine of nihility (*Udaya-tattva*), which appeared in *Ban-gabashi*; composes his famous satiric poem, *Hing-ling-Chhat* (believed to be the first Indian declaration of Hindu nationalism

world-value in Sanskrit, Ben-Hind) from the standpoint of sentence and symphony design on phonetics; is invited to Education at a conference and writes *Shiksha Iti* ('Terminologies of Education' published in *Sadhana* 1892), in which he pleads the acceptance of Bengali as medium of instruction in our institutions; his views being by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Mohan Bose, Gurukul, Banerji, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta Univ., writes his short story piece 'Kabuliwala' in *Sadhana*; announces his profoundly thoughtful *Panchabintar Diary* ('The Five Elements') discourse, literature and art, proceeds by boat with Balendranath from Cuttack; goes to Puri, Khambhata and Udaygiri; enroute, on his way to Balu-quarters of the Orissa estate (Tagore), returns to Calcutta to stay and proceeds by boat; daily practices drawing as a means of mood-expression; he returns to poetry; writes *Bishap* ('The Fateful Curse')

"Ingraj-o-Bharatbasi"

READS his famous political *Ingraj-o-Bharatbasi* ('The English and Indians') in October, 1892, under the auspices of the Chaitanyo in Calcutta with Bankim

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

ater writes in *Sadhana* on *Ingrajer tanna* ('The Englishman's Fear') warning, *inter alia*, the Congress against neglecting the potential value of Muslim unity; evinces keen interest in the problems of cow-slaughter (then claiming attention all over India due to the intense agitation set afoot by Bal Gangadhar Tilak in Poona); writes a powerful article *Subichater Adhikar* ('The Right of Justice') published in *Sadhana*; receives at Santiniketan Hammergren, a Swedish disciple of Ram Mohun Roy; composes the first series of poems published in *Chitra*, including the famous *Urcasi*; visits Rajshahi to look up his friend Lokenath (then posted there as Magistrate).

Turning Back

COMPOSES his famous poem, *Pratirodhan* ('Turn me away now'), a great call to turn back from a life of ease, a mere poetical life, to a life of struggle and realities, dedicated to the service of humanity; discusses current political problems in a series of articles in *Sadhana*; is engaged in reviewing a new edition of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's historical novel *Akshay* when he receives the news of his death (April 8, 1894), followed by the deaths of Rajendra Lala Mitra and the poet Behari Lal Chakravarti, who had in a large measure inspired some of his early poetry; comes to Calcutta to attend the memorial meeting in honour of Bankim, at which he pays a most remarkable tribute to the great man; writes on Bengali nursery rhymes and folk songs, drawing attention to this hitherto neglected branch of literature; in a series of penetrating articles on some contemporary events expresses his indignation (in *Sadhana*) against the many manifestations of 'inferiority complex' in contemporary Indian society; is elected Foundation Vice-President of the Academy of Bengali Letters (*Bangiya Sahitya Parishad* 1894); takes over the editorial duties of *Sadhana* from Sudhindranath Tagore; his burning patriotism and strong indignation at some glaring instances of British official insolence find expression in his great story *Meghnad-Sut* (*Sunshine and Shadow*) and his article *Pamona Pratika* ('Redressing Indignities'), introduces Dwijendra Lal Roy when an Excise Inspector at Dacca) to him in literary Bengal through appreciative reviews (in *Sadhana*) of his numerous poems and his *Arya-Gatha*; seeks to set up a standard in Bengali literary criticism by writing critical reviews of contemporary publications in his own periodical.

After a pastel by Abanindranath Tagore: 1894



From Sir J. C. Bose's collection

BIRTH of his youngest son, Samudranath; November, 1894, relieves himself of the burden of the *Sadhana* (which ceases publication in November, 1895), enthusiastically plunges into "business" in partnership with his two young nephews, Balendranath and Surendranath Tagore, who had started a store for Swadeshi goods in Calcutta and a firm for trading in jute at Kustha; writes a series of remarkable short stories beginning with *Kshudhita Pashan* ('Hungry Stones'; 1895) publishes *Chhichchhulana Chhara*, a collection of Bengali nursery rhymes in the *Sahitya Parishad Patika*, 1895; publishes a series of vigorous political writings, notably his essay, *Idhar*



When the first collected edition of his poems was published; 1896

(Courtesy: D. N. Mahapatra)

Jyoti ('The Insinuating Law'); writes his poem on *Jiban-Pecala* ('The God of Life'), and another on *Nadi* ('The River'), which he dedicates to Balendranath on the day of the latter's wedding; composes the *Chaitali* ('The Last Harvest') group of poems; tours in Orissa in connection with the

1896 writing the lyric-drama *Malini* in between; the first collected edition (folio; pp. 476) of his poems published by his nephew Satya Prasad Ganguly on the 15th A-shwin, 1303 B.E. (Sept.-Oct., 1896), returns from Orissa to the banks of his favourite Padma at Calcutta and Shadidpur, composes for and sings at the twelfth session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta; his famous song *Ajo Bhuvanagamonobhin* ('O thou charmer of the world!'); composes the *Kapana* group of poems; writes *Balendranath Khata* ('Balendranath's Manuscript'; a comic play); reads a paper in tribute to Iswar Chandra Vidya-sagar (1820-1891) at a public gathering in Calcutta at his death-anniversary; attends the Bengal Provincial Conference at Nator (April, 1897) held under the presidency of his brother Satyendranath; receives from Maharajah Jagadindra Nath Roy of Nator Chairman of the Reception Committee support to his futile attempt to have the proceedings of the Conference conducted in Bengali; the Conference broken up by the Great Earthquake of 1897; returning from Nator, engages himself in writing a series of verse-dialogues *Gandhari Uddan* ('The Appeal of Gandhari'), *Sati* ('The Sutee'), *Narak-Pas* ('Condemned to Hell'), *Lakshmi Pariksha* ('The Trial of Lakshmi'), sends a poem of greetings and encouragement to his life-long friend Jagadish Chandra Bose, who had then been demonstrating his scientific experiments in Europe, is taken ill with neuritis, goes to Karmatar (Sonthal Parganas) for a change; proceeds to Simla and benefits considerably in health; returns to Calcutta and takes editorial charge of the *Bharati*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

—At the Bengal Provincial Conference, Nator in 1897, with the President, Satyendra Nath Tagore, and Mr. P. Chaudhuri



Courtesy: Mahasana of Nator

Poetry and Polemics

WRITES strongly and indignantly against the reactionary policy of the Indian Government, particularly regarding the treatment meted out to Bal Gangadhar Tilak, who was arrested on a charge of publishing seditious articles in *Kesari* (alleged to have led to the murder of Mr. Rand, the Bombay Plague Officer and his friend Lt. Aversi in June, 1898), actively helps in raising funds for the defence of Tilak, reads a paper entitled *Kantha-Rodh* ('Throttled') at a public meeting at the Calcutta Town Hall in protest against the new Sedition Bill (1898), writes on the outbreak of plague in Calcutta, warning the authorities against a repetition of Bombay measures which ended in the murder of Mr. Rand, helps Sister Nivedita in organizing relief for plague victims of this city, attends the Dacca session of the Bengal Provincial Conference, reading Bengali translation (by him) of the presidential address of the Rev. Kali Charan Banerjee, strongly criticises the Imperial policy of dividing Bengal, politically and culturally, touching specially upon the cultural danger in the systematised displacement of the Bengali language from non-Bengali provinces like Assam and Orissa; expresses himself freely on the topics of the day in such writings (in Bengali) as *Coal vs. Chapkan*, *Mukherjee vs. Banerjee*, referring to Raja Pvari Mohan Mukherjee, who held in contempt the Congress attitude towards the so-called 'natural leaders of society' and to Surendra Nath Banerjee, who stood for the democratic ideals of the day; shows up in *Rajlika* ('The Kingly Mark') the mentality of some members of our landed aristocracy vying with one another to top the subscription list for a memorial to an Anglo-Indian official, welcomes Dinesh Chandra Sen's *Bangabhasa-O-Sahitya* (History of Bengali Literature) in an appreciative review in *Bharati*; actively assists in raising funds for the Bengali poet Hem Chandra Banerjee who had gone blind; publishes the verse-epigrams

(who took advantage of Balendranath's illness) and winds it up taking upon himself the entire financial liabilities, death of Balendranath Tagore, Aug. 22, 1899

1900 1905

AGE 39 44

PUBLISHES in 1900 *Katha* 'Tales and Ballads', chronicling the deeds of heroism and martyrdom in Rajput,

Maratha and Sikh history, all to inspire a spirit of deep pa and pride in the nation's stor dedicated to his friend, Chandra Bose; writes *Kahini* dedicated to another friend of Maharaja Sri Radhakishore Manikya Bahadur of Tipperal lishes *Kalpna* ('Fantasies') d to Srish Chandra Mazumdar K ('The Fleeting One') dedica Loken Palit, marries his daughter, Madhurilata (Bela) Chandra Chakravarti, son of Poet Beharilal Chakravarti (19 quested by his niece, Sarala De editing *Bharati*) to contribute ions play, writes his famous *Chitra Kumari Sabha* ('The B Club'), a veiled protest, in th est vein, against the ideology o contemporary youths, whose a tion happened to be on fire monastic call for celibate lives, is written at Sheldidah, the Po writing it in two days, writing o night within closed doors by hands only, handing the Calcutta to hand it over to the falls down in a faint when g the stairs to his rooms, berasankobase

'Bangadarshan' and Santinikel

REVIVES, with the help friend, Sri Chandra Ma Bankim's famous monthly



With a group of friends in Calcutta

Front row: Left to right Upendra Kisor Ray Chaudhuri (U artist and author; Priyannath Sen, man of letters; Baikuntha Das (Editor, "Pralip").

Back row: BALENDRANATH, Pramatha Nath Rai Chaudhuri,

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

Bangadarshan, and takes editorial charge (1901); with him are associated, regular contributors, Akshay Kumar Mitra, Bipin Chandra Pal, Chandrakhar Mukhopadhyaya at the head of group of brilliant writers; writes a vigorous protest against the insolence of British Imperialism in South Africa as manifested in the Boer War; composes poems of *Nalvedya* (a remarkable position, in verse, of the ancient Hindu ideals and philosophy of life); reads the poems at one sitting to his father Maharshi Debendranath, who gives him his blessings and a purse towards the expenses of its publication (1901); comes in contact with Upadhyaya Brahmapandit through common association with *Bangadarshan*, in which the Poet deprecates the evil influences which tend to "make all cultures, Eastern or Indian, seem unnatural"; writes upon the historic foundations of Hindu culture; opposes in a series of remarkable articles the blind imitation of the West whose strength, however, he recognizes; begins (in *Bangadarshan*) "the first psychological novel" in Bengali, *Chokher Bali* ("The Eye"); marries his second daughter (Renuka) to Dr. Satyendra Nath Bhattacharya (since deceased).

Brahmapandit joins the Santiniketan School; the Poet attends to his editorial duties of *Bangadarshan* added to the heavy work in connection with the school; propounds Pan-Asiatic ideas in the course of an appreciative review of Lowes Dickinson's *Letters of John Chinaman*; reads two papers on 'Bengali Language and Literature' and 'The History of India' at the weekly discussion meetings (*Uchchhrona Samiti*) conducted by Messrs. Mazumdar Brothers, publishers of *Bangadarshan*; joins in the country-wide agitation against Lord Curzon's unwarranted attack on the veracity of Eastern people in his Convocation address at Calcutta University (15th February, 1902);* writes trenchantly on the Viceregal performance, quoting devastatingly from Herbert Spencer's "Facts and Comments" instances of England's lying propaganda against the Boers in South Africa.

Sorrows and Sufferings

SERIOUS illness of his wife necessitates her removal to Calcutta; she dies on the 7th Agrayayana, 1309 B.E. (November 23, 1902); returns to Santiniketan with Rathindranath (aged 14), Mira (aged 10) and Samindranath (aged 8); composes *Smaran* ("In Memoriam"), a series of moving poems

dedicated to the memory of his departed consort.

SATISH Chandra Roy, a young Bengali poet of great promise, joins Santiniketan as a teacher; sudden illness of his second daughter Renuka; takes her for a change first to Hazaribagh and then to Almora; here he composes the poems of *Sisu* ("The Child") with which he used to entertain his motherless young boy Samindra; is compelled to return to Santiniketan on important work; hurries back to Almora on receipt of a wire announcing Renuka's condition to be precarious walking all the way from Kathgodam as no dandi or horse was available; brings her down to Calcutta; summons his son-in-law (Renuka's husband) from England by cable; Renuka dies (May 1903), within six months from her mother's death; maintains uninterrupted his editorial duties, regularly contributing the instalments of his novel *Noukadubi* ("The Wreck") to *Bangadarshan*; writes *Raj-kutumba* ("The King's Kinsmen"), *Ghuso-Ghusi* ("Blow for Blow") *Dharma-bodher Dristanta* ("Righteousness Exemplified"),—all contributions of political import, dealing with the divine right of man to oppose injustice even to the extent of meeting force by force; reads a paper on *Dharma-prachar* ("Preaching Religion") at the old City College hall and creates a flutter in the dovecots of the Brahmo Samaj who read in it an attack on its missionary activities.

SATISH Chandra Roy dies of small-pox at Santiniketan (February 1, 1904), the school removed temporarily to Sheldah, Prof. Mohit Chandra Sen joins the school as a teacher and brings out *Kabyagrantha*, the second collected edition of Tagore's poetical works in 9 volumes; the Poet protests in *Bangadarshan* against 'patriotism fashioned in Western mould'; reads his famous essay on *Swadeshi Samaj*, stressing the need for constructive nationalism, at a special meeting of the Chaitanya Library Association at Minerva Theatre (July 22, 1904) with Romesh C. Dutt in the chair; reads it again at Curzon Theatre, following this essay prepares a complete scheme (September, 1904) for the re-organization of the Indian society on the basis of self-help with the village as the centre, the revival of cottage industries to help to remove the poverty of the masses with the co-operation of the masses himself, the salvation of

RELINQUISHES the management of the Tagore estates and comes with family to stay at Santiniketan (1); establishes, with his father's consent, *Bolpur Brahmacharyasram* Santiniketan (December 22, 1901), school on the pattern of the old *Asrama*,—himself teaching the scholars, joining in their games, entertaining them with stories, living with them, and thus exercising a profound influence on their mind; with him are associated, as the first batch of teachers, Jagadananda Roy, Lawrence (an Englishman), Rewachand (a Sindhi Indian), who afterwards became *Swami Anandanda* and Pandit Sibaji Vidyananda; passes through extreme financial difficulties, having to meet the major portion of his allowance from the family estate to liquidate debts of the joint business and the heavy expenses of running the school; to sell his house on the sea at Puri, valuable library, while his wife bravely parts with all her ornaments and jewelry to help her husband in coping with the crisis; Upadhyaya

লিখিলেন—আকাশে ভাল ফেলিয়া তারা পরাই
ঈশ্বর বাবসা—অতএব

"পাকগো গোমার পাটের হাটে
মথুরা কুশ শিবু সা।"

যে কুমারখালি কবিবরর চব্বিশটি পৈতৃক
জমিদারীর অংশই, সেই কুমারখালির অধিবাসী
মথুরা কুশ ও শিবু সা প্রতিষ্ঠাপন্ন ব্যবসায়ী
ছিলেন। রাজসাহী জিলার আত্রাই-বাট রেল-
স্টেশনের কিছু দূরে ঈশ্বরের যে জমিদারী
কাছারী আছে, তাহার এলাকাস্থিত কোন
গ্রামের একজন ধনাঢ্য অধিবাসীর নিকট কবিবর
পাটের ব্যবসায়ের জন্য এক লক্ষ টাকা কস
করিয়ছিলেন। ঋণদাতা ঈশ্বরের কবি
জমিদারকে এতই বিশ্বাস করিতেন যে, তিনি
কোন দিন লিপজ্ঞান না লইয়া কেবল মথুরা কুশ এক
লক্ষ টাকা ধার দিয়াছিলেন। কবিবর জমিদারী
পরিদর্শন উপলক্ষে ঈশ্বার কাছারীতে গমন
করিলে যুদ্ধ মহাজন সাহাজি ঈশ্বার কাছারীতে
উপস্থিত হইয়া তাহাকে প্রণাম করিয়া অরণ
করিয়া দিলেন, টাকাটা আর কয়েক সপ্তাহ
পরেই তামাদি হইবে। কবিবর হাসিয়া বলিয়া-
ছিলেন, "ভদ্রলোক যে টাকা ধার করেন—তা
কি কখন তামাদি হতে পারে? তুমি নিশ্চিন্ত
পাক, বেগী!"—যে সময়ে তামাদি হইবার কথা
তাহার কয়েক দিন পূর্বেই কবিবর এই ঋণ
পরিশোধ করেন। ঈশ্বার উভয়েই পরস্পরকে
চিনিতেন; কিন্তু দেশের যে অবস্থা, কিছু দিন
পরে এ সকল কথা উপকথায় পরিণত হইবে।

* Lord Curzon had said *inter alia*—

"If I were asked to sum in a single word the most notable characteristic of the East physical, intellectual and moral—as compared with the West, the word exaggeration or extravagance is the one that

How the Poet paid back his huge debts
old by the well-known Bengali literary
Dinendra Kumar Roy in his article on
Rathindranath in the *Mastik Basumat* of
1940 B. E. (Aug. Sept., 1941). Mr. Roy

রথিন্দ্রনাথ ব্যবসায়ে অত্যন্ত অধিক ক্ষতি-
ত হইয়া পৈতৃক জমিদারীর আয় হইতে পাটের

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MRINALINI DEBI

The Poet's wife died in 1902, and to her memory he dedicated a series of deeply touching poems "Smriti."

religious ceremonies, the establishment of groups of voluntary workers, striving for an understanding between Hindus and Muslims, all under the leadership of a chosen 'leader of society' (*Samaj-pati*), enthusiastically supports the movement set afoot in Calcutta for honouring the memory of the great founder of the Mahatashtra empire, Sivaji, by holding a festival (1904), writes his famous poem *Sajan Utsab* and reads it at the Calcutta Town Hall, protests, however, against the public worship of Bhowani as a part of the festival as likely to alienate non-Hindu feelings, writes several school books, the late Dr. Barjendra Nath Sen, writing the preface to one of them, (*Ingrian Sopan*), which introduces, for the first time, the "direct method" of teaching English in Bengal

DEATH occurs of the Poet's father, the "Maharshi" Debendra Nath Tagore, at the age of 87 (16th Magh, 1311 B.E., 19th January, 1905) at the Jorasanko house in Calcutta; shortly before this the Poet sells, for Rs. 2,000 only, the right of publishing in a single edition his short stories, three of his novels, six of his plays, all his songs, some literary criticisms

and miscellaneous essays, etc., to the proprietors of the Bengali weekly newspaper *Hitabadi*, who collect these in one volume with the title *Rabindra-ganithabali* (4 p. 1290); addresses a great meeting of students held under the auspices of *Banglya Sahitya Parishad* at the Classic Theatre in Calcutta urging them to organize the villages; criticises the findings of an Education Commission (consisting of four Europeans and one Indian, K. G. Gupta) recommending the division of Bengali text books into four dialectical groups, early in 1905 takes up the editorial charge of a new Bengali monthly *Bhannar*, published by Kedar Nath Das Gupta; creates in the pages of the new journal a forum for discussion of the burning ques-

* Said the Poet on this occasion:—

"The downtrodden and the despised who have become eddies to insults and obduracy even the rights of their humanity must be taught the meaning of the word 'brother'. Teach them to be strong and to protect themselves; for that is the only way. Take each of you charge of some village and organize it. Educate the villagers and show them how to put forward their united strength. Look not for fame or praise in this undertaking. Do not expect even the gratitude of those for whom you would give your life, but be prepared rather for their opposition."

tions of the day; * visits Agartala, at the invitation of the *Tripura Sahitya Sammilani* and reads a paper on *Deshiya Rajya* ('Indian States') appealing to Indian princes to encourage and patronise indigenous arts and crafts and stop the inroads of foreign luxury-products, actively helps, in association with Okakura and Sister Nivedita, in the foundation of the new Bengal School of Indian Art sponsored by R. B. Havell and Abanindranath Tagore; establishes weaving schools and hand-looms in Calcutta and elsewhere (mainly in his estates); contributes to *Bhannar* a remarkable analysis of the Imperialist policy of economic exploitation of India in *Raja-Praja* ('The King and his People'); Ajit Chakraverti joins the Santiniketan School as a teacher.

The High Priest of Swadeshi

FOLLOWING the official announcement of Lord Curzon's decision to divide Bengal into two separate provinces in spite of the united opposition of Bengal and the great meeting of protest at the Calcutta Town Hall (and meetings all over the province) on August 7, 1905, declaring, as a retaliatory measure, a boycott of British goods, Rabindranath reads a paper entitled *Abastha-O-Byabastha* ('The Situation and Solution') at a meeting at the Town Hall (August 25, 1905) organized by the conductors of *New India*, the English weekly edited by Bipin Chandra Pal; the paper is "repeated" at the Albert Theatre within a week; emphasises, once again, the need of organizing the villages, indicating a programme of constructive non-cooperation; throws himself into a fierce blaze of activity, his "passionate patriotism" finding vent in a large number of 'national songs' ranging over the entire gamut of patriotic emotions resounding all over Bengal; addresses, frequently, great mass meetings moving thousands by the magic of his words and thus becomes the high priest of the Swadeshi Movement and one of the leading exponents of the new gospel of Nationalism along with Bipin Chandra Pal and Aurobindo Ghose.

* One such question was raised by the late Surendranath Banerjee (then the accredited leader of Bengalis as to the best means of establishing contact of the masses with public movements. The matter was discussed intensively, among the participants being N. S. Ghosh, Hirendra Nath Dutta, J. Chandhuri, Ramendra Sunder Trivedi, Prithwis Chandra Roy, Bipin Chandra Pal and others.

In the Bengali *Santiniketan Patria* "Santiniketan Magazine" of the month of Jyaishtya, 1333 B.E., published fifteen years ago, Dr. Abanindranath Tagore, the famous artist, described how his uncle Rabindranath was instrumental in leading him to evolve his own style of indigenous art. Summing up, Abanindranath writes:

"Bengal's poet suggested the lines of Art. Bengal's artist, viz., Abanindranath himself continued to work along those lines for many a day." (*Translation*.)

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS



—With Mohit Chandra Sen, Salis Chandra Roy and pupils at the Santiniketan School: 1904

lates "Rakhibandhan"

TO COMMEMORATE October 16, 1905 (30th Aswin, 1912 B.E.) on that day the Partition of Bengal given effect to—the Poet in-
 es the *Rakhibandhan* ceremony, bolising the undying unity of divi-
 Bengal; composes the great *Rakhi*
(Banglar Mati, Banglar Jal) giving Divine blessings on Bengal;
 leads a huge procession, singing
 song, to the Prasanna Kumar
 ore Ghat for a ceremonial bath in

the Ganges, followed by the exchange
 and fastening of the *Rakhi*-thread as a
 badge and symbol of fraternal unity; no
 food is cooked in Bengali households,
 no shop is opened in Calcutta that day
 as planned by the Poet; the same
 afternoon, at the great meeting
 at Upper Circular Road where the
 late Ananda Mohan Bose (President,
 Madras Congress, 1898) lays the founda-
 tion of the proposed Federation Hall,
 translates into Bengali the memorable
 presidential address of Ananda Mohan;
 leads, after the meeting, a huge pro-

cession through the streets of the city
 singing his song, *Bidhir bandhan*
kalbey tumi emul saktiman? ("Are you
 so powerful that you can cut asunder
 the God-made bond that binds us?") to
 the house of Pashupati Bose at Bagh-
 bazar where, in the large compound,
 he addresses a mammoth gathering
 appealing for contribution to a 'Nation-
 al Fund'—Rs. 50,000 being raised on
 the spot.

For "National Education"

FREQUENTLY attends and address-
 es the large number of protest
 meetings following the Bengal Govern-
 ment (Carlyle) Circular forbidding
 students from attending political meet-
 ings or singing the *Bande Mataram*
 under penalty of rustication; addresses
 large gatherings, mainly of students,
 at Beadon Square and the Field
 and Academy grounds, of members
 (students) of the "Dawn Society"



Rabindranath after his father's
 "Shradh" ceremony: 1905



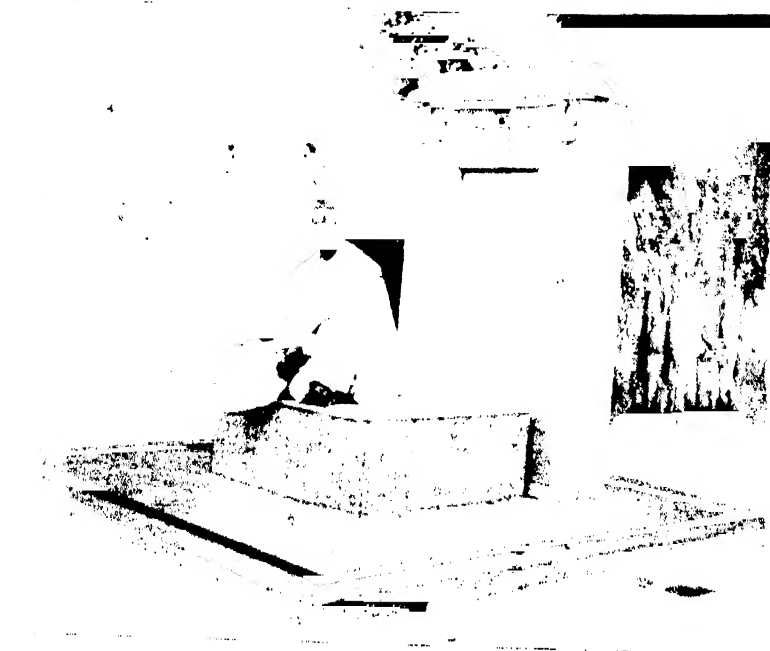
The family gathered at Maharshi Debendranath Tagore's "Shradh" cere-
 mony at the Jorasanko House

Back row (from left to right): Gaganendra, Abanindra, Samarendra,
 Dwipendra, Somendra, Satya Prasad.

Middle row (from left to right): Jyotirindra, Dwijendra, Surendra,
 Satyendra, Sudhindra.

Front row (from left to right): Dinendra, Ramendra, Samindra, Arunendra,
 Rathindra, Kritindra.

founded by Sats Chandra Mukherjee;
 delivers a striking address at the
Biloya gathering at Pashupati Bose's
 house, takes a leading part in
 the establishment of the National
 Council of Education, Bengal which
 sought to provide education on
 "national lines" to students expelled
 from Government or Government-aided
 institutions for political misdemeanour
 and others as well; contributes to
Bhandar a critical survey (*Raj-Bhakti*;
 'Loyalty') of the situation arising out
 of the visit of the late King George V
 in December 1905 as Prince of Wales
 and the Resolution of Welcome adopt-
 ed by the Indian National Congress
 meeting at Benares under Gokhale.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Under the Chhatim Tree at Santiniketan, 1905

Courtesy: Prabhu Saha

1906 1911

AGE 45 50

PAYS a remarkable tribute to the brave victims of police oppression in different parts of the new province (East Bengal) in pursuance of the policy initiated by its new Lt. Governor, Sir Bampfylde Fuller (Bhandar, March 1906), sends his eldest son Rathindramath with Santosh Chandra (the son of his old friend Sris Chandra Mazumdar) to America via Japan to study agriculture, is invited to preside over the first session of *Bangiya Sahitya Sammilani* (Bengali Literary Conference) at Barisal called along with the Provincial (Political) Conference, returns to Calcutta when both the functions had to be abandoned because of the political situation; relinquishes the editorship of *Bangadarshan*; pleads for the unanimous acceptance of Surendra Nath Banerjee as the one accredited leader for conducting the national struggle, in the course of a paper entitled *Deshanayak* ('The Country's Leader') in which the Poet deplored the split in Bengal politics ('Moderates' vs. 'Extremists') and observed that a trained general was needed at the head of an army engaged in war, thus seeking to consolidate the discipline of the people in personal allegiance to a single individual.

ACCCEPTS the task of drawing up a comprehensive programme of work for the National Council of Education and reads his paper *Shiksha-Samasya* ('The Problem of Education') in Overton Hall, Calcutta (June, 1906); writes a series of articles beginning with *Shiksha-Samasya* and ending with *Talah-Kim* ('What Next?'); publishes the poems of *Kheya* (July 1906), dedicating these to Jagadish Chandra Bose; takes a leading part at the inaugural meeting (August 14, 1906) of the *Jattya Shiksha Parishad* (National Council of Education) and delivers under its auspices a series of lectures explaining the scope and function of Literature; speaks at the Literary Conference held at Bhowanipore simultaneously with the Congress Exhibition in Calcutta (December, 1906); presides, next year, at the adjourned session of Bengali Literary Conference, *Bangiya Sahitya Sammilani* convened at Cossimbazar (Berhampore) by the late Maharaja Manindra Chandra Nundy.

From Turmoil to Peace

DISAPPROVES of the line the national movement was taking, tires of increasing party squabbles, is perturbed at the growing alienation between Hindus and Muslims; disillusionment as much as temperamental conflicts lead the Poet to seek escape and retreat at Santiniketan; writes in *Prabasi* (edited by Ramananda Chatterjee from Allahabad) *Byadhi-O-lahar-Pratihar* ('The Disease and its Cure') striking a note of dissent in the poli-

tical thinking of the time; advocates a 'change of heart' and 'inner purification' and the acceptance of a radical social programme as absolutely essential for the attainment of real independence; is severely criticised for his sudden withdrawal from political activities; Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, one of his foremost friends and admirers, replies to the *Prabasi* article (referred to above); follows one of the most fertile periods of his creative life, giving the world undying literary gifts; publishes (August 24, 1907) his famous poem, *Aurobindo, Rabindrer laho Namaska* ('I salute thee, Aurobindo') hailing Aurobindo Ghose prosecuted on charge of writing seditious articles in the new Nationalist daily *Bandha Malaram* edited by him; marries his youngest daughter Mira to Nagendranath Ganguly and sends his son-in-law also to America to study Agriculture; makes over to the school at Santiniketan the proceeds of a new collection of his prose works published by the Mazumdar Library.

DEATH occurs suddenly of his youngest son, Samindranath, from cholera, at Monghyr (November, 1907); writes out regularly, in instalments, his great novel, *Gora*, for *Prabasi*; is persuaded to preside over the Bengal Provincial (Political) Conference meeting at Pabna (January, 1908); delivers his address in Bengali,—the Conference taking place amidst the agitated atmosphere created by the unhappy split at the Surat Congress in December, 1907; again, in this address, he calls upon his countrymen for constructive work—and suggests that our young men should form themselves into bands of workers, who should go round the villages, bring together Hindus and Muslims in fruitful work, confer with and help the villagers in starting schools, making roads and supplying drinking water and the like.

The East and The West

READS a paper (25th May, 1908) at the Chaitanya Library entitled *Path-O-Patheya* ('The Way and the Wherewithal') touching upon the tragic incident at Muzaffarpore (the first bomb-outrage in Bengal; March 31, 1908) and the discovery of the bomb factory at Manicktolla, Calcutta (May 2, 1908) leading to the arrest of Barindra Kumar Ghose and his associates; recognises in these outbursts the result of the policy of repression pursued by



1906

from a Photo taken
in a cotta



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verment but warns his countrymen against such fatal expressions of national exasperation, not withholding, at the same time, his tribute to the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by these young men, who had, the Poet felt, wiped out the reproach of cowardice levelled at Bengalis; writes another article entitled *Sadupaya* ('The Honest Way') in *Prabasi* (Sraban: 1315 B.E., July 1908) examining the genesis of the Hindu-Muslim dispute, which was being steadily fostered by an interested third party; addresses the students assembled at the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj on the historic significance of the meeting of the East and the West in India (*Praba-O-Paschim: Prabasi*, Bhadra, 1315 B.E.).

The Songs of "Gitanjali"

CREATES an exquisite drama *Saradotsab* (1908) and has it staged by the staff and students of Santiniketan, himself appearing in the role of the 'Sannyasi'; death occurs of his old friend, Sris Chandra Majumdar; delivers a series of sermons at Santiniketan; writes his first autobiographical sketch for *Bangabhasar Lekhak* ('Writers in the Bengali Language') published by the *Bangabasi* Office; D. L. Roy creates a furor in Bengali literary circles by attacking in the Press and periodicals Tagore's alleged "obscurity" and "immorality"; he (Tagore) ignores the attack; later, at the request of Sniles Majumdar (then Editor, *Bangadarshan*), he gives his opinion on D. L. Roy's criticisms; publishes a play, entitled



—As President of the first session of the 'Bangiya Sahitya Sammilan'—Bengali Literary Conference held in 1907

Prayashchitta ('Atonement') in which he inculcates the philosophy of *Satyagraha* in the characterisation of 'Dhyananjoy Bairagi'; stages the play at Santiniketan with himself in the leading role; occupies himself at Shelidah mainly with the songs of *Gitanjali*; comes to Calcutta (November, 1909) to receive his son, Rathindranath, returned from America after three years, takes Rathindranath with him on a boat-tour through his North-Bengal *Zemindari*; returns to Calcutta and reads a paper, *Tapoban* ('The Hermitage') at the

Overtoun Hall; delivers his famous sermon, *Viswabodh* on the anniversary of the Brahmo Samaj (11th Magh, 1316 B.E.); marries his son, Rathindranath, three days later, to Pratima Devi, a widowed girl connected with the Tagores and dedicates the novel *Gora* to him (January, 1910); publishes the allegorical play *Raja* (December, 1910); attends and speaks at a Literary Conference at Bhagalpore; the first English translation of one of his short stories (*Hungry Stones*) by Pannakal Bose (later, Judge, Bhawal case) published in the *Modern Review*, Feb., 1940; at the request of Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, the first English translations of two of his poems by Mr. Loken Palit, I.C.S., are published in the *Modern Review* for May and September, 1911—"The Fruitless Cry" and "The Death of a Star".

Fiftieth Birth-Anniversary

FIFTIETH Birth-Anniversary celebrated at Santiniketan with great solemnity (May 7, 1911); on this occasion is staged the Poet's *Raja* ('The King of the Dark Chamber') with himself in the role of 'Thakurda'; reads to friends and admirers assembled at the time the memoirs of his youth; Ajit Chakraverti reads his essay on Rabindranath, one of the first attempts at an interpretative estimate of the Poet; goes to Shelidah and revises his reminiscences, which appear in the *Prabasi* serially as *Jibansmriti* (translated into English in 1917); also writes *Achalayatan*, a prose-play depicting the tyranny of fossilised ortho-



With his newly-wedded son and daughter-in-law: 1910

From left to right: Mira Devi, the youngest daughter; Rathindranath, the eldest son; THE POET; Pratima Devi, the daughter-in-law; Bela Devi, the eldest daughter.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

doxy eternally hampering human progress; the play, when published in the *Prabasi*, provokes violent opposition from traditionalists; returning to Calcutta after the rains, reads a paper on *Dharma-uttha* (Meaning of Religion) at the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj Hall, in reply to the critics of his *Uchhalaya-lan*; reads another paper warmly supporting the proposed Hindu University at a meeting organised by Chaitanya Library at the Ripon College Hall with Ashutosh Chaudhuri in the chair; Ananda Coomaraswamy comes on a visit to Santiniketan and in collaboration with Ajit Chakraverti translates into English some poems of Tagore, writes *Dak-tihar* ('Post-Office'), "a three-act play of poignance and pathos"; various prose writings are published in *Tatvabodhani Patrika* (of which he was then Editor), the *Prabasi*, and the *Bharati*; in December composes, at the request of Asutosh Chaudhuri, for the twenty-sixth session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta, his famous national song, *Jana-gana-mana-sadhinayaka*, later sung at the annual Maghotsava festival at the Jora-ankahouse.

1912-1918

AGE 51-57

The Country's Homage

AT the Town Hall, in Calcutta, on January 28, 1912, a great public meeting is held under the auspices of the *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad* (Academy of Bengali Letters) at which the Poet is presented, on his completing the fiftieth year of his life, with a remarkable address written and read by Ramendra Simdar Trivedi acknowledging in glowing words his great and unique contribution to every department of Bengali literature;* the *Parishad* also starts a special fund in his name for the promotion of original research work in

* It was an unparalleled ovation, the first time that such an honour has been done to a literary man in India. The meeting in the Town Hall was the most representative, crowded and enthusiastic of gatherings that have ever filled that historic hall. From childhood to old age, all ages and both sexes, were represented there. Representatives of culture and high birth and wealth met there... high spirituality was there, science and industry were there, philosophy and forensic ability, poetry and the ancient learning of the land were there; literature had her many votaries there, the goddesses of music and painting had sent there some

Bengali; reads at the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj Prayer Hall a paper on *Atma-parichaya* (Self-introduction) in which he maintains that Brahmos are but Hindus and deprecates the separatist conceit which keeps the two communities apart; is vigorously criticised by the *Tatvakaumudi* (the organ of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj); delivers a lecture at the Overton Hall on *Bharatbarsha-Itihasa* (The Main Currents of Indian History) maintaining that the great mission of *Bharatbarsha* was to unite all the conflicting elements gathered in this ancient land and create a rare synthesis to her glory and the benefit of mankind; the Government of East Bengal and Assam issues confidential circulars that the institution of Santiniketan was "altogether unsuitable for

of her foremost worshippers. Nor was statesmanship left unrepresented... and there mustered strong in their thousands, the youth of Bengal, her rising hope, with enthusiasm writ large on their shining foreheads." (*The Modern Review*, March, 1912).

the education of the sons of Government servants"; is mortified at mat-guardians and parents removing the wards from Santiniketan, where at that time arrives Myron H. Phelps, an American lawyer, who publishes a glowing account of the human value of the teaching afforded at this institution, decides to go to Europe to acquaint the world at large with his educational institution and also to study the co-operative system in Denmark receives at about the same time a request from his friends, Bhui Promoth Lall Sen and Brajendra Nath Seal, to go to England to go there and meet some of the leading English intellectuals; suddenly falls ill on the night before his departure (March, 1912) and has to postpone his visit, his luggage going as far as Madras; goes to Shelidah and convalesces there translating into English some of his songs and poems; is advised to undertake a journey to Europe to recoup his health; sails with his son, Rathindranath, and daughter-in-law, Pratima Devi, from Bombay on the 27th May, 1912, on his third visit to Europe; translates more of his poems on board the boat.

When "*Gitanjali* (Song-offerings) was published in England

From a photo
taken in Calcutta
in January, 1913

Courtesy: D. N. Maitra

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Europe and "Gitanjali"

ARRIVES in London on June 16, 1912; puts up in a hotel from where he gets into touch with William Rothenstein, the celebrated English painter, who had met the Poet at

Abanindranath Tagore's house on a visit to India some years ago; receives warm welcome from Rothenstein to whom he shows the English translations of his poems. Rothenstein, deeply impressed, has copies typed and sends them to Yeats, Stopford

Brooke and Bradley, all of whom are enthusiastic in their praise of the poems; Rothenstein arranges a reading at his house, where before Max Sinclair, Evelyn Underhill, Ernest Rhys, Fox-Strangways, Charles Trevelyan, Ezra Pound, Alice Meynell,

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN LONDON IN 1912-13

[From "MEN AND MEMORIES: RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN", 1900-1922]

It happened, in "The Modern Review", upon a translation of a story signed Rabindranath Tagore, which charmed me; I wrote to Jorasanko—were other such stories to be had? Sometime afterwards came an exercise book containing translations of poems by Rabindranath, made by Ajit Chakravarty, a schoolmaster on the staff at Bolpur. The poems, of a highly mystical character, struck me as being still more remarkable than the story, though but rough translations. Meanwhile I met one of the Kooch Behar family, Promotto Loll Sen, a saintly man, and a Brahmo of course. He brought to our house Dr. Brajendranath Seal, then on a visit to London, a philosopher with a brilliant mind and a child-like character. They both wrote to Tagore, urging him to come to London; he would meet, they said, at our house and elsewhere, men after his heart. Then news came that Rabindranath was on his way. I eagerly awaited his visit. At last he arrived, accompanied by two friends, and by his son. As he entered the room he handed me a notebook in which, since I wished to know more of his poetry, he had made some translations during his passage from India. He begged that I would accept them.

That evening I read the poems. Here was poetry of a new order which seemed to me on a level with that of the great mystics. Andrew Bradley, to whom I showed them, agreed: 'It looks as though we have at last a great poet among us again,' he wrote.

I sent words to Yeats, who failed to reply; but when I wrote again he asked me to send him the poems, and when he had read them his enthusiasm equalled mine. He came to London and went carefully through the poems, making here and there a suggestion, but leaving the original little changed.

For a long time Yeats was occupied with Tagore: 'I have been writing lyric poetry in Normandy. I wish I could have got down to you for I find Tagore and you are a great inspiration in my own art. Thank you for asking me,' he said in a letter.

Tagore's dignity and handsome presence, the ease of his manners and his quiet wisdom made a marked impression on all who met him. One of the first persons whom Tagore wanted to know was Stopford Brooke; for Tagore, being a prominent member of the Brahmo Samaj, which was closely allied to Unitarianism, had heard much of him and of Estlin Carpenter. Stopford Brooke asked me to bring Tagore to Manchester Square; 'but tell him',

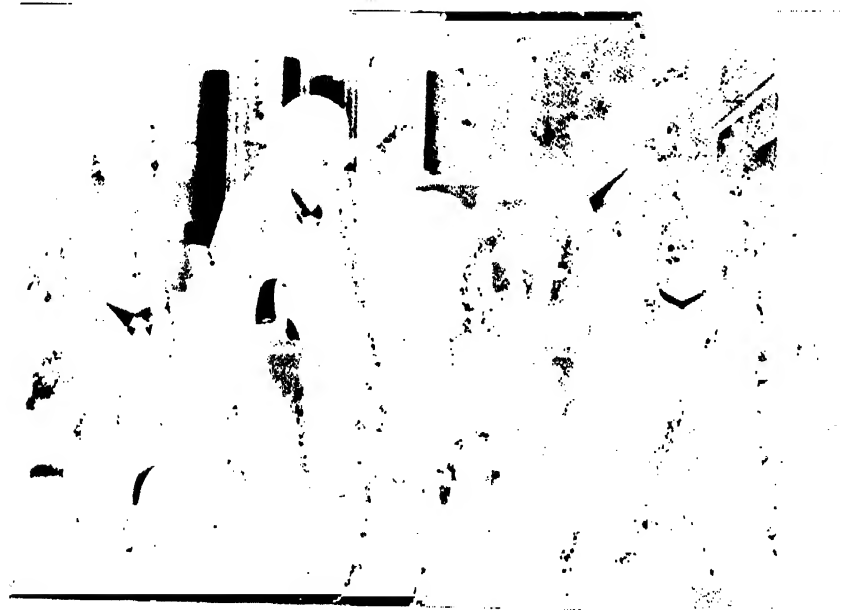
he said, 'that I am not a spiritual man'. I think the dear old man, with his love of beautiful surroundings and of the good things of life, was a little nervous of Tagore's purity and asceticism, as it appeared to him; and when we sat down at the Brookes' generous table, though the talk might be of angels, Stopford must be true to himself. 'You and I', he said to my wife, 'are going to drink champagne.' But how could any one not love Stopford Brooke, with his delight in nature's sumptuousness?

Of course, the two men became great friends. Now Tagore wanted to meet Hudson, for he had read *Green Mansions*; it was his favourite modern book, he said; and then to the Temple, to a party at the Woods's—for Woods was now Master of the Temple, where Margaret Woods, with her gracious presence and lovely mind, was a centre of attraction.

The young poets came to sit at Tagore's feet; Ezra Pound the most assiduously. Among others whom Tagore met were Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, Andrew Bradley, Masfield, J. L. Hammond, Ernest Rhys, Fox-Strangways, Sturge Moore, and Robert Bridges. Tagore, for his part, was struck by the breadth of view and the rapidity of thought that he found among his new friends. 'Those who know the English only in India, do not know Englishmen,' he said

George Calderon dramatised one of his stories, *The Maharani of Arakan*; the play was acted at the Albert Hall Theatre when it fell to me to introduce Tagore to his first English audience. Meanwhile Tagore was translating some of his own plays, one of which, *The Post Office*, was acted later in Dublin; a beautiful edition of this play was printed by Miss Yeats at the Cuala Press. I most admired *Chitra*, and next to this *The King of the Dark Chamber*, which he read one evening to a number of friends at our Hampstead house. We asked George Moore, among others, to hear Tagore. Moore was curious, but, except for A.E., suspicious of idealists.

I don't think Moore and Tagore ever met; I could not readily imagine them together; nor could Shaw come to hear the play read. But they did meet, though I was away when the Shaws came to dinner. My wife told me that Shaw was rather outrageous, while his wife was all admiration—'Old bluebeard', said Shaw to mine while he was leaving, 'how many wives has he got, I wonder!' Nearly 20 years later, at a reception given to Tagore by Evelyn Wrench and Yeats-Brown, the two met again, now white headed and white bearded, and sat and talked together, two noble-looking elders.

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At the house of William Rothenstein in London in 1912

Seated (from left to right) : The late Somendra Dey-Varma of Tipperah, The Poet, his son Rabindranath. Standing from left to right : Dr. D. N. Maitra, William Rothenstein with his son.

Courtesy: D. N. Maitra

Henry Nevinston and others, William Butler Yeats reads the poems, which create a profound impression; here, for the first time, the Poet meets Charles Andrews, then a missionary attached to Cambridge Brotherhood and working as a Professor at St. Stephens College, Delhi.

Attends an "At Home" arranged in his honour by the "Union of East & West Club", on July 19, at the Trocadero Hotel, the authorities of the celebrated English weekly, *The Nation*, give a big party with a view to introducing the Poet to the leading English intellectuals of the day, leaves London to stay amidst pure English rural surroundings and goes to Butterton in Staffordshire as the guest of a son of General Outram of the Sepoy Mutiny fame; returning from Staffordshire goes to another English village, Chalford in Gloucestershire; returning to London, meets Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Stopford Brooke, John Maschfield, Lowes Dickinson, Bertrand Russell, John Galsworthy, Robert Bridges, Sturge Moore and others; K. C. Sen translates into English the drama *Raja* ("The King of the Dark Chamber"), while Debabrata Mukherji translates his *Dakghar* ("Post-Office") both revised by the Poet; in September purchases from Col. N. P. Sinha (Lord Sinha's brother) an old *milkuthi* (indigo-planter's bungalow) with extensive grounds at Surul, a village lying three miles from Santiniketan (the present seat of the Rural Reconstruction Centre of Visva-Bharati).



W. B. Yeats, who wrote the Introduction to "Gitanjali"

Courtesy: D. N. Maitra

Writes William Rothenstein in his *Recollections*

Yeats generously offered to write an introduction; he had previously gone carefully through the translations, respecting Tagore's expressive English too much to do more than make slight changes here and there. Indeed, Yeats was as keen over the issue of the book of poems as he would have been over a selection of his own lovely verses. He wrote to me :

September 7, 1912

My dear Rothenstein,

... I sent the text and book to Tagore yesterday, and I expect my essay [Introduction to *Gitanjali*] back from my typist on Monday. I think I had better send it to you. You will, I think, find it emphatic enough. If you like it you can say so when you send it on to Tagore. In the first little chapter I have given what Indians have said to me about Tagore—their praise of him and their description of his life. What I am anxious about—some fact may be given wrongly, and yet, I don't want anything crossed out by Tagore's modesty.

I think it might be well if somebody compiled a sort of "Who's Who" paragraph on Tagore, and put after the Introduction a string of dates, saying when he was born, when his chief works were published. My essay is an impression. I give no facts except those in the quoted conversation.

Yours,

W. B. Yeats

ceeds to Urbana (Illinois); speaks from Unitarian chapels at several places on metaphysical topics; on November 1, 1912, the India Society of London publishes a limited edition (750 copies only) of *Gitanjali* (Song-Offerings) containing English translations of 103 poems principally from his three Bengali works—*Naivedya*, *Kheya* and *Gitanjali*—with an introduction by Yeats and a pencil-sketch by Rothenstein as frontispiece*; the book immediately takes the English literary public by storm and is acknowledged as the greatest literary event of the day; leaves Urbana in January 1913 for Chicago where he stays as the guest of Mrs. Vaughn Mody and lectures on "Ideals of Ancient Civilisation of India" at the University; speaks also on "The Problem of Evil" at the Unitarian Hall, Chicago; goes to Rochester to attend the Congress of Races and meets there the great German philosopher Rudolph Eucken, who warmly greets him, having become an ardent admirer on reading "Song-Offerings"; reads his famous address on "Race Conflict" at the Congress of Races on January 30; goes to Boston and addresses a distinguished meeting of intellectuals there; returns to Urbana on March 10, via New York and Chicago, delivers a course of lectures at Harvard University, which are later published as *Sadhana*; MacMillan publishes a popular edition of *Gitanjali* followed by *Gardener* and *Crescent Moon*; the India Society brings out his translation of *Chitrangada* in English as "Chitra".†

IN INDIA, on May 26, at Viceregal Lodge, Simla, Rev. C. F. Andrews reads, at a meeting presided over by the Viceroy Lord Hardinge, a paper on the life and poetry of Tagore, —

* Ezra Pound's "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse" published from Chicago had the honour of being the first *occidental* publication to print Tagore's poems in English. His six *Gitanjali* poems appeared in *Poetry* for December, 1912.

† "On one occasion in London, after the reading of the Poet's play *Chitra*, Mr. Montagu, the under-Secretary of State for India, described how, when riding through an Indian forest at night, he came upon a clearing where two or three men sat round a fire. Not being certain of his road, he was glad to dismount and rest his tired horse. Shortly after he had joined the group, a poor-looking ill-clothed lad came out of the forest and sat down also at the fire. First one of the men sang a song and then another. The boy's turn came, and he sang a song more beautiful in words and music than the rest. When asked who had made the song he said that he did not know; "they were singing these songs everywhere". A while after, Mr. Montagu heard the words and music again, this time in a very different place, and when he asked for the name of the maker of the song, he heard for the first time the name of Rabindranath Tagore."—Ernest Rhys in his biography of *Rabindranath Tagore* (London: 1916), p. 4.

First Visit to America

SAILS for America (accompanied by Dr. D. N. Maitra) and reaches New York on October 27, 1912; pro-

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His Excellency in his presidential remarks describing Rabindranath as "The Poet Laureate of Asia; returns from America to England in June, 1913; repeats his American lectures at the Caxton Hall, London, on Indian religion and philosophy, deploring, *inter alia*, the "retrospective and ethnological interest" taken by Western scholars in the great religious scriptures of India*; goes to the Duchess Nursing Home for a surgical operation for a malady which Homeopathy had failed to cure; boards the "City of Lahore" on September 4, to return home; shortly before departure learns for the first time about the devastating floods in Bengal (Burdwan) and speaks strongly in protest against the English news agencies failing to send out or English newspapers to record such news of vital importance to India; arrives in Bombay on October 4, 1913 and reaches Calcutta on October 6.

Nobel Prize and World Fame

ON NOVEMBER 13, 1913 comes to India the news that the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to the Poet for his *Gitanjali*, which was acclaimed by the Swedish Academy† as the greatest piece of idealistic work in Literature for the year; great rejoicings take place all over the country; a large number of people of all classes go from Calcutta to Santiniketan in a special train, on November 23, to congratulate the Poet, who, however, replies with some asperity accusing most of them who had come having waited to recognise him till the West had acknowledged his poetry in this striking manner; is severely criticised for this "inhospitable reply" but is supported by Bipin Chandra Pal, who, in an article in his *Hindu Review*, said: "No man of Rabindranath's position and sensibilities could have been

less bitter under similar circumstances", and "the rebuke of his reply was neither undeserved nor undignified." Ramsay Macdonald—then in India as a member of the Public Services Commission—visits Santiniketan and afterwards writes an article on it (*The Daily Chronicle*, January 14, 1914), the honorary degree of "D.Litt." is conferred on him by the University of Calcutta, on December 26, 1913, at a special convocation held at Government House, Calcutta, in which similar honours were also conferred upon Prof. Paul Vinogradoff, Hermann Jacobi, Sylvain Levi and other savants of Europe who had come to India at the invitation of the University;‡ at a

*Mr. Pal further wrote:

"He plainly told the deputation of the evident unrecidity of the demonstration they had got up in his honour. He knew that only a small percentage of those who formed that motley assembly had cared to read his works or had studied to understand his message. He must have seen before him others who had hitherto refused to give him their literary allegiance. And he asked them bluntly: 'What brings you gentlemen, here today? You, whom I had failed to please so long, what have I done, pray, now to please you so mightily? It is not my worth, but the recognition of the foreigner, that has evidently worked up this sudden outburst of appreciation. I thank you for your generosity; but excuse me please, if I refuse to get drunk with you over this gilded cup of foreign wine.' And Rabindranath would not have been what he is if he had failed to administer this salutary rebuke to those who evidently looked up still to European appraisers for the determination of the intellectual or moral values of their national efforts and achievements."

In this connection the Poet wrote from Santiniketan to William Rothenstein under date November 18, 1913:

"The very first moment I received the message of the great honour conferred on me by the award of the Nobel prize my heart turned towards you with love and gratitude. I felt certain that of all my friends none would be more glad at this news than you. Honour's crown or honour is to know that it will rejoice the hearts of those whom we hold the most dear. But, all the same, it is a very great trial for me. The perfect whirlwind of public excitement it has given rise to is frightful. It is almost as bad as tying a tin can at a dog's tail making it impossible for him to move without creating noise and collecting crowds all along. I am being smothered with telegrams and letters for the last few days and the people who never had any friendly feelings towards me nor ever read a line of my works are loudest in their protestations of joy. I cannot tell you how tired I am of all this shouting, the stupendous amount of its unreality being something appalling. Really these people honour the honour in me and not myself."

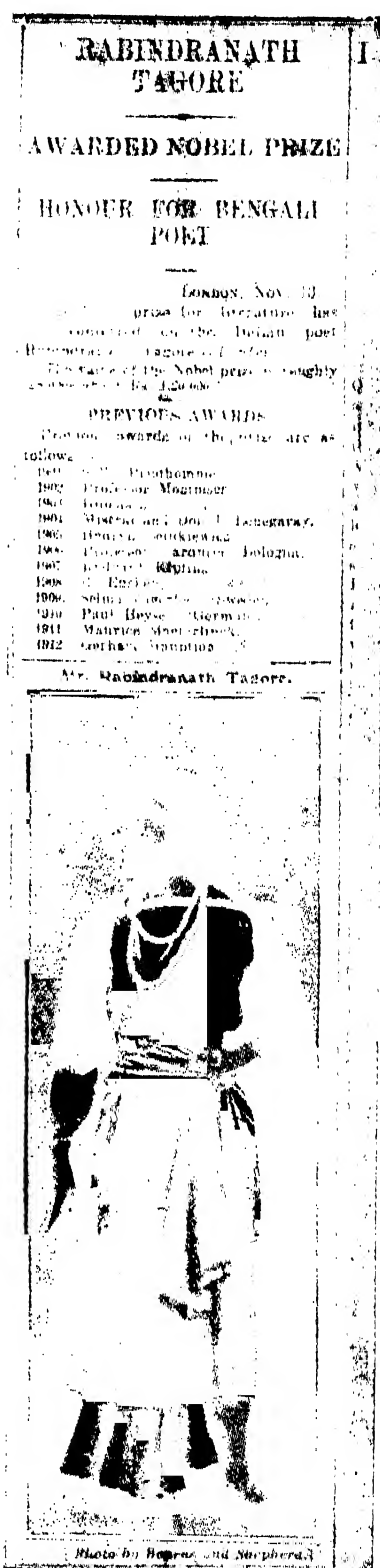
*About these lectures in London, Ernest Rhys writes in his biography of the Poet:—

"They had a profound effect on their hearers. Rabindranath Tagore has that unexplainable grace as a speaker which holds an audience without effort, and his voice has curiously impressive, penetrative tones in it when he exerts it at moments of eloquence. Something foreign and precise in the turn of an occasional word there may be; and there are certain high vibrant notes which you never hear from an English speaker. But differences, when, for instance, he spoke of "Ravana's city where we live in exile" or of Brahma, or when he paraphrased a text of the *Upanishads*, only helped to remind us in the Westminster Lectures that he was a speaker who was a new conductor of the old wisdom of the East, and who, by some art of his own, had turned a London hall into a place where the sensation, the hubbub and actuality of the Western world were put under a spell."

† Ernest Rhys in his *Biography of Rabindranath Tagore* says that "a distinguished Swedish Orientalist had read the poems in Bengali before they appeared in English".

‡ Though the honorary degree was conferred upon the Poet after the award of the Nobel Prize, the proposal had actually been made and accepted by the Senate sometime before the announcement of the Prize.

special reception at Government House His Excellency Lord Carmichael



Facsimile of the announcement in a Calcutta newspaper of the award of the Nobel Prize to Rabindranath (From "The Statesman"; Nov. 15, 1913).

In presenting the Poet to the Chancellor, Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, the Vice-Chancellor Sir Asutosh Mukherjee said:—

"In Rabindranath Tagore, we have our national poet, who, to our pride and satisfaction, is at the present moment not only the most prominent figure in the field of Bengali literature, but also occupies a place in the foremost rank amongst the living poets of the world. This is not an occasion on which I could undertake a critical estimate of his voluminous work as a lyrical poet, dramatist and a prose-writer, but one

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formally hands over the Nobel Prize Diploma and Medal to the Poet.

THE house at Surul having now been fitted up with laboratory equipment for scientific research, a formal "house-warming" takes place on the first day of the Bengali Era 1321 (April, 1914); Charles Andrews and William Pearson return from South Africa to Santiniketan where they had gone together "to fight", in the words of the Poet, "our cause with Mr. Gandhi and others"; Nandalal Bose, the famous artist, pays a visit to Santiniketan and is accorded a reception by the Poet; the drama, *Achalayatan*, is staged at Santiniketan, the Poet himself appearing in the leading role with Pearson, who spoke Bengali beautifully; writes a foreword to a Bengali book, *Basantapayan*, written by Mrs. Surajubala Das Gupta (daughter of Dr. Brajendranath Seal) in memory of her husband, Basanta Das (a brother of C. R. Das).

"Sabuj-patra" and Santiniketan

PRAMATHA CHAUDHURI ("Birbal"), lawyer and man of letters, starts (May 8, 1914) the *Sabuj-patra* (Green leaves) a Bengali periodical; the Poet contributes every month poems, essays, stories to this new journal, which emphasises the characteristic Indian values, satirizes conventionality, hollow snobbery and hazy romanticism; goes to spend the summer at Ramgarh Hills in the district of Almora; composes poems in obvious distress of mind filled with dark forebodings of an uncertain approach of pillage and destruction; on return to Santiniketan, receives a foreign visitor, an Arab poet, named Bustanee, who had translated Tagore's

may, without fear of contradiction, venture upon the statement that the finest products of his imagination are characterized by an element of beauty, patriotism and spirituality, which is of the perennial value and independent of local and racial accidents and which will appeal cultured minds qualified to appreciate the highest flights of poetic thought and manifestations of spiritual beauty. Apart, however, from the pre-eminence of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore as a poet, we must not overlook the true significance of the world-wide recognition now accorded for the first time to the writings of an author who has embodied the best products of his genius in an Indian vernacular; this recognition, indeed, has been preceded by a remarkable revolution in what used to be not long ago the current estimate, in academic circles, of the true position of the vernaculars as a subject of study by the students of our University."

In conferring the degree, the Chancellor, Lord Hardinge said:—

"Upon the modest brow of the last of these the Nobel Prize has but lately set the laurels of a world-wide recognition, and I can only hope that the retiring disposition of our Bengali Poet will forgive us for thus dragging him into publicity once more and recognise with due recognition that he must endure the penalties of greatness."



The Nobel Prize Deputation to Santiniketan on November 23, 1913
Left to right: Rev. Gordon Milburn, THE POET, the late Sir Asutosh Chaudhuri.

THE POET'S REPLY TO THE NOBEL PRIZE DEPUTATION

The text of the speech is given below:—

আজ অমরকে সমস্ত দেশের নামে আপনারা যে সম্মান দিতে পোনে উপস্থিত হয়েছেন তা অসম্বল্যে সম্পূর্ণ ভাবে গ্রহণ করি এমন সাধা অমর নেই।.....

গীতা জনসাধারণের নেতা, গীতা কল্যাণের মঙ্গলসাধনের সম্মান প্রদেয় প্রাণাৎ এবং জন-পরিচালনার কাজে সেই সম্মানের প্রদেয় প্রাণাৎ জনও আছে। গীতা লক্ষ্যের উদ্ধার করবার জন্যে পিতার মতন দণ্ডদণ্ডপ হার মন্ডার পক্ষের মত জনসম্মত মনে করেন, জনসম্মত উদ্ধারিত হয়ে উঠে পিতার লক্ষ্যকে সম্মানিত বাহু অভিযুক্ত করবে, এইটাই সত্য, এইটাই প্রত্যয়িক।

কিন্তু কবির সে ভাণ্ডা নয়। মনুষ্যের জন্যে ক্ষেত্রের কাক এবং সেই জনদের ক্ষতি-ভীতির করিবার সাধনতা। কিন্তু এই জনদের নিয়ম বিচার—সেখানে কোথাও মেঘ, কোথাও রৌদ্র। অতএব প্রাণের ক্ষমতাই যখন কবির দাবী তখন কেবল তাঁর বলা চলে না যে নিমিত্ত-শেষে সবার ধারেরই প্রাণি হিনি লাভ পাবেন। গীতা যাত্রার প্রমাণ প্রদান করেন তাঁরা সমস্ত গাজীদেউ উকমরূপে গ্রহণ করতে পারেন; আর মাতা পিতার হার মন্ডার উপর, তাঁদের অধিকার কেবলমাত্র শাশুর প্রাণ ও পল্লবের অন্তরাল থেকে ছুটি চাবি করে ফল চয়ন করা।

কবি বিশ্বাসের কারো কেউ না আনন্দ পান, কেউ না মনস্কীন পাবেন, কারো বা কানে আসতে লাগে এবং তাঁরা অস্বস্তি মেনে। আমার কাণে সম্বন্ধে এই অভাবের নিয়মের কেনও ব্যতিক্রম হয়নি। একথা আমার এবং আপনাদের জন্যে আছে। দেশের লোকের হাত থেকে যে অপব্যয় ও অপমান আমার ভাগ্যে পৌছোছে তার পরিমাণ নিত্যন্ত কম হয়নি এবং এত কল আমি ও নিশ্চয় বহন করে এসেছি। এমন সময় কি হজ্ঞ যে বিদেশ হতে আমি সম্মান লাভ বরলুম? পেনো পূর্ণা আম নিজেই ভাল করে উল্লিখিত করিতে পারি। আমি সমস্তের পক্ষ হয়ে বসে যাকে পূজা অর্পিত দিচ্ছিলাম তিনিই সমস্তের পশ্চিম তীরে সেই অর্থ গ্রহণ করবার জন্যে যে তাঁর দক্ষিণ হস্ত প্রসারিত করেছিলেন সে-কা আমি জানতুম না। তাঁর এই প্রদান আমি লাভ করেছি—এই আমার বড় লাভ।

যাই হোক, যে কারণেই হোক, আজ যুরোপ আমাকে সম্মানের বরমালা দান করেছেন। তার যদি কোন মূল্য থাকে তবে সে কেবল দেশজাতীয় গৌরবের রতন বের মাথায় আছে। আমাদের দেশের সমস্ত তার কোনো আত্মিক সম্বন্ধ নেই। মোরেল পাঠকের দ্বারা কোনো রচনার গুণ তার গুণি করতে পারে না।

অতএব আজ যখন সমস্ত দেশের জনসাধারণের প্রতিনিধিরা আপনারা আমাকে সম্মান উপহার দিতে প্রস্তুত হয়েছেন তখন সে সম্মান কেন করে আমি নির্ভরতা পে গ্রহণ করব? এ সম্মান আমি কখনই বা রক্ষা করব? আমার আজকের এদিন ও চিরদিন থাকবে না আমার ভাট্টার বেলা আসবে তখন পরবর্তী সমস্ত দৈন্য আমার ও ধাপে ধাপে প্রকাশ হতে থাকবে।

তাই আমি আপনাদের কাছে কবজোড়ে জানাচ্ছি, যা সত্য তা কখনই হলেও আমি মা য করে নেব, কিন্তু যা সাময়িক ভেদজনক মায়, তা আমি স্বীকার করে নিতে অক্ষম। কোনো কোনো দেশে বন্ধুত্ব অস্থিগতের দ্বারা দিয়ে অভ্যর্থনা করা হয়। আজ আপনারা আদর করে সম্মানের যে সুরাপাত আমার সম্মুখে ধরেছেন তা আমি ওঠের কাছে পদ স্তম্ভ থেকে, কিন্তু এ মদিরা আমি অথুরে গ্রহণ করতে পারব না। এর মতন কে কে আমার চিরকে আমি দূরে রাখতে চাই। অমরা রচনার দ্বারা আপনাদের মনের কাছে কে কে আমি প্রতিবাদ করেছি তাঁরা আমাকে অনেক দিন পূর্বেই দলিত খন পরিত্যক্ত করেছেন, কিন্তু সাধারণের কাছে কে কে নতুন সম্মানলাভের কোন যোগ্যতা আমি নতুন রূপে প্রকাশ করেছি একথা বলা অনঙ্গ হইবে।

যিনি প্রসন্ন হলে অসম্মানের প্রত্যেক কাটাটি ফল হয়ে ফোটে প্রত্যেক পক্ষপাতের চন্দনপত্র পরিণত হয় এবং সমস্ত কালিমা জোতাখান হয়ে ওঠে। যদি কাছে আজ আমি এই প্রার্থনা জানাচ্ছি—তিনি এই আকস্মিক সম্মানের প্রবল অভিযুক্ত থেকে তাঁর হুমচান বাহুবল্লভের দ্বারা আমাকে নিভৃতে রক্ষা করুন।

—Sanjivani (Calcutta) : Nov. 28, 1913



On the occasion of a Dinner given by the now defunct Orient Club, Calcutta, to Rabindranath Tagore in December, 1913, after the award of the Nobel Prize of the Poet.

First Row (sitting on the floor from left to right) : —The late Mr. Sen, Mr. S. K. Basu, the late Dr. Mugendra Lal Mitter, the late Mr. Noyan Chatterjee, the late Mr. P. K. Ray Chaudhuri (standing) : Kumar C. D. Ghosal of Bhukailash, the late Mr. William Graham.

Second Row (sitting on chairs from left to right) : —Sir Akbar Rahim, the late Mr. E. Chakravarti, RAJENDRANATH TAGORE, the late Maharaja Jagadindira Nath Roy of Natore, the late Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who was then in Calcutta as a member of the Royal Commission on Public Services in India.

Third Row (standing from left to right) : —the late Mr. A. K. Ghosh, Mr. Ajoy Kumar, Mr. A. C. Sen, Mr. P. K. Sen, Mr. Asoke Dutt, Mr. St. John Stephen, the late Mr. J. M. Sen-Gupta, the late Mr. Basundia N. G. Mr. Sumanta Sen, Mr. Anis Yasoff, Maharaja Saikanta Acharya of Mynensingh.

Fourth Row (standing from left to right) : —Mr. G. C. Barnes, Second figure, Mr. N. Gupta, third figure, last figure.



1914

From a Photo taken
in Calcutta

Courtesy : Mrs. Ajit Chakraverti

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

poems into Arabic from the English text of "Song-Offerings", "Crescent Moon", etc.; his poems are now being translated into all the principal European languages—his fame spreading all over the world; contributes to *Sabuj-patra*, *Strir patra* (Letter from a Wife), a short story in which rings the conflict then gradually awakening Indian womanhood to the tragedy of their position; it creates a furor and Bipin Chandra Pal caricatures the story by writing in the *Narayan* (a paper started by C. R. Das) *Mrinaler patra* (Letter from Mrinal); the *Narayan* criticises Tagore for lacking in realism and indulging in exotic writings which had no root in the soil; the Poet replies in the *Sabuj-patra* with two essays, *Basrab* and *Lokahila*, deploring, in the latter essay, the tendency on the part of those engaged in social service to patronise the common people while dealing with the problem of poverty and social uplift.

The War Begins

ON the declaration of the War in Europe, the Poet delivers a remarkable sermon at Santiniketan (August 5, 1914) following it up with an essay, *Ma ma himsi* (Thou Shalt not Hate); comes to Calcutta and reads an address of felicitations on the occasion of Ramendra Sundar Trivedi's fiftieth birthday celebration; returning to Santiniketan, goes to stay in Surul where he composes, in 46 days, 108 songs (*Ghali*) and teaches them all to his grand-nephew, Dinendranath Tagore, who was the "custodian and storehouse" of his musical compositions; also writes some of the poems published in the *Sabuj-patra* and later collected in *Balaka* and two short stories, *Bhat Phonta* and *Shesher Ratri*, the last being later translated by himself and published in English as "Mashi"; goes on a visit, during the Puja holidays, to Bodhi Gaya and Allahabad; goes up for a few days to Darjeeling; returns to Santiniketan but leaves again for Agra and goes to Allahabad; composes at Allahabad his famous poem "Shah Jahan" (*Balaka*).

First Meeting with Gandhiji

THE students and staff of the Phoenix School (started by Gandhiji in the Transvaal) come to Santiniketan (in response to the Poet's invitation, previously sent, at the instance of Andrews); influenced by these new arrivals, the students of Santiniketan resolve to help the suffering jute cultivators in East Bengal by giving up using sugar and flour with meals and thus saving money for the purpose; the Poet, however, disapproves of this and writes: "the best form of self-sacrifice which they could undertake was doing some hard work to earn money"; delivers in Calcutta February 13, 1915) a remarkable address at

the inauguration of *Bangiya Nilasadhan Mandali* (Bengal Social Service League founded by Dr. D. N. Maitra); returns to Santiniketan on the 22nd February, narrowly missing Gandhiji and Mrs. Gandhi, who had come, early in February, straight from Bombay after his visit to England, to see the Phoenix School lads but was hastily called away to Poona on Gopal Krishna Gokhale's death; staying at Surul, writes *Phalguni* and reads the play at Santiniketan on March 4, 1915; (later it is published in the *Sabuj-patra*); welcomes Gandhiji to Santiniketan on March 6; on the 10th March, at Gandhiji's suggestion, an "experiment" is started in training the boys to be self-supporting without the help of cooks, servants and sweepers;* the play *Phalguni* is staged at Santiniketan with the Poet in the role of the blind 'Baul'.

"Phalguni"

RECEIVES Lord Carmichael (Governor of Bengal) at Santiniketan on March 20, 1915; the Phoenix School students and staff leave for Haridwar with Gandhiji, who comes to take them away on March 31; staying again at Surul, composes many new songs and poems; a cycle of four stories published in the *Sabuj-patra* appears in book form under the title of *Chhatrang*; now commences writing a novel *Ghare-baire*, which is serially published in the *Sabuj-patra*; is the recipient of a Knighthood on the King-Emperor's Birthday (3rd June, 1915); Andrews and Pearson go to Fiji Islands to enquire into the grievances of Indian indentured labour; the Poet proceeds to Kashmir with Rathindranath, Pratima Devi and the poet Satyendranath Dutt; composes several of his most well-known poems while at Srinagar; contributes to the Shakespeare Tercentenary Commemorative Volume a remarkable Bengali sonnet, at the request of Shakespeare Society; returning to Calcutta, reads a paper at a public meeting at the Ram Mohan Library on *Siksha bahin* ('Vehicle of Instruction'), urging the adoption of the Bengali as the medium of instruction at the local university; the *Phalguni* is produced at the Jorasanko house in aid of the famine-stricken people at Bankura, the Poet appearing in the dual roles of young 'Kabisekhar' and the blind, old 'Baul' (Jan., 1916); returns to Santiniketan and finishes *Ghare-baire*; *Balaka* published; writes in the *Sabuj-patra* an article entitled *Chhatra-sasan* protesting vehemently against the repression of students after the Oaten episode at the Presidency College,

* The practice was abandoned owing to practical difficulties. The 10th day of March is annually observed, however, at Santiniketan as the 'Gandhi Day', when the staff and students do all the work and the entire menial staff enjoy the day "off".—Ed.

drawing pointed attention to the growing estrangement between Englishmen and Bengalees; his collected poetical works in Bengali are published in ten volumes, by the Indian Press, Allahabad; MacMillan & Co. publish "Fruit Gathering" and "Hungry Stones & Other Stories."

PROCEEDS to Japan, on May 3, 1916 with Andrews, Pearson and Mukul Dey; reaches Rangoon on the 6th and is given a rousing reception; leaving on the 10th, arrives at Singapore on the 15th; reaching Hongkong on the 22nd May is informed by the Captain that under orders from authorities the ship has to cut out Shanghai and proceed straight to Japan as the public had grown impatient at the prospect of seeing him; arrives at Kobe on May 29; is entertained first by the Japanese Press Association and then at a great gathering of Japanese intellectuals, when Count Okuma welcomes him with a speech in Japanese and the Poet replies in Bengali; stays for some time at Hakone as the guest of Hara, the celebrated painter, to whom he dedicates "Stray Birds", later published by Macmillan; criticises the Japanese Imperialist policy against the young Republic of China and speaks, on June 17, at the Tokyo University on "The Message of India to Japan"; and on "The Spirit of Japan" in July at the Keio Gijuku University; falls immediately into official disfavour; receives and rejects an invitation from Vancouver (Canada) as a gesture against that British Dominion's discriminating treatment of Indians.

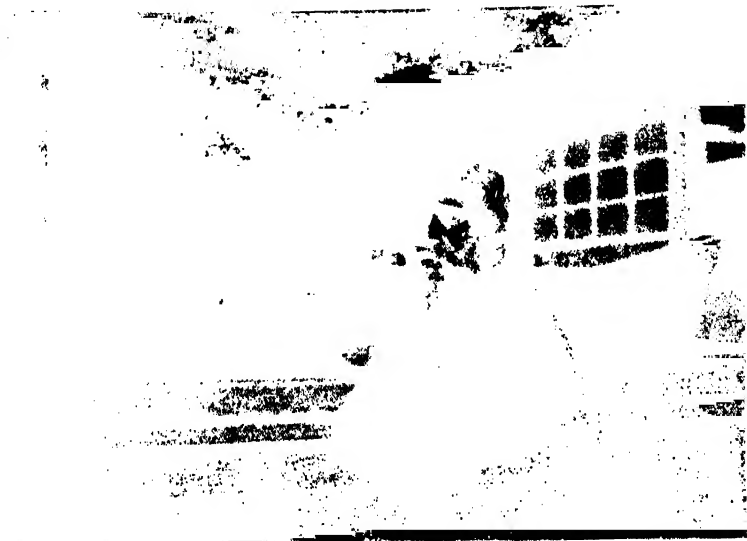
Indictment of Nationalism

LEAVES for America and reaches Seattle (Washington) on September 18, 1916; is met by J. B. Pond of Pond Lyceum, a well-known American lecture bureau, and enters into a contract with him for a lecture tour in the United States; the first public reception in America is given by the ladies of the Seattle Sunset Club; at the hall of this Club the Poet also delivers his first public address (arranged by Pond) on September 28, speaking on "The Cult of Nationalism", condemning the greedy Imperialism of Western nations and also vigorously denouncing British rule in India;* lectures next at Port-

* The Poet said *inter alia*—

"This European way of Nations is the war of retribution. Man, the person, must protest for his very life against the heaping up of things where there should be the heart, and systems and policies where there should glow living human relationship. The time has come when, for the sake of the whole outraged world, Europe should fully know in her own person the terrible absurdity of the thing called the Nation.

"The Nation has thriven long upon mutilated humanity. Men, the fairest creation of God, came out of the National manufactory in huge numbers as war-making and

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

At Hakone as the guest of the famous Japanese artist Hara; June, 1916

land (Oregon) on the 27th, at San Francisco (California) on the 30th, where he pleads for "more of the fundamental idea of brotherhood and less of organisation"; a section of the American Press strongly criticises his speech on Nationalism; is feted by the Japanese of Frisco on October 3, and by the Los Angeles public on October 4; attends a concert by

money-making puppets, ludicrously vain of their painful perfection of mechanism. Human society grew more and more into a marionette show of politicians, soldiers, manufacturers and bureaucrats, pulled by wire arrangements of wonderful dexterity.

"But the apotheosis of selfishness can never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony. And this Nation may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam and office buildings, till its deformity can contain no longer its ugly columnariness, till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and die in gasps, and its death-rattles sound in cannon roars. In this war the death-throes of the Nation have commenced. Suddenly, all its mechanism going mad, it has begun the dance of the Furies, shattering its own limbs, scattering them into the dust. It is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal.

"And we of no nations of the world, whose heads have been bowed to the dust, will know that this dust is more sacred than the bricks which build the pride of power. For this dust is fertile of life, and of beauty and worship. We shall thank God that we were made to wait in silence through the night of despair, had to bear the insult of the proud and the strong man's burden, yet all through it, though our hearts quaked with doubts and fear, never could we blindly believe in the salvation which machinery offered to man, but we held fast to our trust in God and the truth of the human soul. And we can still cherish the hope that, when power becomes ashamed to occupy its throne and is ready to make way for love, when the morning comes for cleansing the blood-stained steps of the Nation along the high road of humanity, we shall be called upon to bring our own vessel of sacred water—the water of worship—to sweeten the history of man into purity, and with sprinkling make the trampled dust of the centuries blessed with fruitfulness."

—Nationalism, pp. 43-46 (1917).

Padlerewski and has a long talk with him; reads at the Columbia Theatre, New York, one of his short stories and gives readings from the English translation of *Raja*; Ramchandra, the Sikh leader of the Indian revolutionaries banded under the "Hindustan Gadr" party, attacks the Poet in a newspaper article on the alleged ground of 'sailing under false colours by retaining the privilege of a British Knighthood and airing anti-British views'; a rumour spreads of a plot against his life by the Hindustan Gadr Party, but the Poet refuses to place himself under police protection as he does not believe in the rumour; Ramchandra later denies, in the *Portland Telegram*, any intention to kill him; though advised by some friends to cut short his lecture tour, the Poet refuses to change his plans and goes to Santa Barbara where he repeats his lecture on Nationalism; then tours lecturing through Pasadena, Salt Lake City, Chicago, Iowa, Milwaukee, Louisville and Detroit where his lecture on "Nationalism" was characterised in the Press as "sickly saccharine mental poison" (*Detroit Journal*, Nov. 14); at the very exclusive Twentieth Century Club at Cleveland he speaks against America's lust for gold; comes to New York where in an interview with the Press (Nov. 18) he denounces Western Nationalism and speaks strongly against America's anti-Asiatic policy; lectures at the Carnegie Hall in New York (Nov. 21), in Philadelphia, and again in New York at the School of Political Education on "The World of Personality"; speaks next at Boston at Mount Holyoak College on "Art", at Taramount Temple, on "Nationalism" where he receives "one of the warmest welcomes ever accorded to a lecturer in Boston" (*Boston Herald*, Dec. 6, 1916); is welcomed by President Hadley at Yale University as a "seeker after light and truth"; returns to New York for a farewell speech, on December 12, at the Amsterdam Theatre, which is packed to capacity; goes to Cleveland again to plant a tree

in Shakespeare Garden; then to Colorado to see the famous springs and returns again to San Francisco where he writes the foreword to Paul Richard's book, "To The Nations" (published by J. B. Pond); leaves for Japan, on January 21, 1917 and halts *en route* at Honolulu for a day; Pearson stays in Japan and the Poet returns to Calcutta, with Mukul Dey, on March 17, 1917.

* * *

The "Vichitra" Club

RETURNING to Calcutta, the Poet has a pleasant surprise in the shape of the *Vichitra* School of Arts and Crafts sponsored and organized in his absence by Gaganendranath Abanindranath and Rathindranath at his Jorasanko-house; finds also another institution, the "Vichitra Club", which soon becomes the meeting place for Bengal's intellectuals and literary people; in the *Sabuj-patra* writes *Bhasar Katha* strongly supporting Pramatha Chaudhuri in his attempt to popularize the literary tongue and to write the Bengali language in the same way as it is spoken; comes to Calcutta for a gala celebration of his birthday by the Vichitra Club; writes short stories (*Tapaswini* and *Paila Number*) for the *Sabuj-patra*; protests strongly against the internment of Mrs. Besant for her political activities; in Calcutta, reads, first at Rammohun Library (Aug. 4, 1917) and then at the Alfred Theatre, his famous political paper *Karlar Ichhayaa Karma* ("As the Master Wills It"), Bhupendranath Basu presiding at the latter place; composes, at the request of Pandit Malaviya, his famous national song *Desha, Desha nandita kari mandrita taba veil*, which is sung for the first time at the meeting at Rammohun Library; reads a paper on *Sangiter mukti* (Redemption of Song); in a letter to a friend in England (which is published by the Indian Press on September 7) he strongly expresses himself on the ruthless repression then practised by the Government of Bengal against political workers by imprisonment and detention without charge or trial, "in a few cases driving them to insanity or suicide"; Lord Ronaldshay, Governor of Bengal, denies the Poet's charges in a speech at the Bengal Legislative Council; to this the Poet replies later in a statement (Jan. 11, 1918), in which he gives a concrete instance of a young student at Santiniketan, who had run away from the school chagrined at his failure at the annual test, being arrested and detained, without charge or trial, under the all-embracing Indian 'DORA'.

* * *

Politics Again

A CONTROVERSY having arisen among Bengal Congressmen as to making Mrs. Besant, then under in-

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

ment, the President of the Indian National Congress session in Calcutta in December, 1917, the Poet warmly supports the cause of Mrs. Besant against the opposition of Surendranath Banerjea and his followers, receives, on September 8, a deputation consisting of Motilal Ghose, C. R. Das, Bipinchandra Pal, B. Chakravarti, Hirendranath Datta, Fazlul Haq, who offer him the Chairmanship of

the Reception Committee of the forthcoming Congress session; is elected on September 11 as Chairman of the Reception Committee in place of Rai Baikunthanath Sen Bahadur, who had been previously elected*; resigns his Chairmanship in favour of Rai Baikunthanath Sen Bahadur when the controversy ends with the acceptance of Mrs. Besant as President by the 'Moderate' Party; attends the Congress meet-

ing on the opening day when he receives a great ovation and reads "India's Prayer" (a poem) immediately after the singing of *Bande Mataram*†; *Dak-Ghar* (Post Office) is staged by the Poet at the Vichitra Club hall, he himself appearing in the role of 'Thakurda', supported by Gaganendranath, Abanindranath, Rathindranath—the performance being witnessed by Gandhiji, Tilak Maharaj, Malaviyaji, Mrs. Be-

Calcutta

Sept. 10, 1917

Dear Mathi Dada

With reference

to our conversation when you and other friends kindly came and saw me on the morning of the 8th instant it should be clearly understood that I am willing to be the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Calcutta Congress only in the

event of the seat being vacant and subject to the sanction of the All India Congress Committee being given to the holding of the Congress in Calcutta and to Mrs Besant being its President. I have do not see my name in any way as a rival candidate standing against the present Chairman, or as leading any party asking counter to the final decision arrived at

by the All India Congress Committee.

Yours Sincerely

Rabindranath Tagore

The letter reproduced above was written by the Poet to Motilal Ghosh (Editor of the "Amrita Bazar Patrika") accepting the Chairmanship of the Reception Committee of the Indian National Congress session in Calcutta in 1917, when there was a great controversy over the election of Annie Besant as President. It is here published for the first time.

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INDIA'S PRAYER

I

Thou hast given us to live
 Let us uphold this honour with all our strength and will;
 For Thy glory rests upon the glory that we are.
 Therefore in Thy name we oppose the power that would plant its banner upon our soul.
 Let us know that Thy light grows dim in the heart that bears its insult of bondage,
 That the life, when it becomes feeble, timidly yields Thy throne to untruth,
 For weakness is the traitor who betrays our soul.
 Let this be our prayer to Thee
 Give us power to resist pleasure where it enslaves us,
 To lift our sorrow up to Thee as the summer holds its mid-day sun,
 Make us strong that our worship may flower in love, and bear fruit in work,
 Make us strong that we may not insult the weak and the fallen,
 That we may hold our love high where all things around us are wooing the dust
 They fight and kill for self-love, giving it Thy name,
 They fight for hunger that thrives on brothers' flesh,
 They fight against Thine anger and die.
 But let us stand firm and suffer with strength
 for the True, for the Good, for the Eternal in man,
 for Thy Kingdom which is in the union of hearts,
 for the Freedom which is of the Soul.

II

Our voyage is begun, Captain, we bow to Thee!
 The storm howls and the waves are wicked and wild, but we sail on.
 The menace of danger waits in the way to yield to Thee its offerings of pain,
 and a voice in the heart of the tempest cries: "Come to conquer fear!"
 Let us not linger to look back for the laggards, or benumb the quickening hours with
 dread and doubt.
 For Thy time is our time and Thy burden is our own
 and life and death are but Thy breath playing upon the eternal sea of Life.
 Let us not wear our hearts away picking small help and taking slow count of friends,
 Let us know more than all else that Thou art with us and we are Thine for ever.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

sant and other prominent Congress leaders; the communal riots in Behar (Sahabad) provokes from his pen the famous political paper on *Chhoto-o-Boro* ("The Great and the Small") meets in Calcutta at his Jorasanko residence, E. S. Montagu, the Secretary of State, who had come out on his "Reform" mission;* returns to Santiniketan and receives Sir Michael Sadler and other members of the Calcutta University Commission; writes a devastating satire on the educational policy of the Government of India (*Totakahini*: "The Parrot's Training"); coming to Calcutta, delivers a lecture on *Chhanda* (rhythm); composes the poems of *Palataka*; his fifty-seventh birthday is celebrated at the Vichitra Club.

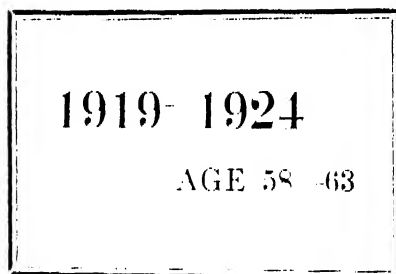
* * *

ON MAY 9, 1918, Gourlay, then Private Secretary to the Governor of Bengal (Lord Ronaldshay), informs Andrews that the Government had received information from San Francisco, that the Poet had been connected with the young Indian revolutionaries undergoing trial there, and that, it was rumoured he had received German money for his American tour in 1916, when he spoke so strongly against British rule in India; the Poet writes an indignant letter to President Wilson, and although assured of generous reception by the American public (through the American Consul at Calcutta) gives up the idea of a foreign tour which he had been contemplating for some time; receives the news of Pearson's arrest and deportation to England, at the instance of the British Government, for alleged anti-British activities in Japan and America; declines an offer of Rs. 50,000 by Tilak for undertaking "a cultural propaganda tour" in Europe and America; on May 16, 1918, his eldest daughter, Bela Devi (Mrs. Sarat Chandra Chakravarti) expires in Calcutta after a protracted illness; returns to Santiniketan on May 28, cancelling at the last minute a trip to Darjeeling and stays there for four months occupying himself mainly with teaching work; leaves in the autumn for a tour in Madras but stops for a few days at Pithapuram

*Of this visit Mr. Montagu writes in his diary ("An Indian Diary") under date December 21, 1917:

"After lunch I went with Gourlay to see the three brothers Tagore and their pictures. Gaganindra has gone in for caricatures à la Max Beerholm. They are all under Japanese influence. Some of their paintings were lovely. One of their pupils, Bose, has done exceptionally brilliant work. They have a beautiful collection of old pictures, too. Rabindra, the poet, has come out a politician because of the horrors of the internees."

with the Maharaja and returns to Calcutta; Ajit Chakraverti dies in Calcutta (Dec., 1918); on the 22nd December, 1918 at Santiniketan the Poet explains his idea about creating an institution which would be a true centre for the different cultures of the East and lays its foundation stone at the site of the present tennis court at Santiniketan; Macmillan & Co. publish "Lover's Gift and Crossing", "Mashi and Other Stories"



OUT on a tour of South India, the Poet arrives at Bangalore (January 10, 1919) from where he goes to Mysore, Ooty, Coimbatore, Palghat, Salem, Trichinopoly, Seringapattam, Kumbakonam, Tanjore, Madras speaking to large and enthusiastic audiences on "The Message of the Forest", "The Folk Religions of India" and "The Centre of Indian Culture"; coming to Madras speaks as Chancellor of the "National University", founded by Mrs. Annie Besant, whose guest he was at Adyar; returns to Calcutta and speaks publicly in this city for the first time in English, to a crowded auditorium at the Empire Theatre, on "Education"; reads next at the Bose Institute "The Message of the Forest."

The Great Gesture

ON the inauguration by Gandhiji of his Satyagraha movement as a protest against the passing of the Rowlatt Act, the Poet writes a letter in which he expresses his apprehension of the movement giving rise to forces beyond control; on April 13 takes place the shooting of unarmed citizens of Amritsar at Jalianwallah Bag; follow Martial Law in the Punjab and attendant atrocities; strict censorship prevents news of official outrages reaching other provinces; the Poet comes to know of these at the end of May; not receiving support from political leaders in his attempt to go to the Punjab, he comes to Calcutta (May 27), where he fails to have convened a public meeting of protest over

which he offers to preside; on May 30, 1919 he writes the "historic letter" to the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, renouncing his Knighthood in order to "give voice to the protest of millions of my countrymen surprised into a dumb anguish of terror";* all this time the Poet is engaged in writing the sketches of *Lipika* (published in 1922); a new Bengali monthly, the *Santiniketan-Patrika*, the organ of the Santiniketan Asram is started under his editorship.

* * *

THE nucleus of the Visva-Bharati is formed, when on July 3, 1919, *Udya-Bharati* is opened for advanced studies in ancient Indian literatures and later in Tibetan and Chinese with Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri at its head; publishes "The Centre of Indian Culture" lectures; composes songs and takes classes at Santiniketan; adapts *Saodatsav* as *Reensodhi*, which is staged at Santiniketan; spends the autumn (Oct.-Nov.) at Shillong; returning to Santiniketan, opens a class for dancing under two instructors brought from Manipur; visits Sylhet (December 6, 1919); Lord Ronaldshay visits Santiniketan (Feb. 1920); adapts *Raja* as *Arupralan*; goes to Gujrat, at Gandhiji's invitation, to attend an anniversary function of the Gujrat Literary Society; spends a day at Gandhiji's Sabarmati Asram; visits Bhavnagar and Limbdi; receives a gift of Rs. 10,000 from the ruler of Limbdi for Santiniketan; goes to Ahmedabad, Bombay, Surat and returns to Calcutta in May, 1920.

* * *

LEAVES Calcutta for Europe on May 11, 1920 with his son and daughter-in-law; sails from Bombay on May 18; on board the boat has often long talks with the Aga Khan (who, quite frequently, reads out to him from Hafiz and discusses Sufism), the

*It is interesting to note that among the Calcutta papers the 'Statesman' published the Poet's letter to the Viceroy without comment, while the 'Englishman' wrote as follows:—

"No one will be more painfully surprised than he himself to find that it will not make a hair's breadth of difference. As it mattered a brass farthing whether Sir Rabindranath Tagore who has probably never been heard of in the wilds of the Punjab, and who, as a writer is certainly not so popular as Colonel Frank Johnson (the administrator of Martial Law in the Punjab), approved of the Government's policy or not. As if it mattered to the reputation, the honour and the security of British rule and justice whether this Bengalee poet remained a Knight or a plain Babu!"

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER TO THE VICEROY

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE informs us that he has sent the following letter to His Excellency the Viceroy:—

Your Excellency,—The enormity of the measures taken by the Government in the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subjects in India. The disproportionate severity of the punishments inflicted upon the unfortunate people and the methods of carrying them out, we are convinced, are without parallel in the history of civilised governments, barring some conspicuous exceptions, recent and remote. Considering that such treatment has been meted out to a population, disarmed and resourceless, by a power which has the most terribly efficient organisation for destruction of human lives, we must strongly assert that it can claim no political expediency, far less moral justification. The accounts of the insults and sufferings undergone by our brothers in the Punjab have trickled through the gagged silence, reaching every corner of India, and the universal agony of indignation roused in the hearts of our people has been ignored by our rulers—possibly congratulating themselves for imparting what they imagine as salutary lessons. This callousness has been praised by most of the Anglo-Indian papers, which have in some cases gone to the brutal length of making fun of our sufferings, without receiving the least check from the same authority, relentlessly careful in smothering every cry of pain and expression of judgment from the organs representing the sufferers. Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in our Government, which could so easily afford to be magnanimous as befitting its physical strength and tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is to take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the millions of my countrymen who are dumb with shame and indignation.

The Poet's letter to Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy, renouncing his Knighthood as it was published in "The Statesman" of June 3, 1919

The Historic Letter to Lord Chelmsford

WHEN TAGORE RENOUNCED HIS KNIGHTHOOD

Your Excellency,

The enormity of the measures taken by the Government in the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subjects in India. The disproportionate severity of the punishments inflicted upon the unfortunate people and the methods of carrying them out, we are convinced, are without parallel in the history of civilised governments, barring some conspicuous exceptions, recent and remote. Considering that such treatment has been meted out to a population, disarmed and resourceless, by a power which has the most terribly efficient organisation for destruction of human lives, we must strongly assert that it can claim no political expediency, far less moral justification. The accounts of the insults and sufferings undergone by our brothers in the Punjab have trickled through the gagged silence, reaching every corner of India, and the universal agony of indignation roused in the hearts of our people has been ignored by our rulers—possibly congratulating themselves for imparting what they imagine as salutary lessons. This callousness has been praised by most of the Anglo-Indian papers, which have in some cases gone to the brutal length of making fun of our sufferings, without receiving the least check from the same authority, relentlessly careful in smothering every cry of pain and expression of judgment from the organs representing the sufferers. Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in our Government, which could so easily afford to be magnanimous, as befitting its physical strength and normal tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is to take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the millions of my countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror. The time has come when badges of honour make our shame glaring in the incongruous context of humiliation, and I for my part, wish to stand, shorn, of all special distinctions, by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer degradation not fit for human beings. And these are the reasons which have compelled me to ask Your Excellency, with due deference and regret, to relieve me of my title of knighthood, which I had the honour to accept from His Majesty the King at the hands of your predecessor, for whose nobleness of heart I still entertain great admiration.

Yours faithfully,
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Calcutta,
6, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane,
May 30, 1919.



—From a photo taken in Germany on his sixty-first birthday during his European tour of 1920-21

Maharaja of Alwar, the Jam Sahib of Nawanganar (Ranjit Singh); translates during the voyage some of his Santi-niketan sermons, which are later published as "Thought-Relics"; lands at Plymouth on June 5; is received by Pearson whom he meets after three years; coming to London meets Roth-

stein, Hudson (the celebrated author of "Green Mansions"), Fox-Strangways (the author of "The Music of Hindostan"), Cunningham-Graham (the author of "Cartegena"), Nicholas Roerich (the Russian painter who had not yet risen to fame), Bernard Shaw, Prof. Gilbert Murray and others; goes

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

to Oxford (June 19) to speak to the students at a function at which Dr. Robert Bridges, the Poet-Laureate of England, was to have presided but later excused himself from attending; meets Col. Lawrence (of Arabian fame), who complains to him that the British Government having failed to keep any of the promises he had made to the Arabs he would never be able to face those people again; from Oxford the Poet goes to Cambridge and meets there, among others, Prof. Anderson, Lowes Dickinson and J. M. Keynes; attends a reception arranged in his honour by the Union of East and West Society, where Sybil Thorndyke, the celebrated English actress, recites a poem composed for the occasion by Laurence Binyon

A Messenger of Peace

CALLS at the India Office on Montagu, the Secretary of State for India and Lord Sinha (Under-Secretary) and discusses with them the Punjab affairs, pointing out to Montagu that it was not so much the punishment of General Dyer that India asked for but moral condemnation of the crime by the British nation; the callous condonation of General Dyer by the House of Lords, the debate in its ugliness of racial arrogance distress him beyond measure, signs, along with others, a letter to Premier Lloyd George suggesting Montagu as the successor of Lord Chelmsford as the Viceroy of India; visits Ram-mohun Roy's tomb at Bristol; meets Sir Horace Plunkett and "A. R." (George Russell); prepares for a trip to Scandinavia but cancels the visit at the last moment; goes to France (August 6, 1920) "with a feeling of relief" from "studied coolness" on the part of many of his English friends and admirers; stays in Paris as the guest of M. Kahn, known as "the richest man in France"; meets Professors Sylvain Levi and De Brun; visits the battlefields in Northern France and is much disturbed by scenes of devastation; goes for a few days to Southern France which he likes; prepares his lecture on "The Meeting of the East and West"; returns to Paris and meets Comtesse de Noailles, the celebrated French poetess, who tells him that she was with Clemenceau when the news of the declaration of the War came and that both turned to read from the French translation of his *Gitanjali* ("Song-Offerings") to get over the intense feeling of depression which was overpowering them; goes to Holland, being invited there; tours lecturing through the Hague, Leyden, Utrecht; is warmly received everywhere; writes to J. B. Pond of his intention to visit America and receives a cabled reply



With C. F. Andrews before he left for Europe: 1920

that he is unable to organize any lecture for the Poet as popular feeling in America is just then not favourable to him; visits Brussels (where he is received by the King of the Belgians) and Antwerp, and returns to Paris; is extremely annoyed at the inexplicable failure of his letters from England and India reaching him in time; returns to London; resolves to go to America, "for they must listen to the appeal of the East", and sails with Peatson, arriving in New York on October 28, 1920.

Gandhiji and Non-co-operation

IN INDIA, Gandhiji comes to Santiniketan, accompanied by Shaikat Ali, in September, 1920, on his way back from the Special Congress meeting in Calcutta; the Santiniketan School decides not to send up boys for the Matriculation examination of Calcutta University and a large number of students of Calcutta colleges who have non-co-operated, come out and start "village work" at Surul.

ASKED about his opinion on Gandhiji's Non-co-operation by Press reporters in New York, declares that he believes in the power of the spirit and never in brute force; lectures at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on "The Meeting of East and West" (Nov. 10); on "The Mystic Poets of Bengal" at the Brenner (Philadelphia) Women's College (Nov. 12); watches a game of football at Princeton (Nov. 13), and returning to New York attends the fifteenth anniversary of the National Art Club; lectures at New York (Nov. 20) on "The Poet's Religion"; is, however, frustrated in his attempts to raise funds for Visva-Bharati, encountering, at every step, subtle but no less vigorous hostility engineered by powerful influences on the alleged grounds of his being anti-British and pro-German; at a meeting organized by the Poetry Society of New York he cannot check his feelings of disappointment; goes to Chicago (Feb. 1) and stays there for some time as the guest of Mrs. Mody with an interval for a short lecture-tour in Texas. Sails for Europe (March 19, 1921).

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

Speaks on "The Meeting of East and West" in London (April 8); flies to Paris after three weeks and is again the guest of M. Kahn; meets Romain Rolland on April 17; lectures at Musée Guimet at a meeting arranged by the Société des amis d'Orient; also addresses the Comité National d'Études Sociales et Politiques (founded by M. Kahn) on "The Public Spirit of India" (April 25); receives as a gift for Visva-Bharati a splendid library from Sridhar Kana, a rich Indian pearl-merchant in Paris.

* * *

ON April 27, comes to Strasbourg and reads "The Message of the Forest" at the University; next at Geneva, on April 30, speaks on "Education" at the Rousseau Institute; his 61st birthday is celebrated all over Germany*; visits Lucerne and Basle; lectures at the Zurich Uni-

* A committee consisting of eminent Germans: Gerhart Hauptmann, Hermann Jacobi, Count Keyserling, Rudolf Eucken and Thomas Mann, was formed to celebrate the Poet's first birthday, when he was presented with an address and a magnificent collection of the classics of German literature.

Of this greeting and gift, the Poet wrote in a letter to Andrews:

"The German greeting and the gift that have come to me from Germany on the occasion of my first birthday are overwhelming in their significance for myself. I truly feel that I have had my second birth in the heart of the people of that country, who have accepted me as their own.

"Germany has done more than any other countries in the world for opening up and broadening the channel of the intellectual and spiritual communication of the West with India, and the homage of love, which she has freely given to-day to a poet of the



With Count Keyserling at Darmstadt: 1921

iversity (May 11), stays with Count Keyserling at Darmstadt†; lectures at Hamburg University (May 20), at Copenhagen University (May 23).

East, will surely impart to this relationship the depth of an intimate and personal character.

"Therefore, I assure you that my message of gratitude which goes out to my friends in Germany carries in it India's grateful appreciation of this hospitality of heart offered to her in the person of her poet."

* * *

† Of the Poet, his friend and host at Darmstadt, Count Keyserling writes thus in his "Significant Memories":

"I have known only one man who in my view is truly worthy of reverence: he is neither Chinese nor a Balt, but the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore. In 1912, I first became acquainted with him in Calcutta. A year later, in London, I made intimately acquainted with European music. In 1921, I twice organized meetings from him in Darmstadt. Since then I have not met him, although we have been always in touch with each other. In 1934, when he came to know indirectly that my life had become very hard, he sent me a picture painted by himself, under which was the following verse: 'Faith is the bird which sings when the night is still dark'. Above all, however, Tagore's picture and ideal were and are with me always present from the moment I came to know him. This man is indeed far greater than the world



—At the Orangery of the Josephine Gardens in Strasbourg with Prof. and Madame Sylvain Lévi, Rathindranath, S. R. Bomanji, Kalidas Nag and others: 1921

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

VISITS Sweden where he is received with great honours; speaks at the ancient University of Upsala and then at the Cathedral, the Archbishop of Upsala himself leading a big procession with torches to conduct the Poet to the meeting; speaks at a great banquet given in his honour by the Swedish Academy, Stockholm; is received by the King of Sweden; comes back to Berlin where he stays with Hugo Stinnes and delivers two lectures at the University, "Scenes of frenzied heroworship" marking the meeting; is feted by Walter Rathenau; speaks at Munich University where he meets Thomas Mann; then at the University of Frankfurt on "The Village Mystics of Bengal"; stays with Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, where he gives daily talks at 'the School of Wisdom' by Count Keyserling; addresses a great gathering of German labourers and attends an open-air festival in his honour; visits Vienna, Prague, speaking at both the cities to large and enthusiastic audiences; leaves Paris on July 1; catches the India-bound *Morea* at Marseilles and arrives in Bombay on July 16, 1921.

"The Call of Truth"

FROM Bombay comes straight to Santiniketan in the midst of the Non-co-operation movement at its height; great pressure is put upon

him to be. Really he belongs to the noble Brahminic caste of Bengal. Thanks to some lucky hereditary circumstances, his family has always produced eminent men since the twelfth or thirteenth century of our era. Rabindranath's grandfather was in his days the greatest nobleman of Bengal. His father was a true saint and an eminent religious reformer. Rabindranath writes poetry and composes songs at one and the same time and as one whole, with that self-evidence with which a flower blossoms. Once he said to us when he was in our Darmstadt home, "I cannot help it; always, year in, year out, blossoms come out of me, as they do in our tropical flowering plants; but whilst with these, that which has once bloomed immediately afterwards withers, with me everything is preserved. That is perhaps something wrong." Rabindranath has truly created the Bengali nation with his songs and thus laid the foundation-stone for the future Indian Nation.

"Tagore is one of the greatest noble-men, one of the truest aristocrats that I have ever seen. He has that distinction from all which makes a true king, the consciousness of the value of words of the aristocrat and the poet alike. Above all, however, Rabindranath embodies in himself more future and more distant future than any other known, not only the transition to the new, as Gandhi does in India, but future perfection. He combines in himself the East and the West. He is one of the few visible living representatives of that oecumenic man to whom (see my book, *World in the Making*), after the sufferings of the revolutionary period are over, all positive future belongs."

him from all sides to join it; against the whole force of the current popular sentiment, he expresses his own views in a paper entitled *Sikshar Milan* (The Meeting of Cultures) read at a meeting organised by *Jatiya Siksha Parishad* (Council of National Education) at the Calcutta University Institute Hall, on August 15, with Sir Asutosh Chandhuri in the chair; repeats the lecture at Alfred Theatre on August 18 with Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray as chairman; Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, the novelist, in a paper entitled *Sikshar Birodh* (The Conflict of Cultures) essays at a reply; the Poet follows with another paper—*Salvo! Ibhran* ('The Call of Truth') reads at the Calcutta University Institute on August 29 in which he definitely rejects 'Non-co-operation' as enunciated by Gandhiji; the Mahatma replies in *Young India* with his article 'The Great Sentinel'. *Barsha-mangal* ('The Rain Festival'), a new and unique type of musical soiree produced at the Jorasanko house on the 2nd and 3rd September the Poet reciting some of his famous rain-poems, Maharaja Jagadindranath Roy of Natore accompanying on the *mrtdang*; on the 4th the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad presents an address of welcome; meets Gandhiji, at the Jorasanko house, on the 6th September (1921), the meeting taking place behind closed doors and none except Andrews being present; Pearson returns to Santiniketan after five years; L. K. Elnhirst comes with an annual gift of Rs. 50,000 from Mrs. Straight (later Mrs. Elnhirst) for rural reconstruction work at Snrul; on November 10 comes Prof. Sylvain Levi, the first Visiting Professor of Visva-Bharati, who organizes advanced research in Tibetan and Chinese studies.

Visva-Bharati Inaugurated

ON December 22, 1921 Visva-Bharati is formally inaugurated at a meeting presided over by Dr. Brajendranath Seal (*Pais* 8, 1328 B.E.) at which the constitution of Visva-Bharati is adopted with Rathindranath Tagore and Prasanta Mahalanobis as Joint Secretaries (*Hugma-Sachiva*); makes over to the Visva-Bharati by trust-deed the land, buildings, library and his other properties at Santiniketan, the entire amount of the Nobel Prize money and the copyright of his Bengali books.

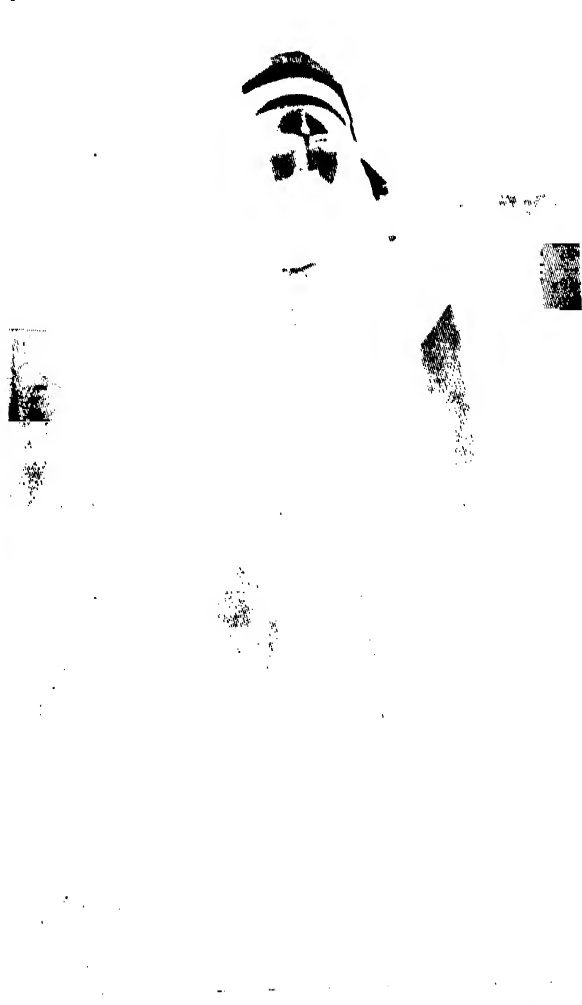
WRITES a drama, *Muktadhara* (The Waterfall), and reads it to his friends at his Calcutta residence on the 16th January, 1922; on February 6 is founded *Sriniketan* (Department of Rural Reconstruction of Visva-Bharati); prepares to produce *Muktadhara* but gives up the idea on receipt of the news of the arrest of and sentence to six years' rigorous imprisonment of Gandhiji (March 10); his 62nd birth-

anniversary quietly observed at Santiniketan; presides on July 8 over the Shelley Centenary meeting in Calcutta; attends the memorial meeting in honour of the poet Satyendranath Dutta where he reads a most remarkable elegy; *Visva-Bharati Sammilan* is started in Calcutta, July, 1922; addresses the students of the Presidency College on his ideals of Visva-Bharati; in August, 1922, at the International Congress of Peace and Freedom held at Lugano, attended by Romain Rolland, Paul Heyse, George Duhamel, Prof. Forel, Bertrand Russell and John Haynes Holmes, a "Tagore Evening" is organised by Kalidas Nag in which these leaders of European thought and others take part; *Saratdaksab* is produced in Calcutta, first at Alfred Theatre and then at Madan Theatre (Sept. 16 and 17) the Poet with members of the Santiniketan staff appearing on the stage; on September 19, the Poet goes to Bombay and then to Poona (with Prof. Levi) where he reads a paper on "Indian Renaissance" detailing his views on the ideals which Indian universities should strive to attain.

FROM Poona he goes to Mysore, Bangalore, Madras, Coimbatore, Colombo, Trivandrum, Cochin, speaking on "The Vision of Indian History", "The Spirit of Modern Times", "An Eastern University", "The Forest University of India" and "The Growth of My Life's Work" (Sept. 25 to Oct. 22, 1922); comes to Bombay on the 23rd October; goes to Ahmedabad and to the Sabarmati Ashram and then returns to Santiniketan after an absence of about three months; Lord Lytton, Governor of Bengal, visits Santiniketan; writes the poems of *Sisu Bholanath*; his second brother, Satyendranath passes away on 9th January, 1923; the Poet visits Sindh (Karachi and Hyderabad), Feb.-March, 1923; *Visva-Bharati Quarterly* started under his editorship in April, 1923; Dr. Taraporewalla of Calcutta University lays the foundation stone of "Ratankuthi" (the guest-house for foreign visitors to Santiniketan), for which Sir Ratan Tata had donated Rs. 25,000; spends the summer at Shillong and writes there a drama, the *Rakta-karabi* (later translated into English as "Red Oleanders"); delivers a lecture on Bankimchandra Chatterjee at a meeting of Bhowanipore Literary Society (June 28); discusses, in an interview, current political topics with special reference to Hindu-Muslim relations, expressing himself in favour of the idea of Hindus organising themselves but laying emphasis on the economic aspect of the conflict and suggesting that real unity can only be achieved on a fusion of economic interests of the

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In the role of Raghuapati in a private performance of his play 'Visarjan' staged in Calcutta: 1891-92
Photo: BORN & SHEPHERD



In the role of Jaisingha in the same play staged at the Empire Theatre, Calcutta: 1922
Photo: BULU MAHALANOBIS

two communities; publishes his considered views on the same subject in a contribution to the July-September issue of the *Viveka-Bharati Quarterly* ("The Way to Unity"); for three days at the Empire Theatre, Calcutta, the drama *Visarjan* ('Sacrifice') is produced (August 25, 27, 28, 1923), the old Poet himself appearing with astonishing success as young Jayasingha; returns to Santiniketan; receives a cable from Italy announcing the death, in a train accident, of Pearson (1924); writes a drama, *Rathajatra*, issues an appeal for funds for the establishment of a hospital at Santiniketan in memory of Pearson; tours the States in Western India collecting funds for *Viveka-Bharati*; on the invitation of Calcutta University delivers a series of lectures on Literature, speaking *ex tempore*; presides over the annual conference of the Anti-Malarial Societies of Bengal held at Alfred Theatre in Calcutta (Feb. 1924).

Plain-speaking in Japan

LEAVES for China from Calcutta on March 21, 1924, accompanied by L. K. Bhambhani, Kshitimohan Sen, Nanda Lal Bose and Kalidas Nag at the invitation of Liang Chi-Chao, President of the Universities Lecture Association of China*; receives great ovations

en route at Rangoon, Penang, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore, arriving at Shanghai on April 12, the Poet explains that the old relation between India and China was "for disinterested" human love and nothing else; and, on April 17, speaking to a Japanese audience, deprecate the Imperialist greed which had got hold of Japan and wishes that Asia should be free from the curse of Western materialism and nationalism, speaks in the same strain also, very strongly, at another meeting organised by the Anglo-American Society; is attacked by English and American

papers for these speeches; Chinese students are dissatisfied with his comments against Western ideals which had powerfully captured their imagination; reaches Peking on April 23; the National University at Peking accords him a great reception on April 26, Dr. Hu Hsi, leader of the Chinese youth (now Chinese Ambassador at Washington), meets the poet and is converted into a great admirer of him, which reverts on students in enthusiasm for his cultural mission; after giving a few more lectures in China goes to Japan (May 29, 1924);



On board the boat to Rangoon 'en route' for China in 1924, off Outram Ghat, Calcutta

Left to right: Nandalal Bose, Kalidas Nag, THE POET and Kshitimohan Sen.

* This tour was financed partially by Seth J. K. Birla, who gave Rs. 10,000

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lectures there chiefly on "International Relations", in course of which he tells the Japanese of his "deep love and respect" for them as a people but deplores that "when as a nation you have dealings with other nations you also can be deceptive, cruel and efficient in handling those methods in which the Western nations show such mastery"; meets Rashbehary Bose, the exiled Indian revolutionary, who shows great reverence for the Poet and insists on attending to his personal comforts; returns to India on July 21, 1924

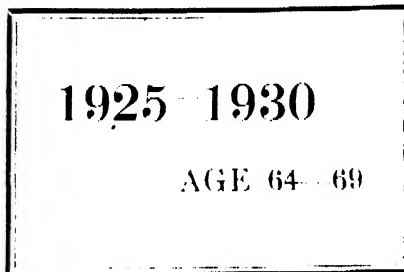
THE POET is drawn into the vortex of an agitation over a speech of Lord Lytton made at Dacca praising the police and casting a slur on the women of Bengal; accedes, under pressure from mutual friends, to the request to meet Lord Lytton and help him to explain himself, Fazlul Huq being very active to bring about the meeting; letters of Lord Lytton and Tagore simultaneously published in Indian papers on August 23 fail to terminate the agitation; returning to Santiniketan writes a letter to Lord Lytton telling him that "a considerable number of my countrymen are ready to challenge your Government to produce trustworthy evidence in support of your statement"; takes part in a tableaux performance of *Arupatan* at Alfred Theatre (Calcutta)

To South America

SAILS for South America, accompanied by Elmhurst, on September 19, 1924, accepting the invitation from Peru to attend the Centenary Celebration of her Independence; falls ill during the voyage; arrived at Buenos Ayres is warmly received by Argentinians; due to ill health is prevented from going to Peru; rests at a beautiful garden-house at San Isadore as the guest of Madame Victoria Ocampo, writing the poems of *Parabi*, which he dedicates to her ('Vijaya')*, takes leave of the President of the Argentine Republic on December 30, 1924.

* Of the Poet's hostess in Buenos Ayres, Madame Victoria Ocampo, Count Keyserling writes thus in his "Significant Memories".

"I have come across very few great women, because those who could have developed into such had remained in this transition period in an embryonic state—whether in this feminine or any other form. In recent years, however, I have come in contact with one woman whose superlative eminence is beyond question, namely, the Argentinian, Victoria Ocampo. A wonderfully beautiful woman of great



ON January 4, 1925, boards an Italian boat for Europe; arrives at Genoa (Jan. 21); at Milan at a great meeting, presided over by the Duke of Milan, gives a long discourse on Music, receiving a remarkable ovation; sits for a portrait of him by the famous Italian painter Rietti; proceeds to Venice on the 29th and is taken round the historic city with great honours; returns to India on the 17th February, 1925, his elder brother, Jyotirindranath Tagore passes away at Ranchi on the 4th March, 1925; his 65th birthday is celebrated at Santiniketan; is visited by Gandhiji at Santiniketan (27th May); meets Bishop Fisher of America who comes to see him and Gandhiji, on the sudden death of C. R. Das (June 16, 1925), the Poet, in a four line elegy, pays to the memory of the great leader a most remarkable and touching tribute; writes to explain his own attitude towards the cult of the *Charka* (the spinning-wheel) preached by Gandhiji, at the request of his friend, Count Keyserling, writes a paper on the subject of marriage, which is published in the latter's famous "Book of Marriage"; attends the performance of *Chirakuman Sabha* (The Bachelors' Club) on the boards of the Star Theatre in Calcutta, the Poet having re-shaped it for the stage; re-

casts for similar performances other plays, e.g., *Sodh-bodh* (All Squared) out of the story *Karmaphal* (Nemesis) published by H. Bose in 1904; also produces the play *Sesh Raksha* (All's well that ends well) from the story which he shapes out of the drama *Goraya-galad* (Wrong at the Start) and *Griha-Prabesh* from the story *Shesher Ratri* (The Final Night); Sir P. C. Ray in a public speech criticises the Poet and Sir Brajendranath Seal for their staying out of the *Charka* campaign of Gandhiji; the Poet replies in an article in *Sabuj-patra* on *Swaraj Sadhan* (Working for Swaraj), definitely rejecting the *charka* as a means of attaining *Swaraj*, in the same essay, records his views on the political tension, particularly with reference to Hindu-Muslim relations; writes to Romain Rolland a letter of felicitations on the occasion of his 60th birthday in the course of which he reiterates his views against the mechanisation of humanity by Western nations by their "fetish worship of materialistic nationalism"; Prof. Carlo Fornichi followed by Prof. G. Tucci arrives from Italy (Nov. 21, 1925) with Mussolini's warmest tributes to the Poet and a gift of books for Visva-Bharati, which they join as professors; Lord Lytton visits Santiniketan (Nov. 24); on the 19th December, the Poet presides over the first session of the Indian Philosophical Congress in Calcutta; receives at Santiniketan, on January 12, 1926, F. S. Marvin, the celebrated American author, sent as a representative of the League of Nations; attends the session of the All-India Music Conference at Lucknow, where he receives the news of the death of his eldest brother, Dwijendranath, at Santiniketan (Jan. 18, 1926).

vitality, acute intelligence, fine aesthetic feeling, enormous power of work and great social position. Her picture has inspired many, very many views of 'South American Meditations'. In South America there has arisen a new womanhood, based partly upon the traditional Spanish or Roman, and partly upon the positive acquisitions of North America and so far lying historically beyond the range of many European problems.

"There are many people whose women are in a typical sense more important than the men; this is true in a high degree of South American people. Here I can only read the signs. But the experience of South America constitutes in all respects the most important experience of my whole life. There for the first time the soul element in man comes most into prominence. Besides, I have been able to work, as I have seldom done for anything else, for the awakening of a new culture. The person, however, who has helped me most in all this is Victoria Ocampo who with her striking personality exercised great influence in the southern world, as very few women in the old world have been able to do."

In East Bengal

GOES to Dacca on 7th February at the invitation of the University; receives addresses from the Dacca Municipality, the Peoples Association and other bodies; speaks at several meetings and functions; also at Mymensingh; at Comilla presides over the anniversary celebrations of the *Abhaya Ashram* of Dr. Sureshchandra Banerjee; attends the Namasudra (Depressed Class) Conference; is warmly received at Agartala by Maharaj Kumar Brajendrakishore of Tipperah, on his return to Santiniketan, his 65th birthday (May 7, 1926) is celebrated by a gathering representative of many nations; the Maharaja of Porbandar sends a generous contribution for *Kalabhavan* (House of Arts) at Santiniketan; *Natir Puja* (The Dancing Girl's Worship) is staged for the first time at Santiniketan

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--In May, 1925, Gandhiji paid a visit to the Poet at Santiniketan Centre: Gandhiji; Left: Andrews; Right: RABINDRANATH

Italy and Mussolini

LEAVES Calcutta on May 12, 1926, on his eighth Foreign Tour accompanied by Rathindranath and Pratima Devi; reaches Naples on May 30 and proceeds to Rome by a special train arranged under express orders of Mussolini; declares himself "glad of this opportunity to see for myself the work of one who is assuredly a great man and a movement that will be certainly remembered in history"; meets Mussolini on May 31, when the Poet is received by the Duce with the remark: "I am an Italian admirer of yours, who has read every one of your books translated into the Italian language"; on June 7, the Governor of Rome holds a great public reception in his honour in the historic Capitol and conveys to the Poet "the greetings of the Eternal City"; the British Ambassador holds another reception; the next day the Poet delivers a speech on "The Meaning of Art"; attends on the 10th afternoon the annual choral concert of the school children of Rome in the ancient

Coliseum*; is accorded a reception at Rome University; received by the King of Italy on June 11; attends a performance of *Chitra* in Italian after a second meeting with Mussolini on June 13, meets the great Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce, who, exiled from Rome to Naples, is specially summoned by Mussolini to meet him; is received by the Leonardo da Vinci Society of Florence on the 16th; the next day at the University speaks on "My School"; at Turin, on June 20, reads an address on "City and Village" (published in the 5th Anniversary Number of *The Calcutta Municipal Gazette* as: "Wedded Partners"); after the reading Signora Lipovetzka, a noted Italian songstress, gives three songs of Tagore; from Turin the Poet comes to Switzerland where he is met by numerous victims of Fascist oppression; is shown "coloured reports" of his statements in the Italian Press in praise of the Duce, his utterances and opinions, torn from their context, pre-

* Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis, who accompanied the Poet with his wife, Rani Mahalanobis, on this tour writes:

"The huge Coliseum was one seething mass of human faces. The Choir, which consisted of more than one thousand children, was grouped on a huge wooden gallery. As we entered, the whole audience, numbering perhaps 25 to 30 thousand, rose from their seats and gave such a welcome to the Poet as we shall never forget. The singing was marvellous, more than a thousand voices singing in harmony. At parting the audience rose again and saluted in Roman style. The Poet was visibly touched and raising his arms blessed the children with all his heart"



--In January, 1926, passed away the eldest brother of the Poet, Dwijendranath Tagore, philosopher and poet, universally respected. The two brothers are seen here in a photograph taken in 1914.

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sented in a different light altogether;* arrives at Villeneuve, where he stays at Hotel Byrone in the very room in which Victor Hugo had lived for a long time overlooking the lake, with the Castle of Chillon in the background; here he is warmly received by Romain Rolland and meets George Duhamel, J. G. Frazer, Prof. Forel, Prof. Boyet and others; at Zurich (July 6) he meets the wife of Prof. Salvadori, a distinguished Italian exiled by Mussolini, who gives him a first-hand account of Fascist atrocities witnessed by herself; writes a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* in which the Poet expresses himself strongly against Fascism of which Mussolini was the High Priest; Prof. Formichi from Italy writes a letter of protest to the *Guardian*, saying that as the constant companion and interpreter of Tagore in Italy he (Formichi) denied that Tagore had ever criticised Mussolini; the Poet replies that "for some time I felt almost elated with the idea that an object lesson was being offered by Italy to show that ample room could be made for human personality in the heart of a political machine. . . ."; after a day's stay at Lausanne, arrives in Vienna on July 10; here he meets Dr. Angelica Balabanoff, the well-known Socialist leader, who brings with him Sig. Modigliani, the prosecuting counsel at the trial of the murderers of Matteotti, the anti-Fascist Italian member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Like a "Conquering Hero"

IN the beginning of August, accompanied by Prof. and Mrs. Mahalanobis, who had joined him in Italy, the Poet comes to England; sits to

* Writes Prof. V. Lesny :

"Tagore's conversations with reporters in Italy were the product of three people: the reporter, the interpreter and Tagore himself. Over and above all this the constant murmur of a fourth element, general conversation, was distinctly in evidence, and interfered with all his discussions without his knowledge. Moreover, not knowing Italian, he had no means of controlling the result of this connection." "Rabindranath Tagore: His Personality and Work" by Prof. V. Lesny (1939).

Writes Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis :

"After leaving Rome we gradually became aware of the fact that a definite attempt was being made to create an impression that the Poet had grown enthusiastic about Fascism. Just before our departure from Turin we therefore managed to secure authentic translations of some of the reports in the Italian Press. On the whole, our impression was that although a part of the demonstrations in Rome might have been organised under Fascist influence, there could be no doubt about the sincerity or the depth of the sentiments of love and adoration aroused in the public mind by the Poet's visit."



—The Poet sat to Epstein in London in 1926 for a bust of his. This 'head' done by the famous sculptor is now at Birmingham Museum



Epstein for a bust of his; meets Brailford, Rothenstein, Robert Bridges (the Poet-Laureate) and a few other intellectuals; leaves (with Lord Sinha and Prof. and Mrs. Mahalanobis) on the 21st August, 1926, for Norway; is received by the King of Norway at Oslo; meets at Stockholm Nansen, Sven Hedin, Bjornsen, Bojer; goes to Copenhagen where he meets the philosopher Hoffding and the famous literary critic George Brandes; proceeds to Germany and arrives at Hamburg (Sept. 10); next day comes to Berlin and speaks (Sept. 13) at the Philharmonie Hall on "Indian Philosophies"; is received by President Von Hindenburg on the 14th; is entertained by Kurt Wolfe, his publisher; writes from Berlin to the *Manchester Guardian* that although he had admiration for the personality of Mussolini, he could never lend his support to Fascism; is attacked and abused by *Popolo d'Italia*; visits Dresden and Cologne on a lecture tour; comes back to Berlin and leaves for Czecho-Slovakia; at Prague delivers lectures on "Art Forms" and "Civilisation and Progress" (October 10-15); flies to Vienna in an aeroplane placed at his disposal by the Czech Government and receives a great ovation; composes the first poem of the *Vanavani* (Voice of the Forest) series; lectures at Budapest on the 26th; here he plants a tree near the statue of the famous Hungarian poet Sandor Kisfaludy and places a wreath at the memorial of the distinguished Hungarian

novelist Maurice Jokai; stays at Babalon Feud and inscribes the poems for *Lekhan*; lectures at the University of Belgrade; is received by King Boris at Sofia (Bulgaria); by King Ferdinand at Bukharest (Rumania); arrives at Athens on November 28, where the Greek King makes him a "Commander of the Order of the Redeemer"; from Greece goes via Turkey to Egypt, reaching Alexandria on November 27 and Cairo on December 1; a meeting of the Egyptian Parliament is adjourned in his honour and the Ministers meet him at a party where he is entertained to Arabic music; King Fuad receives him and presents him with a collection of Arabian books for the *Visva-Bharati*; sails from Alexandria for India concluding his "great tour of conquest not as a tyrant but as a teacher the bearer of a new message of synthesis and harmony, culture and enlightenment".

"Natir Puja" and "Nataraj"

COMES back to India, and receives on arrival in Calcutta, at Howrah Station, a great ovation, the Mayor of Calcutta, J. M. Sen-Gupta, receiving him at the head of a large body of citizens; goes to Santiniketan on December 19, 1926; the murder of Swami Sraddhananda at Delhi, in the Christmas week, on the eve of the Indian National Congress at Gauhati, greatly shocks the Poet, who, speaking to a

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gathering at Santiniketan, avers that it is the very helplessness of the weakling that tempts the strong to deeds of sin and crime and appeals for mutual understanding and goodwill; on Jan. 24, 1927 in Calcutta, is staged *Natir Puja*, the Poet appearing in the role of the Buddhist monk; issues on February 3, a remarkable statement protesting against "the primitive form of despotism", which detained young men without trial under Bengal Ordinances; does not approve of the agitation against the Government's proscribing some Bengali books, reminding the writers that there was nothing manly in voicing lachrymose protest on the comfortable assumption that the Government when attacked would not retaliate; devotes himself to creating songs expressible in the form of dances and, on March 18, 1927, produces at Santiniketan, his *Nataraja*, a new type of dance-drama; contributes a poem, *Vichitra*, to the first number of a new Bengalee periodical of the same name, sponsored by Upendranath Ganguli (Editor), Jatinath Ghosh, Kanti Ghosh, Satis Chatak and Amal Home; the *Vichitra* also publishes *Nataraja* illustrated by Nanda Lal Bose; fills the new magazine with various contribution from month to month; presides over the Hindi Literary Conference on the invitation of the Maharaja of Bharatpore; visits Jaipur, Agra and Ahmedabad and is feted by the Gujrat Literary Society; returns to Santiniketan on April 11; lays the foundation stone of the prayer hall of the Prabartak Sangha at Chandernagore and receives a purse from the Mayor of Chandernagore; goes to Shillong and commences writing for the *Vichitra* a novel under the title *Tin-purush* (Three Generations), which he later names *Yoga-Yog* ('Contacts').

In "Greater India"

ON July 12, 1927, leaves for a tour in Malaya, Java, Bali and Siam (now Thailand), accompanied by Sanitikumar Chatterjee, Surendra Nath

--From a drawing
by a Japanese artist
done in Paris in 1926



Kar and others this ninth Foreign Tour, financed partially by J. K. Birla, who donated Rs. 10,000; arrives at Singapore on the 20th July and lectures on "The Unity of Man", Sir Hugh Clifford, the Governor, presiding, after many social functions leaves for Malacca on the 27th; following an untiring round of lectures at various stations, arrives at Penang from where he proceeds to Sumatra; arrives in Batavia on August 22 and reads at a banquet in his honour a poem, "The Indian Pilgrim to Java", an English rendering of his Bengali poem *Vijayalakshmi*, which he had composed on the 21st; on the 23rd leaves for Bali; writes on board the steamer an essay, *Sahitya navatva* (Novelty in Literature), which reflects his reaction against reports of a controversy then current in Bengal over his latest literary essay, "Sahitya-Dharma", which he had contributed to the

Vichitra just before his departure, criticising the ultra-modern tendencies in Bengali fiction; arrives in Bali on August 24; describes the natural beauty of the island in a poem, *Sagarika* (published later in *Mahua*); tours through the island with royal honours; is particularly impressed with Balinese dance-dramas; from Bali, on September 9, he reaches Sourabaya (Java); on the 12th comes to Soetakarta where he opens a bridge and a street which is named after him; visits the great temple of Borobudur; leaves for Siam via Bandung and Batavia; is warmly received by the King and Queen, also the Prince of Chantabun, a great Pali scholar.

Returns home on October 27; recasts his play, *Nataraja*, and produces it, under the name of *Rituvanga*, in Calcutta on December 8, 1927; Mcmillan & Co. publish "Fireflies" and "Letters To A Friend"; on January 5, 1928, receives at Santiniketan members of the Indian Science Congress; also receives the great singer Madame Clara Butt; V. Lesny, Professor of Sanskrit at the German University at Prague (Czechoslovakia), comes to Visva-Bharati as Visiting Professor in succession to Prof. William Winternitz; writes in *Prabasi* and the *Modern Review* on the conflict between the staff and students of the City College over Saraswati Puja celebration, deprecating the demand of the latter to perform the worship against the established traditions of the College (a Brahmo institution); attends, as President, a meeting at his Calcutta residence, arranged to settle the acute differences between two sections of Bengali litterateurs on the



--Prof. V. Lesny receives the Poet at Prague with Prof. and Mrs. P. C. Mahalanobis: 1926

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ultra-modern tendencies in literature; his sixty-seventh birthday is celebrated in Calcutta (May 7, 1928)—the Poet being weighed against his own books which were then given away to public libraries, the ceremony following the traditional Indian custom (*tula-dan*) of kings being similarly weighed against gold, which used to be given away to the deserving poor.

To Sri Aurobindo

ON May 12, 1928 the Poet leaves Calcutta for England to deliver the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford but falls ill at Madras and cancels the voyage; spends a restful week at Adyar accepting Mrs. Besant's invitation; proceeds from Madras to Colombo halting *en route* at Pondicherry to pay, on May 29, a visit to Sri Aurobindo; records his impression of the visit in the *Modern Review**; visits Ceylon and comes to Bangalore on the way back to the invitation of Brajendranath Seal, then Vice-Chancellor of Mysore University; here he concludes his novel, *Sekh Kabila* ('The Last Poem'); returns to Santiniketan at the end of June; in August, 1928, takes part in Calcutta at the Centenary of the Brahmo Samaj preaching a sermon from the pulpit of Sadharan Brahmo Samaj on 'The Message of Rammohun Roy'; sends a written speech to be read at the Conference of All-India Libraries Association, held in Calcutta during Christmas; Lord Irwin (now Lord Halifax), the Viceroy of India, visits Santiniketan on December 17; writes and publishes the poems of *Mahua*; the Poet presides at the Parliament of Religions held in Calcutta on January 28, 1929.

In Canada

INVITED by the National Council of Education of Canada to participate at its Triennial Conference,

Wrote the Poet:—

*At the very first sight I could realize that he had been seeking for the soul and had gained it, and through this long process of realisation had accumulated within him a silent power of inspiration. His face was radiant with an inner light and his serene presence made it evident to me that his soul was not crippled and cramped to the measure of some tyrannical doctrine, which takes delight in inflicting wounds upon life.

I felt that the utterance of the ancient Hindu Rishi spoke from him of that equanimity which gives human soul its freedom of entrance into the All. I said to him, you have the Word and we are waiting to accept it from you. India will speak through your voice to the World, 'Harken to me'.

Years ago I saw Aurobindo in the atmosphere of his earlier heroic youth, and I sang to him, 'Aurobindo, accept the Salutation from Rabindranath'.

To-day, I saw him in a deeper atmosphere of reticent richness of wisdom and again say to him in silence, 'Aurobindo accept the Salutation from Rabindranath'.

leaves Calcutta, on February 26, 1929, accompanied by A. K. Chanda and Sudhindra Dutt; reaches Tokyo (March 26) where he stays for two days as the guest of the famous Japanese newspaper *Asahi Shimbun*; arrives at Vancouver on April 6 and delivers at the Conference his famous lecture on "The Philosophy of Leisure"; next day speaks there on "The Principles of Literature"; visits the Sikh shrine at Vancouver on April 12, and on April 14 delivers his farewell speech in Canada; invited by the Universities of Harvard, Columbia, California and Detroit he reaches Los Angeles on April 18, and, following the loss of his passport, experiences at the hands of the Emigration Officers the "special treatment" accorded to "a representative of the Asiatic peoples, an Oriental and a coloured man"; as a protest he cancels his American tour and embarks for Japan on April 20; his birthday is celebrated on board the Japanese boat by the Captain and passengers; reaches Yokohama on May 10; lectures at Tokyo on "Oriental Culture and Japan's Mission", fondly hoping that "Japan . . . will reveal an aspect of civilisation which is generally ignored in other parts of the world . . . it should be greatly rich in the wealth of human relationship—even in politics"; is entertained by Marquis

* Referring to Japan's domination of Korea the Poet said on the occasion:

"No great nation, for the sake of self-preservation, can allow such weak spots in its neighbourhood to remain out of its control, for that is sure to afford vantage ground to its enemies and neither is it safe for the weaker people themselves to be left alone. And therefore the problem before the Koreans is to cultivate the moral strength which will enable them to establish a mutual relationship honourable for both sides. The moral danger is no less great for the people who unfortunately have the evil opportunity of exercising absolute power upon a weaker race. And for the sake of keeping up a high standard of national character which, after all, is the only source of permanent strength for the people it is imperatively necessary for the ruling nation to allow the subject race to find in themselves enough strength to be able to remind their rulers that they have to be just, honest, sympathetic and respectful. It is meet for the victors to maintain the pride of their righteousness by allowing rights to those who cannot forcibly wrench it away from them and those who, as human beings have their inalienable claim upon human sympathy. You can establish your lasting kingdom if you can help your subjects to greatness and to self-government by training them up into self-confidence and bringing out into light all their latent power of self-expression. You must know that the day comes when the defeated have their chance for revenge; that peoples have long memories and wrongs rankle deep in their heart; times of trouble are sure to come to all nations when the weak can bring fatal disaster to the stronger. The warnings of providence are often silent, and politicians do not heed them. They have not the far-sighted vision; they live in the dusky den of the immediate present. And therefore I appeal to you as representatives of

Okuma; leaves for India on June 8; *en route* is received cordially in Indo-China by the French Government and the people; arrives in Madras on July 3 and Calcutta on July 5, 1929.

IN September, 1929, the Poet delivers two lectures—*Sahityer Swarup* and *Sahityer Bichar*—under the auspices of the 'Rabindra-parichaya Sabha' (Tagore Society) of the Presidency College; recasts his old drama *Raja-o-Rani* as *Tapali*, which is staged at his Calcutta residence consecutively on 26th, 28th, 29th September and 1st October—the old Poet appearing in the role of the young King Vikram; Prof. Takagaki, a famous exponent of the art of *Ju-jitsu*, comes to Santiniketan at Tagore's invitation, the Poet having felt that Bengalee boys and girls stood in great need of training in this art of



From a photo taken in Berlin in 1930 when he exhibited his pictures there

self-defence; takes seriously to painting to which he devotes much time at the invitation of the Gackwar lectures at Baroda (January 26, 1930) on "Man the Artist"; detained unavoidably in the way, fails to attend—much to the chagrin of the organi-

your people, win their love who you can be foolish enough to bully into a sullen subjection, make them trustworthy by trusting them and by respecting them, train them into self-respect which is for your own good. Let the best mission of statesmanship be carried on in an atmosphere of sympathy and understanding, in the greatful heart of a people the best of all back-grounds for the creation of the national genius. And before I leave, let me hope that I have not hurt the susceptibility of my audience when, in a genuine spirit of sympathy, I have offered them my message, thereby offering the best homage that I can render them."



Rabindranath Tagore

F. J. Wood

All the delights that I have felt
in life's fruits and flowers
let me offer to thee
at the end of the feast
in a perfect unity of love.

After a pastel

New York 1930



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After a marble bust

New York, 1930



With the leaders of the Sixth Indian National Congress in Calcutta, 1890

Seated : left to right : W. C. Bonnerjee, Pherozshah Mehta (President)

Standing : left to right : Nalin Behari Sarkar, Monomohan Ghosh
THE POET, Hem Chandra Mallik, Shelley Bonnerjee.



The closing scene of 'Dak-Ghar' (Post-office), 1917

Staged at the Jorasanko House before a distinguished gathering of political leaders assembled in Calcutta for the Indian National Congress presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant. The Poet appeared on the stage supported by his nephews Gaganendranath and Abanindranath and his son Rathindra.

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ers and disappointment of the delegates, - the nineteenth session of the Bengali Literary Conference (of which he was President-elect), his elder sister, Swarnakumari Devi, taking the presidential chair at the last moment (Feb. 2, 1930); on February 10, at Calcutta, Sir Stanley Jackson, the Governor of Bengal, opens a Conference of the workers of Co-operative Societies and announces a capital grant for Srikhetan of Rs. 5,000 only and a yearly grant of Rs. 1,000 for three years only, the insufficiency of the grant adding to the keenness of adverse public criticism.

Emergence as a Painter

ON March 2, 1930, Rabindranath proceeds from Calcutta on his Eleventh Foreign Tour accompanied by his son, daughter-in-law and W. Ariam (Private Secretary); reaching Marseilles on the 26th, stays at Cap Martin near Monte Carlo as the guest of M. Kahn; meets here President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia; opens an exhibition of his own pictures in Paris at the Galerie Pigalle (arranged by his Argentine friend Madame Victoria O'Campo) on May 2, with 125 exhibits; his sixty-ninth birthday is celebrated in Paris; goes to London on May 11 and then to Birmingham where he receives the news of the happenings in India [Gandhiji's salt *satyagraha*, the Dandi March, his arrest and internment, the armoury raid at Chittagong, Martial Law at Sholapur, Viceregal Ordinances declaring the Congress as an illegal body, the Hindu-Muslim riots at Dacca] which impel him to declare in an interview with the *Manchester Guardian* (May 16) against the repressive measures by the "bureaucratic irresponsible government meting out cruel and arbitrary punishment to entirely inoffensive persons . . . in the high-sounding name of law and order" and pleads for concerted action by the best minds of East and West as "the present complications cannot be dissipated by repression and a violent display of physical power"; comes to Oxford on the 17th and on the 19th, at Manchester College, delivers his first Hibbert Lecture (later published by Allen & Unwin as "Religion of Man"); returns to London to discuss Indian affairs with Wedgwood Benn, Secretary of State for India; addresses an annual meeting of Quakers, being the first speaker not belonging to that community invited to address such a meeting within 252 years past; is heckled at the conclusion of his address for his remarks against British rule in India and replies: "Realize yourselves in our place and recall the time when your own brothers in America wanted to secure their freedom with their blood"; returning to Oxford delivers his concluding speech (Hibbert Lectures) on the 26th, at



At Oxford with L. P. Jacks, Principal, Manchester College and Editor of 'The Hibbert Journal': 1930

the Chapel of Manchester College, to one of the most crowded audiences ever seen there—the Principal of the University College, Sir Michael Sadler, declaring: "We shall never forget in Oxford the gift you have given us and the inspiration you have brought to us"; returning to Birmingham, speaks there on the 'Ideals of Education in East and West'; attends an exhibition of his paintings on June 2; writes a letter to the *Spectator* (June 7) on the political situation in India paying a remarkable tribute to Mahatma Gandhi on his "new technique of revolution"; visits Blimhirst's school, Dartington Hall, at Totnes (Devonshire).

proceeds to Dresden; next to Munich, where a civic reception is accorded to him at the ancient Town Hall; witnesses the famous "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, which impresses him deeply; after a rapid tour through many cities, "travelling like royalty", goes to Denmark; an Exhibition of his paintings is opened at Copenhagen on August 9; goes to Geneva and spends there a few days; hears there of communal riots at Dacca and writes to the *Spectator* (Aug. 30, 1930), complaining bitterly against the silence maintained by English newspapers over the affair and maintaining that "men of vicious character have been brought in at Dacca" and "unspeakable atrocities have occurred."

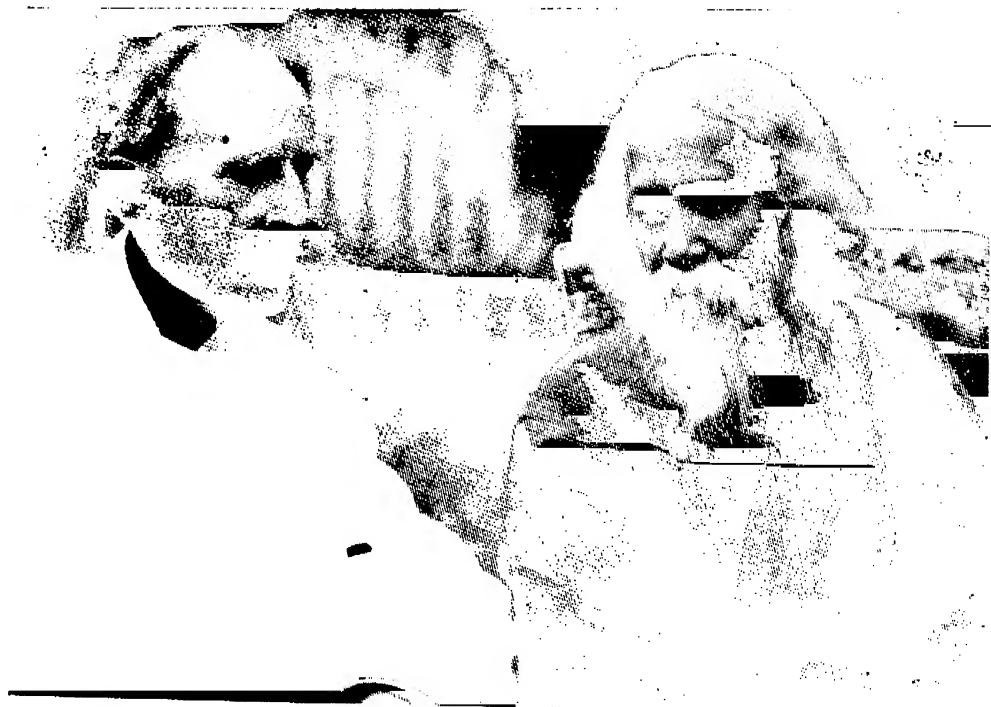
PROCEEDS to Germany, reaching Berlin on July 11, 1930; meets the members of the Reichstag on the 12th; meets Rinstein on the 14th; after the opening of an Exhibition of his paintings, at Gallery Moller, on July 16th,

In Soviet Russia

LEAVES Geneva to visit Russia accompanied by Soumyendra Tagore (his grand-nephew) and Amiya

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

— With
M. Romain Rolland
at Villeneuve,
Switzerland, 1926



Courtesy: "Dipika"

Chakraverti (his Literary Secretary); Dr. Harry Timbres (his Medical attendant), W. Ariam (his Private Secretary)*; arrives at Moscow on September 11, 1930; received at the White-Russian Baltic Station by the representatives of the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries (VOKS); next day, at Voks Building, a reception is held, Prof. F. N. Petroff, the President of the Society, taking the chair; on the evening of the same day a concert is arranged in his honour jointly by the Voks and the Moscow

* In 1926, the Poet had received an invitation from the Soviet Government, but was taken seriously ill with influenza at Vienna and, therefore, had to postpone the visit. On this occasion he was invited personally by Lunacharsky, who came to see him in Berlin on behalf of the Soviet Government.

Association of writers at their club, where he meets Prof. Kogan (President of the Academy of Arts), Prof. Pinkevitch (Director of the Second Moscow State University) Mme. Litvinov, Mme. Ognyed, Mme. Vera Inber, Fedor Gladkov, Essey and other Soviet artists and authors; visits the Pioneers' Commune (the organisation for giving vocational training to orphans) on the 14th; the Peasants' Home on the 16th; an Exhibition of his paintings opened, on September 17, at the State Moscow Museum of New Western Art, is welcomed by Soviet art critics as "a very great event in the history of art"; visits Moscow Art Theatre and witnesses the performances of "Peter the Great", Tolstoy's "Resurrection", and "Biaderka" (an Indian love legend) at the First State Opera House; meets students

and tells them of his own school in India; visits the Industrial Labourers' Commune, Central Ethnographical State Museum, the Children's Creche and Kindergarten of the Moscow Dynamo Works, the Museum of Handicrafts, the Museum of Revolution and several other institutions; delivers his farewell speech at a big reception organised in the Central House of Trade Unions on September 24, when the Soviet poet Shingalee recites the "Ode to Rabindranath", specially composed for the occasion, and the author Galperin recites in Russian three of Tagore poems and the actor Simonov "Stages select scenes from "Post-office" (*Dak-Ghar*).

* * *

LAVES Russia on the 25th for Germany, and from there sails for America on October 3, 1930; writes to the *Spectator* (November 19) from America a letter deploring Gandhiji's hesitation to participate at the Round Table Conference, which, in the Poet's opinion, "could have been used as a platform wherefrom to send his voice to all those all over the world who truly represent the future history of man"; on November 25, at the Biltmore Hotel (New York), attends a great public banquet organized in his honour by four hundred leading citizens; is received by President Hoover; delivers a public address at Carnegie Hall (New York) on December 1, and on Dec. 7, speaks on "The First and Last Prophet of Persia" at a meeting under the auspices of the Bahais; accepts the offer of Ruth St. Denis, the celebrated dancer, of raising funds through a few dance-recitals by her of his poems but gives away the

— With Albert Einstein in Berlin: 1930

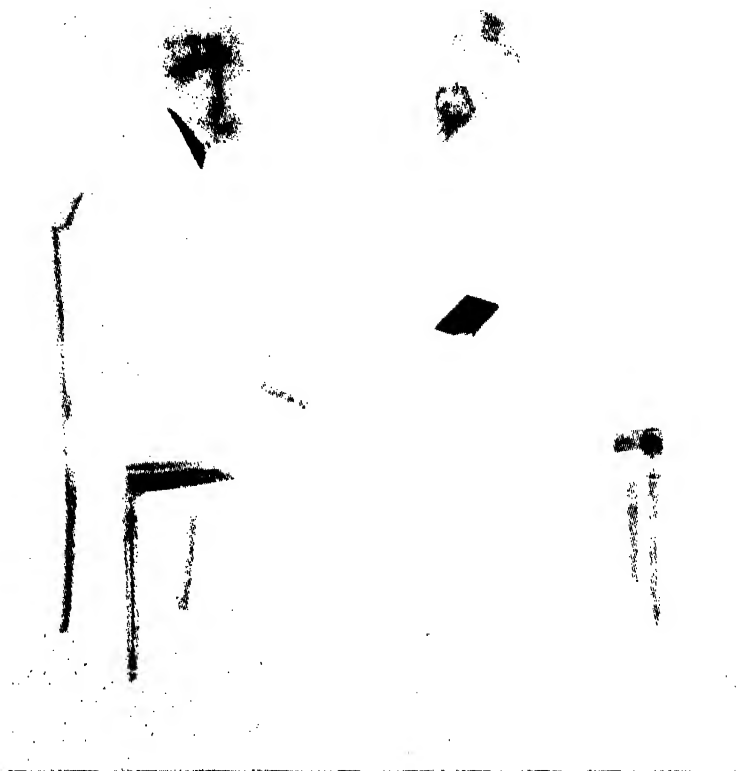


A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

money thus received to be spent in giving relief to the unemployment at New York; exhibitions of his paintings are opened at Boston and New York and received by many art-critics with enthusiasm; meets Will Durant, whose book "The Case for India" had been prohibited entry into Bengal; returns to England on December 22; declines to accept the invitation to act as a mediator in the Round Table Conference wrangle over the communal question; is entertained by the Editor of the *Spectator* at a luncheon at Hyde Park Hotel (January 8, 1931), where he meets and have a long talk with Bernard Shaw; comes back home in February, 1931.

1931-1935

AGE 70-74



- With Bernard Shaw in London: 1930

RETURNING to India writes a new dance-drama, *Nabha*, which is staged first at Santiniketan and then in Calcutta (Empire Theatre, March 14), the Poet reciting poems which are interpreted and visualised through dance and music; his seventieth birthday is celebrated at Santiniketan and also at many places all over India; his letters from Russia—*Russiar Chithi*

—are collected and published on his seventieth birthday, revealing the "profound spiritual and poetic insight and the deep social consciousness with which he had closely followed the most important page of human history."

"Rabindra-Jayanti" Inaugurated

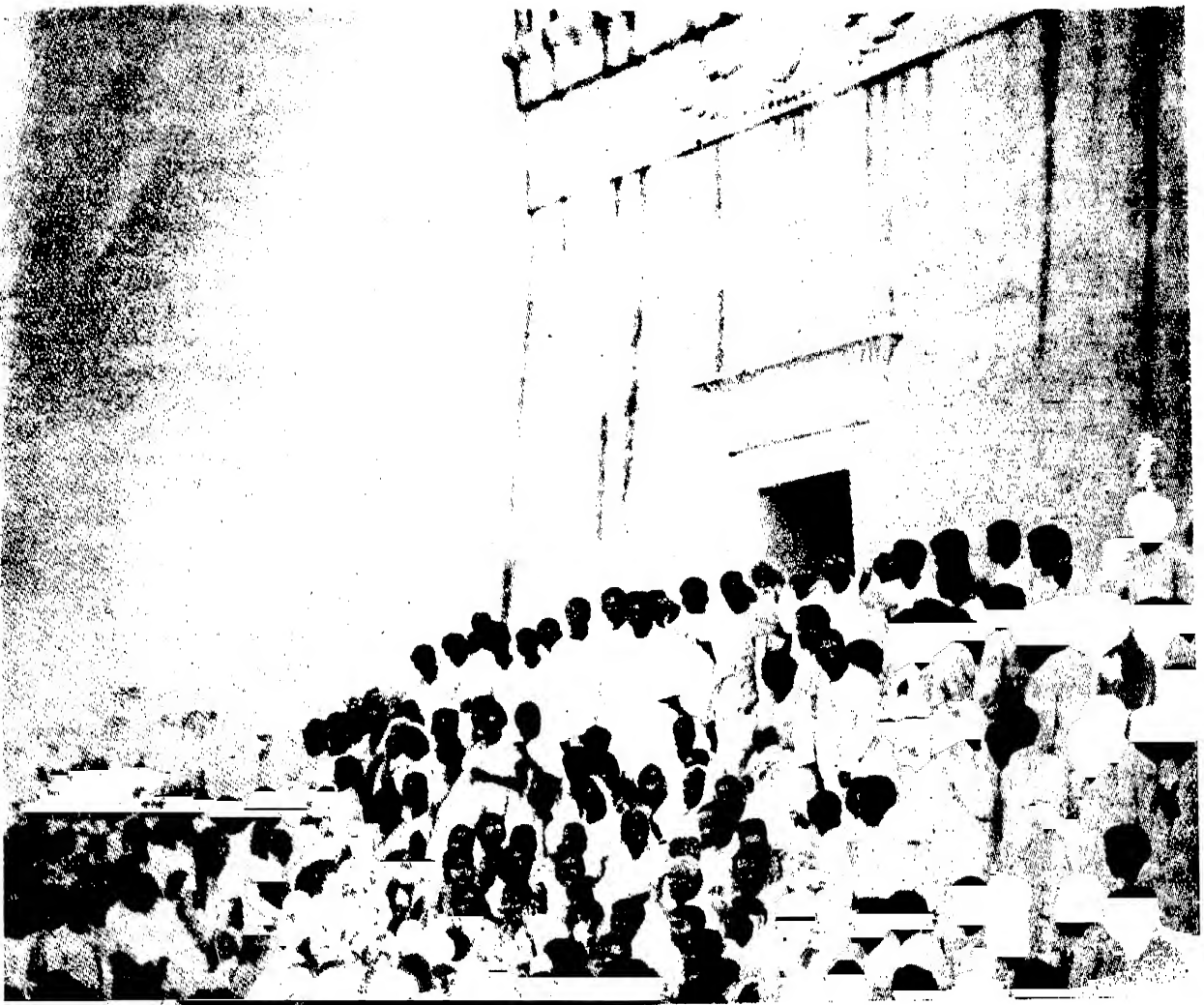
ON the 16th May, 1931, at the Calcutta University Institute Hall, a large gathering representative of all sections of the community with Mahamahopadhyaya Hara Prasad Sastri (President, *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad*) in the chair, conveys to the Poet its warmest felicitations on his completing the seventieth year of his life and decides to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner in Calcutta,—thus inaugurating **RABINDRA-JAYANTI**. A Tagore Septuagenary Celebrations Committee is appointed with the Poet's life-long friend the great scientist Jagadis C. Bose as President, Jatindra Nath Basu as General Secretary and Shyama Prasad Mookerjee and Amal Home as Joint Secretaries. On the 18th July, 1931 this Committee adopts a Scheme of Celebration, prepared by Amal Home, deciding to celebrate the event by a festival extending over an entire week during Christmas (1931) devoted to the observance of a comprehensive programme bringing out and emphasising the Poet's life-work; sends a poem of greetings to the youths of the Buxa Concentration Camp, detained under Viceregal Ordinance, in reply to their birthday felicitations; the poem is returned by the Censor to Amal Home, who had forwarded it on behalf of the Poet.

In New York, in 1930, the Poet met Helen Keller, the famous American blind deaf-mute, who has not only learnt to read, write and talk, but also to "hear" by touch. Here she "listens" to the Poet by placing her fingers lightly on his lips as they move



On the other hand I never for a moment expect that our political fanatics who have been judged guilty by any

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS



In October, 1931, when the guards at the Hili Detention camp shot two young Bengali prisoners dead, the Poet— at a great meeting held in the Calcutta Maidan at the foot of the Ochterloney Monument— gave expression to the anguish and indignation of the outraged public. Here he is seen reading his address with J. M. Sen-Gupta to his left

PHOTO: KANCHAN MUKHERJEE

essay on "The Weavers of Bengal" to the movement set on foot by Sir P. C. Ray that Bengal should not depend on Bombay mills to clothe herself; celebrates at Santiniketan the 50th birth-anniversary of Nandalal Bose, the artist.

"Rabindra-Jayanti" Celebrated

COMES to Calcutta on the 23rd December, 1931, to attend the RABINDRA-JAYANTI celebrations held in the Christmas week in pursuance of the resolution adopted at the inaugural

meeting of the 18th May, 1931. The Jayanti Week starts in the morning of the 25th December with the opening of a remarkable arts and crafts exhibition and a *mela* (fair) at the Town Hall and the adjoining grounds by the Maharaja Bahadur of Tipperah,— the Poet being himself present and going round the rooms and galleries exhibiting (i) a hundred of his own drawings and paintings, (ii) manuscripts and different editions of his works—English and Bengali, (iii) translations of his works in different languages of the world, (iv) works on himself, (v) portraits, etc., of the Poet at different periods of his life, (vi) gifts and pre-

sents to the Poet from different countries of the world, (vii) arts and crafts products of the Visva-Bharati, (viii) old and new Bengali art products and artistic home industries and (ix) pictures of the Bengal School of Painting and Indian paintings, old and new.— As a back-ground to the exhibition (organised by Kedarnath Chatterjee assisted by Surendranath Kar) is also held a *mela* (fair) with stalls of various indigenous products, and entertainments, e.g., *Kathakata*, *jatra*, *kirtan*, *baul gan*, folk songs and folk dances, sports and athletics.—The same afternoon sits a literary conference under the presidentship of Sarat

properly constituted court of justice should go unpunished though their nerves may have been completely upset by harrowing sights and cowardly crimes that escape retribution. They must pay in full the cost of what they may feel as their obligation to their outraged kindred or their own insulted humanity. Our students no doubt learnt by heart through European school-masters their lessons from the western history of the struggle for freedom copiously strewn with the records of criminal violence openly done or secretly plotted by both sides, such as was recently exhibited in Ireland. But, all the same, crimes are crimes and their legal consequences should ever

prove to be inevitable, in spite of the well-known historical truism amply proved by the Czarist and other autocratic regimes that those who have military and political power in their hands or are favoured and protected by such power, have often defiantly gone through the extreme length of iniquities in a wholesale manner and surreptitious ways, avoiding justice and forcibly repressing popular judgment. But fortunately for humanity such policy has never been ultimately successful.

I earnestly appeal to the Government and our people at the same time that there should immediately be a truce to the ring-dance of vengeance and violence

perpetually rushing round a vicious circle. Giving vent to one's anger and annoyance may be natural to common humanity but it is never statesmanlike for our rulers nor wise for the ruled. Mutual indulgence in such angry passions are nothing but destructive, hopelessly wasteful, endlessly adding to our miseries and futility and leading to an utter loss of our confidence in the moral manliness of our rulers, which is the true prestige of strength in its magnanimity.

Darjeeling,
Nov. 2, 1931

Yours etc.,
Rabindranath Tagore

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Chandra Chatterjee, where papers, written by well-known Bengali litterateurs dealing with different aspects of Rabindranath's contribution to the Bengali literature and some poems dedicated to the Poet are read.—In the evening is held a Music Festival where thirty-five Tagore songs (beginning from the earliest period of his composition) are sung by well-known singers and a well-trained choir under the leadership of Indira Devi and Dinendra Nath Tagore. The next day, the 26th December, Sir S. Radhakrishnan opens and presides over a conference at which distinguished litterateurs, artists, scholars and educationists, Indian and European, from all parts of India, including special delegates deputed by the different universities, read papers dealing with Rabindranath's contributions to practically all departments of human culture.—In the evening is continued the Music Festival with thirty-five more songs from Tagore.

Felicitations

ON the 27th December, 1931, before an assemblage of several thousands of people representing all sections of the community gathered in front of the Town Hall (where on the street, facing the steps of the historic building, a dais has been erected), the Poet is presented with addresses of felicitations on behalf of the Corporation

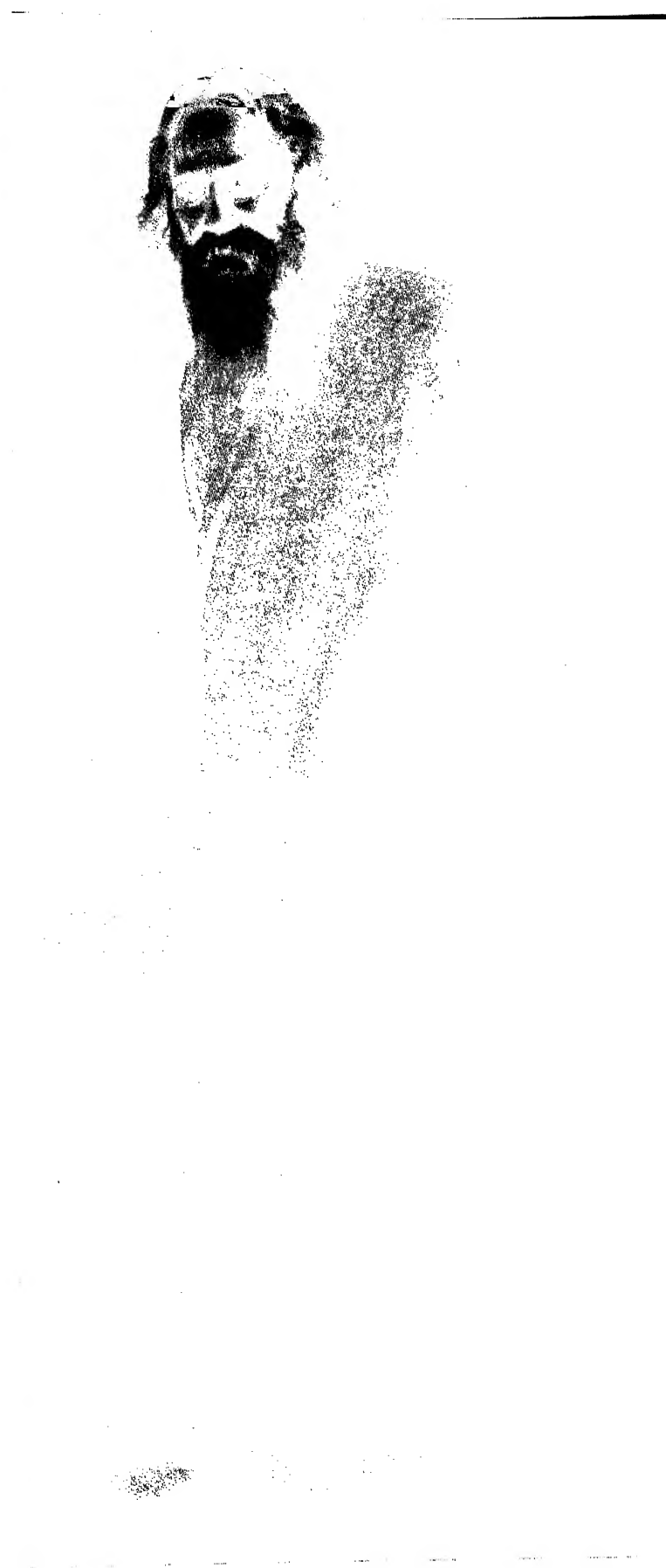
of Calcutta (read by the Mayor Dr. B. C. Roy), the *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad* (read by its President Sir P. C. Ray), the *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan* (read by Ambika Prasad Bajpei), the *Prabasi Banga Sahitya Sammelan* (read by Pratiba Devi of Allahabad) and last, on behalf of his countrymen, by the *Rabindra-Jayanti-Parishad* (The Tagore Septuagenary Celebration Committee), which was read by the greatest Bengali poetess Kamini Ray, the address itself being written by Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, the famous Bengali novelist. The Poet replies to all the addresses separately, receiving a remarkable ovation at the end.—He is also presented with *The Golden Book of Tagore*—bearing the homage of poets and authors, artists and scientists, politicians and statesmen of thirty countries—by Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee (who had edited the Book) on behalf of the Publication Committee.—On the 28th, 29th and 30th is staged *Natir Puja* at the Jorasanko house of the Poet, he himself appearing in the role of the Buddhist monk.—The *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad* holds a reception on the 29th December, when a marble bas-relief portrait of the Poet, presented by Amal Home, is unveiled by Sir P. C. Ray, President of the Parishad. The students of Calcutta also celebrate the occasion by presenting the Poet with an address, on the 31st December, at the Senate Hall of the University of Calcutta; to this he replies by reading

a paper in Bengali, dwelling on the growth of his poetic life, which he had originally prepared for reading at the public reception on the 27th December but abandoned the idea because of its length and the cosmopolitan character of the gathering.—The *RABINDRA JAYANTI* celebration, which was to be held for a week from the 25th to the 31st December, 1931 is extended till the 5th January, 1932, when at the news of the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, Subha Chandra Bose and other leaders and the arrest of Jnananjan Neogi, the Secretary of the *Jayanti-Mela*, the Celebration Committee, in view of the political situation, comes to a decision to close the function.

THE Poet is greatly agitated over Gandhiji's arrest and cables to the British Prime Minister protesting against "the sensational policy of indiscriminate repression being followed by the Indian Government causing permanent alienation of our people from yours"; issues a statement on the "Independence day" (January 26, 1932), which, however, is prevented from being fully published by the Bengal Censor; writes many poems at his river-side residence of Khardah, among them being a notable one on Gandhiji entitled *Prasna* (The Question) published first in the *Prabasi* and later in his *Parishesh*; attends the opening of



—On the 27th December, 1931, before an assemblage of several thousands of people representing all sections of the community gathered in front of the Town Hall, where, on the street, facing the steps of the historic building, against the North gates of the Bengal Legislative Council House, a 'dais' had been erected, the Poet was presented with addresses of felicitations by the Corporation of Calcutta, the *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad*, the *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan*, the *Prabasi Banga Sahitya Sammilan* and the *RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD* (the Tagore Septuagenary Celebration Committee)—Pandit Vidhusekhar Shastri is seen reciting the 'mangalacharanam' while the girls of the *Santiniketan* hold the 'arghyapatram'



1931

By
S. Ghosh

From a photo taken at Santiniketan
on the eve of the *Rabindra-Jayanti*

Engraved & Printed, by
Bharat Phototype Studio

Academic Reception to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore

by the University of Calcutta

August 6, 1932



FRONT ROW (from left to right) — 1. Prof. Nibaran Ch. Ray. 2. Principal A. Cameron. 3. Dr. Pramatha Nath Banerjee. 4. Principal H. C. Maitra. 5. Mr. J. P. Sarbadhikary. 6. Syed Abu Yusuf Ahmed (Reading a Laudatory Poem in honour of the Poet). 7. Sir R. N. Mookerjee. 8. Dr. RABINDRA NATH TAGORE. 9. THE VICE-CHANCELLOR. Sir Hasan Suhrawardy. 10. Dr. Kedar Nath Das. 11. Dr. J. N. Maitra.

BACK ROW (from left to right) — 1. Dr. Sunit Kumar Chatterjee. 2. Mr. R. W. Wolfenden. 3. Dr. Mridendra Lal Mitter. 4. Principal S. N. Das-Gupta. 5. Mr. Prabhat Banerjee. 6. Sir D. P. Sarbadhikari. 7. Mr. H. R. Wilkinson. 8. Sir P. C. Mitter (reading the Programme). 9. Mr. H. E. Stapleton. 10. Sir C. V. Raman (only the turban is visible). 11. Sir Niranjan Sarker (reading the Programme). 12. Hon'ble Mr. Abdul Hamid (Minister of Education, Assam). 13. Principal R. M. Sen. 14. Sir Zahid Suhrawardy. 15. Prof. S. C. Mukherjee (only the head is visible).

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

the exhibition of his paintings arranged by Mahul Dey at the Government Art School, Calcutta, in February; takes a trial flight in a Dutch aeroplane and decides to fly to Persia in response to the invitation of the Shah; meets at Santiniketan a delegation of the 'Society of Friends' from England.

The Roses of Iran

ON April 11, 1932, accompanied by his daughter-in-law "takes off" at the Dum Dum aerodrome on a K. L. M. plane, preceded by his two other companions—Kedarnath Chatterjee and Amiya Chakraverti; on crossing the Persian border receives in the plane a wireless message from the Government of Persia welcoming him; is received at Bushire on April 13 by the Governor and entertained at a public banquet; is royally received at Shiraz (April 16) where he spends a few days; pays his respects at the tomb of Hafiz; comes to Ispahan on the 22nd, via the ancient city of Persepolis; after a Civic Reception at Ispahan, goes to Teheran where he spends two weeks amidst a glorious round of civic, diplomatic and private receptions; on May 2 is received by His Majesty Reza Shah Pahlavi to whom the Poet presents a poem written in his honour; at the Shah's orders his seventy-second birthday is celebrated with great *clat*; receives invitation from Iraq and on his way back to India meets King



—During the Poet's visit to Persia in the summer of 1932, his seventy-second birthday was celebrated at Teheran when "it was roses roses all the way"

Faisal at Baghdad, where he is accorded a Civic Reception; returns to Calcutta, by air, on June 3, 1932.

Gandhiji's "Fast unto Death"

GREATLY perturbed at the news of Gandhiji's resorting to his "fast unto death" (September 20, 1932) in protest against the sinister motives behind the Communal Award* cancels arrangements for attending as President the forthcoming birthday celebrations of Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, and, after issuing a fervent public appeal for removal of caste prejudices and differential treatment between Hindus socially, rushes to Poona (Sept. 24) where Gandhiji has been lying at Yerwada Jail; sends an appealing cable to Premier Ramsay Macdonald; on Sept. 26 the news is received of the "Pact", arrived at as a result of Gandhiji's fast, being accepted by the Premier;

Academic Honours

ACCEPTS the invitation of Calcutta University to take the Ramtani Lahiri Chair of Bengali Literature and also deliver the Kamala Lectures; is presented with an Address from the University at a special Academic Reception on August 6, 1932; receives the news (Aug. 8) of the death in Germany of his only grandson, Nitindranath Ganguly; invited by C. Y. Chintamani of the *Leader* (Allahabad) to give his opinion on the Communal Award, advises his countrymen "to take advantage of the new feeling of resentment that is sweeping intellectual circles in our country to-day against irrational communal and class differences, come to agreement between ourselves and thus remove the greatest obstacles in the path of our national self-expression"; writes at Santiniketan the prose-poems of *Punascha* ('Postscript'), the poems of *Parishesh* ('The End') and *Kaler Jatra* ('The March of Time'), which he dedicates to Sarat Chandra Chatterjee on his 57th birthday anniversary.



—The Poet flies back from Persia with his daughter-in-law Pratima Devi

Photo taken at

Dum Dum Aerodrome: 1932

* The Poet sent the following to Gandhiji on hearing of his fast:

"It is worth sacrificing precious life for the sake of India's unity and her social integrity. Though we cannot anticipate what effect it may have upon our rulers who may not understand its immense importance for our people, we feel certain that the supreme appeal of such self-offering to the conscience of our own countrymen will not be in vain. I fervently hope that we will not callously allow such national tragedy to reach its extreme length. Our sorrowing hearts will follow your sublime penance with reverence and love."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Gandhiji breaks his fast, the Poet singing by his bed-side one of his favourite songs; writes to the Zamorin a forceful letter on the question of the temple entry of Harijans in Cochin; receives Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya at Santiniketan on December 2, 1932.

* * *

Rammohun Centenary

PRESIDES in Calcutta (December 11) at the Seventieth Birthday Celebration of Sir P. C. Ray and dedicates to him the brochure, "Mahatmaji and Depressed Humanity"; visits the Gosaba Village Welfare Centre established by Sir Daniel Hamilton in the Sundarbans; receives Professor Pour-Daud who has been sent to Santiniketan by the Shah of Persia; delivers at Calcutta University the second Kamala Lecture (January, 1933); on January 18 presides over the inaugural meeting of the Rammohun Centenary at the Senate Hall, Calcutta; on the 25th reads at Calcutta University a paper on "Fusion of Knowledge"; at Lucknow, on the occasion of a Conference organised by the School of Music (Feb. 1933), his daughter-in-law produces, with a batch of students from Santiniketan, a Dance-drama, *Sapmochan*, with great success; the performance is repeated in Calcutta, at the Empire Theatre (March, 1933).

ISSUES a statement to the Press supporting V. J. Patel's efforts to check the "campaign of lies" against India, then being sedulously carried on in Western countries (April, 1933); goes to Darjeeling; sends a telegram to Gandhiji deprecating his intention to enter into a second period of fasting, but the telegram is not received by Gandhiji; is the first to sign a leaders' memorial to the Government to release political prisoners; also telegrams to prisoners on hunger-strike at Andamans to desist; records his own and the country's deepest distress at the news of the sudden death of J. M. Sen-Gupta (July 24, 1933) while under detention; sends a message on the occasion of Wilberforce Centenary celebrations at Hull; receives Uday Sankar at Santiniketan; on September 12, stages at the Madan Theatre in Calcutta *Tasher Desh* ("The kingdom of Cards"), also giving recitals from *Chandalika* ("The Untouchable's Daughter"); speaks on Rhythm (*Chhanda*) at Calcutta University (Sept. 16); publishes the poems of *Vichitrila* (illustrated) and dedicates the book to Nandalal Bose on his birthday.

* * *

Visit to Bombay

VISITS Bombay (Nov. 1933) with Santiniketan artistes for the "Tagore Drama Week" (organized there by the Calcutta Impresario, Haren Ghosh)*; Mrs. Sarojini Naidu personally looks after arrangements for his stay and his programme in Bombay; performances of his *Sapmochan* and *Tasher Desh* are given by the pupils of Santiniketan, the Poet himself appearing on the stage; exhibitions of his own paintings and those of other artists attached to the "Kalabhavan" of the Visva-Bharati are opened in Bombay and widely appreciated; the Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University entertains the Poet at a dinner; delivers a lecture on 'The Challenge of Judgment' and another on 'The Price of Freedom' (Dec. 1); goes to Waltair and delivers at Andhra University Sir Krishnaswami Aiyer lectures (Dec. 8, 9, 10), published later as "Man"; proceeds to Hyderabad (Dec. 12) where H. E. H. the Nizam, who had some years ago made a gift of a lakh of rupees to the Visva-Bharati for a Chair of Islamic Culture, warmly receives him and gives another twenty-five thousand rupees; the Osmania University entertains him at a garden party and the Prime Minister at a State Banquet; returns to Calcutta, and on Dec. 29 delivers his famous address *Bharat-pathik Rammohun* at the Senate Hall on the occasion of Rammohun Centenary celebrations; speaks also at the All-India Women's Conference at Town Hall; D. R. Jardine, England's Captain in the Test Match between England and India, calls at the Jorasanko house to pay his respects to the Poet; the drama *Bansari* and the novel *Dui-bon* ('Two Sisters') are written and published during 1933.

RECEIVES Mrs. Naidu at Santiniketan on January 3, 1934; protests against the message of the Mahatma on the Bihar Earthquake (attributing the calamity to "divine vengeance on the country for its sin of untouchability"); telegraphs to Charles Andrews in England about the earthquake and appeals to all nations for help; expresses himself strongly against the anti-Gandhi agitation then on foot in Bengal; presides in Calcutta at the Jubilee celebration of the Hindusthan Co-operative Insurance Co. Ltd., of which his nephew, Surendranath Tagore, was one of the founders; on April 7 speaks at the International Relations Club (founded under the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace).

* * *

PROCEEDS to Ceylon on May 6, 1934, with Santiniketan artistes; reaches Colombo on the 9th; is enter-

tained on the following day at Rotary Club from where his talk Visva-Bharati is broadcast; on the 11th the Indian Mercantile Chamber, Ceylon presents him with an address on the 15th the Corporation of Colombo holds a civic reception in honour; *Sapmochan* is staged for 4 nights at Colombo and then 4 plays; exhibition of paintings of his own and "Kalabhavan" artists is held; on the 17th gives a recital of 1 poems; on May 19, visits Pandit and christens an institution started there on the lines of Sriniketan as *Sri-Palli*; comes to Kandy and completes there his novel *Char Adhya* (Four Chapters) on June 5; goes to North Ceylon and then returns to Madras to Santiniketan on June 28; on August 31 receives Khan Abd Gaffar Khan, who, on release from jail, comes to meet his son studying then at Santiniketan; publishes with Prof. Gilbert Murray two essays on international problems with special reference to the East and the West; opens in Calcutta the Basanti Cotton Mills, a Bengali concern; in October again visits Madras at the invitation of the Chief Minister of Madras, Raja C. Robbili on behalf of the citizens; on October 22 the Corporation of Madras presents an address at a civic reception; on the 24th October speaks on "Myself and the Bengali Renaissance"; from 27 to 30 takes place dramatic performances staged by Santiniketan artistes and an exhibition held of Santiniketan arts and crafts; the Governor of Madras Sir George Stanley receives the Poet at a garden party at Government House; visits Waltair on November 2 as the guest of the Maharani of Vizianagram and addresses the students of Andhra University on the 5th; returns to Calcutta (Nov. 6); visits Benares to open a Montessori School for the Hindu University (Dec. 2); opens in Calcutta (Town Hall, Dec. 27, 1934) the *Prabasi Banga Sahitya Sammilan*; the novel *Malancha* is published; receives at Santiniketan members of the Indian Science Congress who come there on January 6, 1935.

* * *

A Governor's Visit

SIR John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, visits Santiniketan (Feb. 6, 1935); disgusted with the overzealous police "measures of safety" for His Excellency, the Poet has all the inmates of Santiniketan removed to Sriniketan for the period of the visit, the Governor going round the deserted *Asram*; the same evening the Poet leaves for Benares to attend the Convocation of the Hindu University, which confers on him a Doctorate;

A CHRONICLE OF EIGHTY YEARS

speaks at the Allahabad University on the 12th; visits Lahore to preside over the Punjab Students' Conference; meets the leaders of the Sikh community; the call on him and visits the Garo; arrives at Lucknow on the 28th and addresses the students at the University on March 1 and 2; his 75th birthday is celebrated on May 7 at Santiniketan, the Poet entering his new residence, the mud-hut 'Syamali'; his poems of *Sesh-Saptaka* are also published on the same day; is felicitated by the *Bangliya Sahitya Parishad* on May 12; speaks at the function organised by the Mahabodhi Society to observe the birthday of the Lord Buddha; spends the summer at Chandernagore, mostly on his house-boat; on the 21st July Dinendranath Tagore expires in Calcutta; in October *Satadatsar* is staged at Santiniketan with the Poet in the role of 'Samyasi'; receives at Santiniketan the Japanese poet, Noguchi (November 9) with whom, afterwards, he has a controversial exchange of letters on Japan's aggression in China; produces in Calcutta (December 11 and 12) *Raja* in which he appears in the role of 'Thakurda'; writes and publishes *Bithika* ('The Avenue') a book of poems; on December 22, 1935 sends a message of felicitations to the President of the Indian National Congress on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee.



cancels, on account of ill health, his visit to Dacca for the Convocation of the Dacca University, which confers on him the degree of D.Litt. *honoris causa*; on September 5, he sends a message to the World Peace Congress at Brussels, in course of which he warns the delegates: "We cannot have peace until we deserve it by paying its full price, which is, that the strong must cease to be greedy and the weak must learn to be bold"; gives a discourse at the special service held at the Santiniketan Mandir on Gandhiji's birthday (Oct. 2); on October 10-11, at the Asutosh College Hall, Calcutta, another new dance-drama, *Parisodh*, is staged; on the 11th he attends the sixtieth birthday celebration of the novelist Sarat Chandra Chatterjee and blesses him with an address of felici-



The Poet spent the summer of 1935 on his house-boat on the Ganges near Chandernagore, which he again visited in 1937 to inaugurate the Bengali Literary Conference which met there on February 21 under the presidency of Mr. Bhendra Nath Dutta

COURTESY : PARAMH GOSWAMI

1936-1941

AGE 75-80

READS a paper on "Education Naturalised", in February 1936, during the "Bengal Education Week" in Calcutta; on March 11, 12, 13 and 14, at the New Empire Theatre in Calcutta, produces a new dance-drama, *Chitrangada*; proceeds next on a North Indian tour (for collecting funds for Visva-Bharati) via Patna and Allahabad to Delhi; Gandhiji expostulates about the Poet thus exposing himself to such risks at his age, and an anonymous donor at Delhi, a disciple of the Mahatma, donates, at his instance, Rs. 60,000 to the Visva-Bharati funds; the Delhi Municipality votes a civic address to the Poet, which is vetoed by Government; the citizens of Delhi hold a public reception at the Queens Garden, when an address of welcome is presented to him; Princess Niloufar of Hyderabad entertains him at a lunch; visits Meerut where the

Municipality and the District Board present him with addresses, returns to Santiniketan and marries his only grand-daughter Nandina Ganguly to Krishna Kripalani (April 25, 1936).

tations; speaks at Bengal Women's Workers' Conference (Oct. 12).

* * *

The Communal Award

PRESIDES July 15 at a big meeting at the Town Hall to protest against the injustice done to Bengal Hindus under the Communal Award and signs the Hindu memorial to the British Premier against the Award; is criticised by a section of his countrymen for his being a signatory to a "petition", which is considered derogatory to his position while another section holds that the Poet should not have mixed himself up with the communal wrangle, the Poet, however, bases his protest against the Communal Award on larger national grounds;

Calcutta University Convocation

ON the 17th February, 1937 the Poet addresses the Convocation of the Calcutta University, the first non-official invited to speak at this academic function and to speak at it in Bengali; inaugurates the Bengali Literary Conference held at Chandernagore (Feb. 21); presides at the "Parliament of Religions" (March 3) convoked in connection with the Ramkrishna Centenary; the "Chinese Hall" of the Visva-Bharati is opened at Santiniketan by the Chinese Consul in Calcutta on the Bengali New Year's Day (14th April, 1937); the seventy-seventh birthday of the Poet is observed at Santiniketan (May 7, 1937); spends a month at Almora, engaged in

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

—In March, 1937 the Poet presided at the "Parliament of Religions" convened in connection with the Birth-Centenary of Ramkrishna Paramhansa. Seated left to right: THE POET, Sir Francis Younghusband and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

PHOTO: J. K. SANJAL

writing *Viscaparichaya* an introduction to Science for Bengali readers; spends part of July at Patisar, his estate in North Bengal; the title of *Kavisamrat* is conferred on him by Bharati-Tirtha of Andhra at a special convocation held on July 24; *Varshamangal* is staged in Calcutta (September 4 and 5); is taken seriously ill at Santiniketan on September 10, 1937, when his old friend and physician Sir Nilratan Sircar rushes to his bedside with a devoted band of doctors and brings him back to health; is brought to Calcutta (October) where Gandhiji, Jawaharlal Nehru, Subhas Chandra Bose and others then attending an A. I. C. C. meeting (which adopts a resolution of thanksgiving on his recovery) come to see him; his lifelong friend, Jagadis Chunder Bose passes away on Nov. 23, 1937; sends a message to the New Education Fellowship Conference in Calcutta in December; writes a number of poems during convalescence, which are, later, published as *Prantik* ('At the End'); Lord Lothian and later Lord and Lady Brabourne visit Santiniketan, January, 1938.

ON March 1, 1938, the Osmania University confers its Hon. D.Litt. degree on the Poet *in absentia*; on March 19, he attends the performance, in Calcutta, of *Chandalika* by the "Sangeet-bhawan" staff and students; meets Gandhiji in Calcutta on March 22; at Santiniketan, the Poet's 78th birth-day anniversary is observed for the first time not on May 7 but on April 14—the Bengali New Year's Day; spends the summer at Kalimpong and

Mangpoo, returning on July 5 to Santiniketan; writes a popular treatise on Bengali language: *Bangla Vasa Parichaya*, the poems of *Senjuti* and dramatizes his story of *Mukhtir Upaya* (Means of Salvation); addresses the inmates of the Asram on Gandhiji's seventieth birthday; on the 9th December, Marquess of Zetland, Secretary of State for India, opens an exhibition of his paintings at the Calmann Gallery in London; Lady Linlithgow and her daughter visit the Poet at Santiniketan.

'Hindi-Bhawan' Opened

ON January 21, 1939, Subhas Bose, then President of the Indian National Congress, visits Santiniketan



—At the invitation of the Poet, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru opened the 'Hindi-Bhawan' of the *Visva-Bharati* in January, 1939

Photo: Tarak Das

and is accorded a public reception; January 31 Jawaharlal Nehru opens "Hindi Bhawan" at Santiniketan; February 2, comes Subhas Bose and then, on the 6th, Rajendra Prasanna Shyama and Chandanika are produced in Calcutta by Santiniketan artists; the Poet attending the performance his seventy-ninth birth-day is served at Santiniketan on the Bengali New Year's Day (April 14); invited by the Congress Government of Orissa, goes to Puri where actual birth-day (May 7) is observed with great solemnity; spends the summer at Mungpoo and Kalimpong; performs, at the invitation of Subhas Chandra Bose, the opening ceremony of the "Mahajati Sadan" in Calcutta (Aug. 18); the next day Pandit Nehru visits the Poet at the Jorasanko house on his way to China; addresses a meeting on December 15 at the Corporation Health Museum in connection with the opening of a Food and Nutrition Exhibition; opens on December 16, 1939, the Vidyasagar Memorial Hall at Midnapore.

Gandhiji's Visit

GANDHIJI visits the Poet at Santiniketan (February 17-19, 1940); opens at Suri, the district headquarters of Birbhum (Feb. 21) the Industrial Exhibition held there annually; in March goes to Bankura to lay the foundation stone of a Maternity Home and Child Welfare Centre; on April 5, the Poet's most devoted friend C. F. Andrews (born 12th February, 1871) dies at a Nursing Home in Calcutta; on April 14 (Bengali New Year's Day) the Poet's 80th birth-day is quietly observed.

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—The Poet reading his address at the opening ceremony of the Vidyasagar Memorial Hall, which he performed at Midnapore in December, 1939

PHOTO: UNIVERSAL ART GALLERY

Santiniketan,* spends the summer at Mungpoo.

* * *

Oxford comes to Visva-Bharati

OXFORD UNIVERSITY holds a special Convocation at Santiniketan on Aug. 7, 1940, to confer on him a Doctorate of Literature, *honoris causa*. Sir Maurice Gwyer, Chief Justice of India, Sir S. Radhakrishnan and Mr. Justice Henderson of the Calcutta High Court representing Oxford at the function†; leaves for Kalimpong on Sep-

* On this occasion, seated on a decorated dais, the Poet received felicitations and gave readings from his drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber".

In a congratulatory message to the Poet, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek said: "In wishing you good health and long life I pray that you may be spared to humanity for many more years to come, so that you may spread over ever-widening areas of the world, the benign influence of your love of peace and fellowship and also propagate your noble ideas in the fields of education and culture. May you hold up a beacon light to this benighted and suffering world for ever and ever."

† William Rothenstein writes in his *Recollections*:-

"Fox-strangways [the author of *The Music of Hindostan*] wanted Oxford or Cambridge to give Tagore an honorary degree (1912). Lord Curzon [then Chancellor of Oxford University], when consulted, said that there were more distinguished men in India than Tagore. I wondered who they were; and I regretted that England had left it to a foreign country to make the first emphatic acknowledgment of his contri-

tribution; is taken there seriously ill on September 27 and brought down to Calcutta on September 29; is placed here under the treatment of Dr. B. C. Roy, assisted by others; they tide him over the period of acute illness and he is taken to Santiniketan on November 18 to convalesce after two months

in bed in Calcutta; receives Tai Chi-Tao, President of the Examination Yuan, National Government of China, on December 9, 1940; though confined to bed, the Poet's literary activity continues unabated, the books published during the year being *Nava-Jalak* ("The New Born") *Sanal* ("The Pipe") *Chhele-bela* ("My Boyhood Days"), *Tin Sangi* (three short stories), *Roga-Sajjay* ("In Sick-bed") and *Jogya* ("Convalescence").

Eighty-first Birthday

RABINDRANATH'S eighty-first birthday is observed at Santiniketan on the 1st Baisakh, 1348 B.E. (the Bengali New Year's Day) corresponding to April 14, 1941, when he delivers a stirring address on *The Crisis in Civilisation*, which creates a profound impression all over India with its vigorous, bold and penetrating analysis of the causes of the ruin of "a proud civilization" the civilization of Europe, on which he had once built his faith, the faith "that has gone bankrupt altogether to-day when I am about to quit the world".



—The Poet giving his blessings at the wedding of Nandini, a girl brought up from her infancy by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rathindranath Tagore

PHOTO: S. SHARMA

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



When the two met

COURTESY PHOTO: S. SHARMA

THE POET COMPLETES HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH BHAISAKI, BENGALI ERA 1348, MAY 8, 1941

THE JAYANTI IS CELEBRATED ALL OVER INDIA

The Maharaja of Tipperah confers on him the title of *Bharat-Bhaskar* ("The Sun of India"); two new books are published on his birthday (*Janmadine* poems) and *Galpa-Saipa* ("Yarns") also "My Boyhood Days," the English rendering of *Chhikarata*.

Recurrent Illness

THE POET continues to be ill and is, more or less, confined to bed, unable to hold the pen with ease, he dictates his poems and other writings. On June 4, 1941 the Poet issues from his sick-bed a remarkable statement to the Press in reply to an open letter addressed to Indians by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, a member of Parliament calling upon them to stand by Britain in the War, which he describes as an "impertinent challenge to our conscience"; the statement creates a great sensation.

THE LAST DAYS

Brought to Calcutta

TOWARDS the end of June, 1941, the Poet—who has never been able to recover from his illness in September—



—RABINDRANATH WELCOMES GANDHIJI AND KASTURIBAI GANDHI AT SANTINIKETAN ON FEBRUARY 17, 1940.



1939

From a Photo taken
at Sariniketan

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

"UTTARAYAN"
SANTINIKETAN, BENGAL.

২৯।৫।৪১

কল্যাণীয়েষু,

অমল, তুমি আশ্চর্য করে দিয়েছ। তোমার
সংগৃহ প্রাচুর্য একেবারে অপ্রভেদী এবং অভ্রম্পর্শী। আমার
ক্লান্ত দেহে আমি ভাল করে সমসুটার অনুসরণ করতে পারব
না। সুস্থ নরীর যাদের তারাও বোধ হয় হাঁপিয়ে
উঠবে। এত বিচিত্র আমদানী ইজিলুর্বে তারা কোথায়ও
পায়নি। আমার বাল্যলীলা থেকে আরম্ভ করে অনুলীলা
পর্যন্ত যে সুপাকার পরিচয়ের সামগ্রী তুমি সাজিয়ে
তুলেছ সেগুলি পাঠকদের অঞ্জলি ছাপিয়ে গিয়েছে,
তারা তোমার জয়ধ্বনি করবে। আমার আশীর্বাদ গুলন
করো। ইতি

স্বপ্নে প্রাণে নুভাবী
মিষ্টান্দে এসবই পড়াও
এক দেহেই মনে মনে পড়াও
এবং মনে মনে পড়াও
এবং মনে মনে পড়াও

শ্রীযুক্ত অমলচন্দ্র হোম।

A LETTER, DATED SANTINIKETAN, MAY 29, 1941, WRITTEN BY THE POET TO THE
EDITOR, "CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE", ON RECEIPT OF 'THE TAGORE BIRTHDAY
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT', DATED MAY 17, 1941, WHICH IS INCORPORATED WITH THIS
MEMORIAL SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT



Photo: "Hindustan Standard"

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bulletin issued at 8-30 P.M. on Sunday, it being added at the same time that "though there are reasons for some anxiety, his condition, however, is not alarming"; on Monday, the 4th August, the evening bulletin announces that the Poet "did not pass a very comfortable night", and "there has been a rise in the temperature since the afternoon."

ON TUESDAY, the 5th August, a bulletin issued at 8-10 P.M. says that "there has been some deterioration in the Poet's condition and there is cause for anxiety"; inquiries made by the *Associated Press* at 2 A.M. on Wednesday, the 6th August show "that there has been no improvement in the Poet's condition."

Grave Anxiety

THROUGHOUT Wednesday the 6th August, the bulletins are issued at frequent intervals; at 11-20 A.M. it is stated that "his weakness and restlessness is causing great anxiety"; at 6 P.M. his condition has "worsened to some extent"; at 7-30 P.M. it "has further worsened"; at 8-30 P.M. "his condition is causing grave anxiety", throughout the day and far into the night constant telephone calls are received at the Poet's residence, and a continuous stream of callers make personal enquiries about his condition; at 11-30 P.M. his condition shows "no change".

The Last Hours

AT 2-30 A.M. on Thursday, the 7th August his condition "is causing greater anxiety"; the last bulletin issued at 3-30 A.M. says that it has "slightly worsened since the last bulletin and is causing grave anxiety."

THE END

WITH morning friends and relations begin to gather at the Jorasanko house; the rooms overflow and a large crowd gathers outside the house; prayers are offered at the unconscious Poet's bed-side and hymns sung; at about 10, Dr. R. C. Roy and Dr. J. M. Banerjee come and examine him for the last time.

AT THIRTEEN MINUTES PAST TWELVE ON THURSDAY, THE 7TH AUGUST, 1941 corresponding to the 22nd *Shraban*, Bengali Era 1348 and Saka Era 1863, THE POET BREATHES HIS LAST, AGED 80 YEARS 3 MONTHS IN HIS ANCESTRAL HOME IN CALCUTTA 6, DWARKANATH TAGORE LANE—THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS BORN ON TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1861, BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2-30 AND 3 A.M.

In the Majesty of Death

THE NEWS soon spreads all over the city, and people of all ranks and station in life, gather at the Poet's house; every section of the community is represented; a vast uncontrollable crowd fills the quadrangle and the courtyard; thousands throng the streets; schools and colleges, courts and offices, markets and mercantile firms are immediately closed, flags fly half-mast on public buildings; hundreds of men and women, young and old, file past the room where the Poet lies robed in silk decked with flowers beautiful in death as in life.

The Last Journey

THE FUNERAL procession starts at about 3-30 P.M.; goes along Chittapore Road, Vivekananda Road, Chittaranjan Avenue and Colootola Street where men stand ten deep and the balconies and house-tops on either side are filled with women; flowers are showered, rose-water is sprinkled on

the bier as it proceeds with the precious burden; the procession arriving in College Street, in front of the Senate House, wreaths are offered by the Vice-Chancellor on behalf of His Excellency the Chancellor, the University with its various departments, members of the Senate and Syndicate and many other academic bodies.

ANOTHER brief halt is made in front of the Prayer Hall of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj in Cornwallis Street, where prayers are offered and floral tributes placed on the bier on behalf of this religious body of which he was the only Honorary Member; the procession then wends its way along Cornwallis Street, Grey Street, Butto Kristo Paul Avenue (Soyabazar) and Nintolla Ghat Street to the cremation grounds, thousands of people lining up both sides of the route showering flowers on the bier; the cortege reaches the Burning Ghat as the sun sets.

A LARGE and unmanageable crowd at Nintollah makes it difficult for the bier to be taken to the site specially selected for the cremation outside the enclosure, right on the bank of the Ganges; as the bier is placed on the ground there is a frenzied rush of people to touch it; the rush is so great that it considerably delays the funeral.

The End Of It All

THE cremation ceremony starts shortly after 8 P.M. and concludes at midnight; the last rites are performed as laid down in the *Anusthan Paddhati* (code of ceremonies) by the Poet's father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, the second great leader of the Brahmo Samaj; as the body is placed on the pyre, a hush falls on the vast concourse of people, while many touch the ground with their forehead in a gesture of reverence; the flames leap up; and so much beauty and fame, so much dignity and name are consumed in the cleansing fire whose glory the Poet had sung in one of his memorable and magnificent songs.

The ashes are collected in a silver urn and taken to Santiniketan by the Poet's son the next morning.

"I shall be born in India again and again. With all her poverty, misery, and wretchedness, I love India best."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



At the ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone of the "Mahajati Sadan" on August 18, 1939



At the opening of Food & Nutrition Exhibition at the Corporation Health Museum on December 15, 1939

PHOTO : S. SHAHA.

CRISIS IN CIVILIZATION

Tagore's Message on Completing His Eighty Years

TODAY I complete eighty years of my life. As I look back on the stretch of years that lie behind me I see in clear perspective the history of my early development, I am struck by the change that has taken place both in my own attitude and in the psychology of my countrymen—a change that carries within it a cause of profound tragedy.

Our direct contact with the larger world of men was linked up with the contemporary history of the English people whom we came to know in those earlier days. It was mainly through their mighty literature that we formed our ideas with regard to these newcomers to our Indian shores. In those days the type of learning that was served out to us was neither plentiful nor diverse, nor was the spirit of scientific enquiry very much in evidence. Thus their scope being strictly limited, the educated of those days had recourse to English language and literature. Their days and nights were eloquent with the stately declamations of Burke, with Macaulay's long-rolling sentences; discussions centred upon Shakespeare's drama and Byron's poetry and, above all, upon the large-hearted liberalism of the nineteenth-century English politics.

At the time though tentative attempts were being made to gain our national independence, at heart we had not lost faith in the generosity of the English race. This belief was so firmly rooted in the sentiments of our leaders as to lead them to hope that the victor would of his own grace pave the path of freedom for the vanquished. This belief was based upon the fact that England at the time provided a shelter to all those who had to flee from persecution in their own country. Political martyrs who had suffered for the honour of their people were accorded unreserved welcome at the hands of the English. I was impressed by this evidence of liberal humanity in the character of the English, and thus I was led to set them on the pedestal of my highest respect. This generosity in their national character had not yet been vitiated by Imperialist pride. About this time, as a boy in England, I had the opportunity

Bright, both in and outside Parliament. The large-hearted, radical liberalism of those speeches, overflowing all narrow national bounds, had made so deep an impression on my mind that something of it lingers even today, even in these days of graceless disillusionment.

Certainly that spirit of abject dependence upon the charity of our rulers was no matter for pride. What was remarkable, however, was the whole-hearted way in which we gave our recognition to human greatness even when it revealed itself in the foreigner. The best and noblest gifts of humanity cannot be the monopoly of a particular race or country; its scope may not be limited, nor may it be regarded as the miser's hoard buried underground. That is why English literature which nourished our minds in the past, does even now convey its deep resonance to the recesses of our heart.

Extracts from the address

THUS passed the first chapters of my life. Then came the parting of ways accompanied with a painful feeling of disillusion when I began increasingly to discover how easily those who accepted the highest truths of civilization disowned them with impunity whenever questions of national self-interest were involved.

There came a time when perforce I had to snatch myself away from the mere appreciation of literature. As I emerged into the stark light of bare facts, the sight of the dire poverty of the Indian masses rent my heart. Rudely shaken out of my dreams, I began to realise that perhaps in no other modern state was there such hopeless dearth of the most elementary needs of existence. And yet it was this country whose resources had fed for so long the wealth and magnificence of the British people. While I was lost in the contemplation of the great world of civilization, I could never have remotely imagined that the great ideals of humanity would end in such ruthless travesty. But today a glaring example of it stares me in the

face in the utter and contemptuous indifference of a so-called civilized race to the well-being of crores of Indian people.

That mastery over the machine, by which the British have consolidated their vast empire, has been kept a sealed book, to which due access has been denied to this helpless country. And all the time before our very eyes Japan has been transforming herself into a mighty and prosperous nation. I have seen with my own eyes the admirable use to which Japan has put in her own country the fruits of this progress. I have also been privileged to witness, while in Moscow, the unsparing energy with which Russia has tried to fight disease and illiteracy, and has succeeded in steadily liquidating ignorance and poverty, wiping off the humiliation from the face of a vast continent. Her civilization is free from all invidious distinctions between one class and another between one sect and another.

WHEN I see elsewhere some two hundred nationalities which only a few years ago were at vastly different stages of development—marching ahead in peaceful progress and amity, and when I look about my own country and see a very highly evolved and intellectual people drifting into the disorder of barbarism, I cannot help contrasting the two systems of governments, one based on co-operation, the other on exploitation, which have made such contrary conditions possible.

Thus while these other countries were marching ahead, India, smothered under the dead weight of British administration, lay static in her utter helplessness. Another great and ancient civilization for whose recent tragic history the British cannot disclaim responsibility is China. To serve their own national profit the British first doped her people with opium and then appropriated a portion of her territory. As the world was about to forget the memory of this outrage, we were painfully surprised by another event. While Japan was quietly devouring North China, her act of wanton aggression was

ignored as a minor incident by the veterans of British diplomacy. We have also witnessed from this distance how actively the British statesmen acquiesced in the destruction of the Spanish Republic.

Such is the tragic tale of the gradual loss of my faith in the claims of the European nations to civilization. In India "the misfortune of being governed by a foreign race" is daily brought home to us not only in the callous neglect of such minimum necessities of life as adequate provision for food, clothing, educational and medical provision for the people, but in an even unhappier form in the way the people have been divided among themselves. The pity of it is that the blame is laid at the door of our own society. So frightful a culmination of the history of our people would never have been possible, but for the encouragement it has received from secret influences emanating from high places.

One cannot believe that Indians are in any way inferior to the Japanese in intellectual capacity. The most effective difference between these two eastern peoples is that whereas India lies at the mercy of the British, Japan has been spared the shadow of alien domination. We know what we have been deprived of. That which was truly best in their own civilizations, the upholding of the dignity of human relationship, has no place in the British administration of this country. If in its place they have established, with baton in hand, a reign of "law and order", in other words a policeman's rule, such mockery of civilization can claim no respect from us. It is the mission of civilization to bring unity among people and establish peace and harmony. But in unfortunate India the social fabric is being rent into shreds by unseemly outbursts of hooliganism daily growing in intensity right under the very aegis of "law and order". In India, so long as no personal injury is inflicted upon any member of the ruling race, this barbarism seems to be assured of perpetuity, making us ashamed to live under such an administration.

IN the meanwhile the demon of barbarity has given up all pretence and has emerged with unconcealed fangs, ready to tear up humanity in an orgy of

devastation. From one end of the world to the other the poisonous fumes of hatred darken the atmosphere. The spirit of violence which perhaps lay dormant in the psychology of the West has at last housed itself and desecrates the spirit of Man.

THE wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian Empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them! I had at one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe. But today when I am about to quit the world that faith has gone bankrupt altogether.

As I look around I see the crumpled ruins of a proud civilization strewn a vast heap of futility. And yet I not commit the grievous sin of loss of faith in Man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in his history after the catastrophe is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice. Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon, from the East where the sun rises. A day will come when unvanquished Man will retrace his steps of conquest, despite all barriers, to back his lost human heritage.

Today we witness the perils which attend on the insolence of might; day shall be borne out the full truth which the sages have proclaimed:

By unrighteousness man prospers, gains what appears desirable, conquers enemies, but perishes the root."



"Uttarayan"
Santiniketan, Bengal
19/11/33

Cities are organic expressions of culture. Until today our cities have grown up, as much of our exterior life has, chaotically. They have been imitation of Europe and their lives have flowed in channels which have been sometimes at tangent, sometimes parallel to our own. Now that India is slowly coming to her own our towns should mirror our national culture and artistic sensibility. I look forward to a Calcutta which will reflect this ideal.

Rabindranath Tagore

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

“A Red Letter Day in Bengali Literature”

“A RED LETTER DAY in Bengali Literature”—that is how a contemporary newspaper, Surendranath Banerjee's famous daily, *THE BENGALER*, described the homage which Rabindranath's countrymen paid the Poet on his completing the fiftieth year of his life. The great ovation took place on January 28, 1912 at the historic Town Hall in Calcutta.

The initiative in according this reception was taken by Jagadis Chunder Bose, Prafulla Chandra Ray, Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, Sarada Charan Mitter, Hirendra Nath Datta, Asutosh Chaudhuri, Brajendra Kishore Rai Chaudhuri, Rai Yalindra Nath Chaudhuri and the Maharaja of Cossimbazar—Manindra Chandra Nundy. In a letter addressed to the public, the first draft of which—in the handwriting of Hirendra Nath Datta—is reproduced elsewhere in facsimile, they called upon their compatriots to do honour to the Poet in a fitting manner and to convey to him their appreciation of his work and worth on the occasion. With this object in view a Committee consisting of, among others, the Maharaja of Mourbhanj, the Maharaja of Nator, Siranath Sastri, Brajendra Nath Seal, Ramananda Chatterjee, Chittaranjan Das, Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan, Akshoy Kumar Maitra, Priyanath Sen, Prabhat Kumar Mukherjee, Hemendra Prasad Ghose, Khagendra Nath Mitra, Jalindra Mohan Bagchi, Manilal Ganguli, Dwijendra Narayan Bagchi, Satyendra Nath Dutta, Charu Bandopadhyaya was formed, who, “thinking that it would be in the fitness of things that the BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD should be in charge of the celebration, asked that body to undertake this public duty.”

THE BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD—the Academy of Bengali Letters, the premier literary body in Bengal—gladly took up the duty, and its Secretary, the Poet's life-long friend, Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, assisted by a youthful band of the Poet's admirers, themselves well-known poets, novelists and short story-writers, threw themselves heart and soul in the work of organisation. Funds were raised and a Rabindra Fellowship Fund established, out of which it was proposed to give fellowships for Bengali translations from standard works in science, history, literature etc. in European languages and for original works in Bengali embodying the results of independent research on the part of the fellows, the selection of fellows and of works resting in the hands of the PARISHAD.

The principal function, the presentation of the address of felicitations, took place, as already stated, on Sunday, January 28, 1912. A report of the ceremony is reproduced below from *THE BENGALER* of Monday, January 29, 1912 :

ON Sunday afternoon, at the instance of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, a meeting was held at the Town Hall, which marked a unique event in the history of Bengali Literature. Bengalis, young and old, men and women, professors and teachers, doctors and merchants, traders and shop-keepers, lawyers and journalists, students of colleges and schools, besides writers, authors and poets, every one of whom must owe his or her allegiance to the personage, whose great personality had inspired the sentiment that found audible expression and visible demonstration on the occasion, assembled in their thousands to congratulate our Poet Rabindranath on his having completed his fiftieth birthday. A demonstration which had no semblance or connection with matters, social or political, or religious, except that the congratulations had a religious aspects about it in the fact

that the outpourings of love and joy and gratitude towards the poet were all heavily leavened with a religious devotion to him ; still the attendance was so large as would puzzle a frequent visitor to the Town Hall on demonstrative occasions, nay, the veriest meeting-hunter, as to how a meeting evidently of litterateurs could be so well-attended. A journalist of old, say the late Pandit Dwarkanath Vidyabhusan, if he had chosen to descend in his ethereal form and have a look at the audience, would have been confused why shop-keepers, who in his days were either illiterate or would not read a Bengali book without much spelling, should be in a meeting like that, and, inspite of jostling and pushing and congesting to profuse perspiration, they should be waiting till the end. Really, the demonstration marked a new era. The litterateurs of the province are not to be



From a photograph taken on the occasion of the Fiftieth Birthday Celebration in Calcutta on the steps of the Town Hall on January 28, 1912

First row (left to right) : Khagendra Nath Chatterjee, Byomkesh Mustafi, THE POET, Sarada Charan Mitter, Gurudas Banerjee, Rakhaldas Banerjee
 Second row (left to right) : Ramendra Sunder Trivedi, Amulya Charan Vidyabhusan, Rai Yatindra Nath Chaudhuri, Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan, Chuni Lal Bose, Nagendra Nath Basu, Pramatha Nath Tarkabhusan
 Third row (central figure) : Hirendra Nath Datta

Courtesy: "Basumatl"

counted now-a-days on fingers' end. Love of literature and of authors and poets, a strong love for the mother-tongue has penetrated the jute-mills, drapery shops, doctors' dispensaries, pundits' *tols*, even the green-grocers' stalls. So Rabindranath, the King among Bengali poets and authors, is surely the lord of his fellow-writers in the same way, as of those who have no pretence to being literary men. That the bright rays of the Sun (*Rabi*) still at his meridian of poetic genius, though considerably past the meridian physically, have enlightened fair creatures behind the *purda*, and he holds quite undisputed a sway over the fair sex as over the stern. His suzerainty over the former was evidenced by the large number of ladies attending the meeting and paying homage to the poet.

Amongst those present at the meeting were:—

The Maharajah of Natore, The Maharajah of Cossimbazar, The Maharajah of Susang, Sir Gooroodas Banerjee, Sir Pratul Chandra Chatterjee, The Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, Mr. Justice Woodroffe and Mrs. Woodroffe, Mr. Saroda Charan Mitter, Pandit and Mrs. Sivanath Sastri, Dr. and Mrs. Nilratan Sircar, Dr. P. C. Roy, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Bose, Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal, Mr. & Mrs. Asutosh Chowdhuri, Mr. B. L. Mitter, Mr. Provas Chandra Mitter, The Hon'ble Dr. Deva Prasad Sarbadhikary, The Hon'ble Mr. Janaki Nath Bose, Mr. Brojendra Kisore Rai Chowdhuri, Rai Debendra Chunder Ghose Bahadur, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Das, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Das, Mr. and Mrs. Ramananda Chatterjee, Dr. and Mrs. P. K. Acharya, Sreematee Swarna Kumari Debi, Sreematee Prasannamoyee Debi, Sreematee Priyambada Debi, Mahamahopadhyaya Pramatha Nath Tarkabhusan, Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Satish Chandra Vidyabhusan, Mahamahopadhyaya Jadabeswar Tarkaratna, Principal Ramendra Sundar Tribedi, Pandit Sarat Chandra Sastri, Pandit Durga Charan Sankhatirtha, Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri, Pandit Rajendra Nath Vidyabhusan, Dr. Protap Chandra Mazumdar, Rai Bepin Behari Gupta Bahadur, Mr. Nagendra Nath Chatterjee

কবিশ্রদ্ধা ।

কবির ত্রিযুক্ত রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর
 মহাশয়ের পঞ্চাশতম বর্ষ পূর্ণ হওয়া
 উপলক্ষে বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষৎ
 কর্তৃক

তঁাহার স্মরণ ও অভিনন্দন ।

স্থান,—ট্যুইনহল, কলিকাতা ।

সময়—১৪ই আষ ১৩১৮—২৮ জ্যৈষ্ঠী ১৯১২, রবিবার,
 অপরাহ্ন ৪ ঘটিকা ।

সভাপতি—ত্রিযুক্ত সারদাচরণ মিত্র, এম্. এ. বিএল্.
 (বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষদের সভাপতি)

নিবেদন—কবির সভাসভাগ করিবার পূর্বে অগ্রহণ করিয়া
 কেহ আসন পরিভ্রমণ করিবেন না ।

—Facsimile of the title page of the programme of the Town Hall meeting

(Missionary, S. B. Samaj and biographer of Rammohun Mr. Loken Palit, I.C.S., Mr. Prithwis Chandra Roy, M. Gaganendra Nath Tagore, Mr. Abanindra Nath Tagore, Rai Bahadur Dr. Chuni Lal Bose, Mr. Hirendra Nath Datta, Mr. A. C. Dutt, Kumar Bahadur of Lalgola, Pandit Amulya Charan Vidyabhusan, Mr. J. N. Roy, Mr. Krishna Kumar Mitter, Dr. Sundari Mohan Das, Mr. Narendra Kumar Basu Sreemati Sarala Debi Chowdhurani, Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Rai Choudhuri, Rai Yatindra Nath Chaudhuri, Dr. S. R. Mitter

Dwijendra Nath Bose, Mr. Sachindra Prosad Bose, Dr. and Mrs. D. N. Maitra, Mrs. Kshirodebasini Mitter, Miss Nalini Sircar (now Mrs. D. M. Bose), Miss Suriti Mitter (now Mrs. H. M. Bose), Miss Usha Acharya (now Mrs. S. K. Haldar), Miss Santa Chatterjee (now Mrs. Kalidas Nag), Miss Sita Chatterjee (now Mrs. Sudhir Chaudhuri), Miss Purnima Ghoshal (the late Mrs. Purnima Basak), Miss Arundhati Sircar (now Mrs. Kedar Nath Chatterji), Miss Sudha Dutta (now Mrs. Prabhat Mukherjee), Miss Nilima Mahalanobis,

ROBINDRANATH HONOURED.**RED LETTER DAY IN BENGALI LITERATURE**

On Monday afternoon, at the instance of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, a meeting was held at the Town Hall, which marked a unique event in the history of Bengali literature. Bengalis, young and old, ladies and gentlemen, professors and teachers, doctors and preceptors, artists and shopkeepers, lawyers and journalists, students of colleges and schools, leading writers, authors and poets, every one of whom must owe his or her allegiance to the personality whose great personality had inspired the sentiment that found suitable expression in a visible demonstration on the occasion assembled in their thousands to celebrate our Poet Rabindranath on his having completed his fiftieth birthday. A demonstration which had no resemblance of connection with matters social or political, or religious except that the congratulation had a religious aspect about it in the fact that the outpourings of love and joy and gratitude towards the poet were all heavily seasoned with a religious devotion to him, still the attendance was so large as would puzzle a frequent visitor to the Town Hall on demonstrative occasions, nay, the various meeting-hall, as to how a meeting, evidently of "literature" would be so well-attended. A journalist of old, say the late Pandit Dwarkanath Vidyabhadran if he had chosen to descend in his ethereal form and have a look at the audience, he would have been confused who shopkeepers, who in his days were often illiterate or could not read a line of Bengali without much spelling, should be in a meeting like that and amidst of jostling and pushing and congestion of people's perspiration, they should be waiting for the end of Rabindranath's demonstration, as now are. The "literature" of the province, it is not to be counted, for the first time, and "Love of Literature" and "Love of Language" has been shown.

Facsimile of the opening paragraph of the report in a Calcutta newspaper of the fiftieth birth anniversary of the Poet celebrated at the Calcutta Town Hall on January 28, 1912 (From "The Bengalee") January 29, 1912)

Miss Sophia Qazi, Mrs. Ayengar, Prof. Khagenendra Nath Mitter, Mr. Kumar Krishna Mitter and Mr. Pravat Kumar Mukhopadhyaya

Mr. Sarada Charan Mitter, President, Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, who presided on the occasion, in a short neat speech, introduced the guest of the evening. He said that in ancient times poets were seldom honoured in their country. Blind Homer had to beg his bread, Dante was deported, Milton passed his days in misery. In England poets also shared the same fate. In India poets were never slighted. Unfortunately, they failed in their duty in the case of Hemchandra. In honouring Rabindranath they were honouring themselves.

Prof. Pandit Thakur Prosad Acharyya read from the *Upanishadas*, blessing the proceedings.

A choir of singers, under the leadership of Mr. Surendra Nath Bondopadhyaya, sang a song composed specially for the occasion by Mr. Jatindra Mohan Bagchi in praise of the poet.



The Poet with some of those whose untiring efforts made Fiftieth Birthday Celebration in Calcutta "a Red Letter Day in Bengali literature"

Seated (left to right): Karunanidhan Banerjee, poet; Jatindra Mol Bagchi, poet; Satyendranath Datta, poet.
Standing (left to right): Charu Bandhopadhyaya, novelist and short story writer; Dwijendra Narayan Bagchi, poet; Manilal Ganguli, short story writer; Pra Kumar Mukhopadhyaya, short story writer; novelist.

Courtesy: Dwijendra Bagchi

The Maharaja of Natore in a well-written sp presented arghya to the Poet in a silver salver.

The President then garlanded Rabindranath presented a gold lotus to him.

Sir Gooroodas Banerjee read a poem he had composed thirty years ago (1881) when he saw the first on the stage in the role of Valmiki in his play *Valmiki-Pratira*. The poem was as follows:

উঠ বঙ্গভূমি মাতঃ যুগ্মায়ে পেকো না আর
অজ্ঞান-তিমিরে তব স্বপ্রভা হনো হের।
উঠেছে নবীন রবি, নব জগতের ছবি,
নব "বাল্মীকি-প্রতিভা", দেখাইতে পুনর্বার।
হের তাহে প্রাণ ভরে, অথত্বা যাবে দূরে,
যুগ্মে মনের দ্রাবি, পাবে শান্তি অনিবার।
'মণিময় দুলিরাশি', খোজ বাগা দিবানিশি,
ওভাবে মজিলে মন, খুঁজিতে চাবে না আর ॥

Principal Ramendra Sundar Trivedi, Secre of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, next presented poet with a congratulatory address printed on iv leaves, bound in the form of an antique Inc manuscript, enclosed in nice brocaded cloth.

THE ADDRESS

Unto the lotus hands of the Great Poet
Rabindranath Tagore

When at the dawn of Bengal's national life the lotus opened at the touch of the sun's rays, the eternal Muse of India's genius stepped on that lotus and looked around. Then the horizon on every side was filled with gladness, the winds blew in joy, the guardian deities from the far ends of the sky showered blessings, in the zenith rolled the assuring voice of Rudra and the newly awakened hearts of seventy million men and women the stirrings of emotion felt. The poets of Bengal began to sing to new airs their songs of praise. Wise men were glad to place at her feet the wreaths they had woven with their own hands.

O, Great Poet, when on an auspicious day you first graced the lap of your Mother Bengal and came into touch with the earth and water of your Motherland, the waves of renaissance of Bengal broke upon your half-opened genius. At this impact your youthful mind was stirred, at that impulse your youthful hands began to cull fresh flowers to lay at the feet of the Muse. You were encouraged by the approving eyes of your predecessors, rewarded by the admiring glances of your followers and the light of the smile of Saraswati lighted up your forehead. Since then you have wandered at will through the jewelled chambers of the Temple of Learning, you have gathered fragments of the offerings laid at her feet and given freely to your brothers and sisters and they have been gratified by partaking of the joy thereof. The strains that continually arise from the touch of the Muse on the strings of the universal harp have reached your ears though you came after previous poets of the land. They have helped you to gather the drops of nectar out of the dust and distribute it to mankind—the nectar that poured over the earth while Gayatri in the guise of Suparna fetched it to heaven from the custody of the Gandharvas. For fifty years your motherland has nursed you in her lap with affection, and speaking on behalf of those who worship that enchantress of the world, the Sahitya Parishad of Bengal pray to the Father of the Universe for your long life.

Great Poet, may Sankara grant you victory.

THE POET'S REPLY

The Poet, in his usual musical voice, feelingly yet apparently unaffected by nervousness made a short but sententious reply. He said it would have been better if he could have resumed his seat, making obeisance to mother-country after receiving blessings from her. On the present occasion it was too much for him to give expression to his feelings. He was sure he would not be able to say much; he begged the pardon of his audience. His request was that they might see his feeling and intention through the few words he could speak. Verily, he had never had before such a serious ordeal to pass

***** অভিনন্দন *****

কবিবর শ্রীযুক্ত রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর মহাশয়
 কংকমলেশু

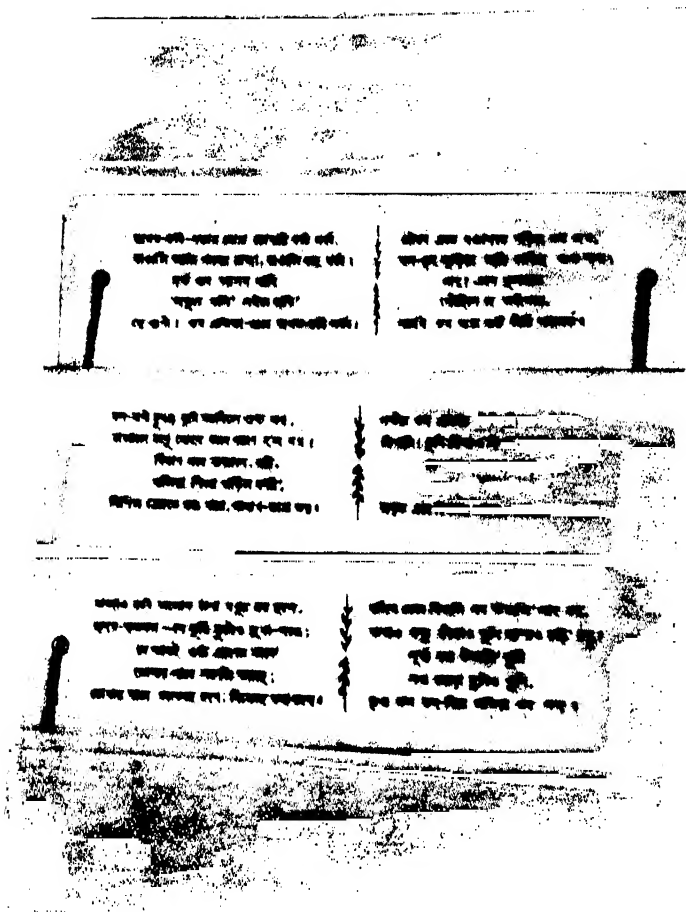
বাঙ্গালীর জাতীয় জীবনের নবাব্দ্যদেয়ে নূতন প্রভাতের অরুণ-কিরণ-পাতে যখন নবশতদল বিকশিত হইল, ভারতের সনাতনী বাগ্‌দেবতা তত্পরি চরণ অর্পণ করিয়া দিগন্তে দৃষ্টিপাত করিলেন। অমনি দিব্যদুর্গ প্রসন্ন হইলেন, মরুদগণ স্রুথে প্রবাহিত হইলেন, বিশ্বদেবগণ অমৃতক্ষেপে প্রসাদপুষ্প বর্ষণ করিলেন, উদ্ধবোমে রুদ্রদেবের অভয়ধ্বনি ঘোষিত হইল, নবপ্রবুদ্ধ সপ্তকোটি নরনারীর হৃদয় মধ্যে ভাবধারা চঞ্চল হইল। বঙ্গের কবিগণ অপূর্ব স্বরলহরীর যোজনা করিয়া দেবীর বন্দনাগানে প্রবৃত্ত হইলেন; মনোবিগণ স্তম্ভস্তাবচিত কুসুমোপহার তাঁহার শ্রীচরণে অর্পণ করিয়া কৃতার্থ হইলেন।

কবিবর, পঞ্চাশৎবর্ষ পূর্বে এক শুভদিনে তুমি যখন বঙ্গজননীর অঙ্কশোভা বর্দ্ধন করিয়া বাঙ্গালার মাটি ও বাঙ্গালার জলের সহিত নূতন পরিচয় স্থাপন করিলে, বঙ্গের নবজীবনের হিল্লোল আসিয়া তখন তোমার অঙ্গশুট চেষ্টনাকে তরঙ্গায়িত করিয়াছিল; সেই তরঙ্গ-ভিষাতে তোমার তরুণ জীবন স্পন্দিত হইল; সেই স্পন্দন-প্রেরণায় তোমার কিশোর হস্ত নব নব কুসুমসম্ভার চয়ন করিয়া বাণীর অর্চনায় প্রবৃত্ত হইল। তোমার পূর্বগামিগণের স্নিগ্ধনেত্র তোমাকে বদ্ধিত করিল; অন্তঃগামিগণের মুগ্ধনেত্র তোমাকে পুরস্কৃত করিল; বাগ্‌দেবতার স্মেরান-নের শুভ্র জ্যোতি তোমার ললাটদেশে প্রতি-ফলিত হইল। তদবধি বাণীমন্দিরের মণিমণ্ডিত নানা প্রকারে তুমি বিচরণ করিয়াছ; রত্নবেদির পুরোভাগ হইতে নৈবেদ্যকণা আতরণ করিয়া তোমার দেশবাসী ভ্রাতাভগিনীকে মুক্ত হস্তে বিতরণ করিয়াছ; তোমার ভ্রাতাভগিনী দেব-প্রসাদের আনন্দ সুধা পান করিয়া ধ্বজ হইয়াছে। বাণীপার্শ্বের অঙ্গলিপ্রেরণে বিশ্বযন্ত্রের তন্ত্রাসমূহে অনুগ্ৰহ যে বাঙ্গার উদিত হইছে, ভারতের পূণ্যক্ষেত্রে তোমার অগ্রজাত কবিগণের পশ্চাতে আসিয়াও তুমি তাহা কর্ণগত করিয়াছ; সুপর্ণকপিনী গায়ত্রী-কন্ডক গন্ধক্লবাক্ত অমৃতরসের দেবলোকে নয়নকালে মন্তোপরি যে ধারাবষণ হইয়াছিল, পৃথিবীর ধূলিরাশি হইতে নিষ্কাশিত করিয়া নর-লোকে সেই অমৃত-কণিকার বিতরণে তোমার সচকারিতা গ্রহণদ্বারা তাহারা তোমায় কৃতার্থ করিয়াছেন। পঞ্চাশৎ সংবৎসর তোমাকে অঙ্গে রাখিয়া তোমার শ্যামাজন্মদা তোমাকে স্নেহপীযুষে বর্দ্ধন করিয়াছেন; সেই ভুবনমনোমোহিনীর উপাসনাপরায়ণ সম্মানগণের মুখস্বরূপ বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষৎ বিশ্বপিতার নিকট তোমার শতায়ুঃ কামনা করিতেছেন।

কবিবর, শঙ্কর তোমায় জয়যুক্ত করুন।

বঙ্গাব্দ ১৩৬০
 ১৪ মাঘ

বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষদের পক্ষ হইতে
 শ্রীরামেন্দ্রসুন্দর ত্রিবেদী
 সম্পাদক



Courtesy: Rabindranath Tagore

Photo: D. Katan

through. He felt that in face of such a great honour, his own littleness was made severely conspicuous. He never thought that his life-long worship of the Muse would result in such crowning glory. His heart was, therefore, in a state of hesitancy, brought face to face with the honour, which he must accept with a profound bow. To take such an honour, in the light it should be taken was very difficult. He had felt the difficulty from long ago. Still he could not refuse it. The speaker besought his hearers not to take his humility amiss, not to think it was false. He had only one word to say,—that was the only redeeming feature and that was the only solacing action to his agitated mind. It was this—all this honour was being done to the Muse of Bengali literature, the poet was merely the medium. The horizon of Bengali literature had hitherto been very narrow. The poor Muse had had to keep up her vitality, out of Princes' favours. But now the whole nation was welcoming her with open arms, as its own. A feeling of awakening was

universally visible, which was sure to render the people high-souled and large-hearted. This feeling, which had heretofore been confined to individuals alone, was general at the present time. This marked a new and happy era in the country. It was destined to vitalize the people. The poet chanced to be present before them when this flood had ebbed in. This is why he came in for the honour, purely as a matter of accident. To speak the truth, the honour was due to their feeling itself. The speaker was perfectly aware that it was not his due. The wreaths that they had put round his neck had virtually garlanded the Muse herself. His portion was only to bear the burden. The *pūja* was to the Muse. His charge was only to receive the offering and forward them to her. Even this office was really one of great honour.

The ladies and some of the young men present including a Mahomedan student of the Presidency College, made presents of flowers to the poet. The meeting then closed amidst cheers.

This poem inscribed on ivory leaves was composed by the well-known Bengali poet, the late Satyendranath Datta, on the occasion of the fiftieth birthday celebration of Rabindranath Tagore and presented to him at an evening party given to the Poet by the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, the day after the function at the Town Hall, when it was read by the young poet.

The opening stanza is given below:

জগৎ-কবি-সভায় মোরা তোমারি করি গর্ব
বাঙালি আজি গানের রাজা, বাঙালি নহে থক।
দর্ভ তব আসন থানি
অতুল বলি লইবে মানি
হে গুণী! তব প্রতিভা-গুণে জগৎ-কবি সর্ব।



সেই সে বালক বৈদিকার
পকমলি হইল পার।
কাণ্ডা কি চমৎকার!
চমৎকার না চমৎকার!

—The Poet's eldest brother, Dwijendranath Tagore on his youngest brother's sixty-sixth birthday

SIXTIETH BIRTH ANNIVERSARY

Bangiya Sahitya Parishad's Felicitations

The following address was presented to the Poet by Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Hara Prasad Sastri on behalf of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad on September 4, 1921 at a meeting in celebration of his sixtieth birth anniversary under the presidency of Raja Jagadindranath Ray of Nator.

আশীর্বাদ

শ্রীমান্ রবীন্দ্রনাথ,

তুমি যখন নিতান্ত বালক, তখন হইতেই তোমার কবিতায় বাঙ্গালী মুগ্ধ। তোমার বত বয়োবৃদ্ধি হইতে লাগিল, ততই তোমার প্রতিভা বিকাশ হইতে লাগিল। সে প্রতিভা যেমন একদিকে দেশ হইতে দেশান্তরে ব্যাপ্ত হইতে লাগিল, তেমনি সাহিত্যেরও সকল মূর্ত্তিই আয়ত্ত করিতে লাগিল। সে প্রতিভা প্রথম প্রথম কবিতায় আবদ্ধ ছিল, ক্রমে গল্প, নাটক, নবল-রচনা, ছোট গল্প, বড় গল্প, সমালোচনা, রাজনীতি, সমাজনীতি, কন্ডনীতি, এইরূপে সমস্ত সাহিত্য-সংসারে ছড়াইয়া পড়িল। তুমি সাহিত্যের যে মূর্ত্তিতেই হাত দিয়াছ, তাহাকে উদ্ভাসিত ও সজীব করিয়া তুলিয়াছ। কারণ, তোমার প্রাণ আছে। সে প্রাণে যেমন মধুরতা আছে, তেমনি তেজ আছে—যেমন মোহিনী-শক্তি আছে, তেমনি উগাদিনী শক্তি আছে—যেমন সূক্ষ্ম-দৃষ্টি আছে—তেমনি দূরদৃষ্টি আছে। তোমার প্রতিভা যেমন গড়িতে পারে, তেমনই ভাঙিতে পারে—যেমন মাতাইতে পারে—তেমনই ঠাণ্ডা করিতে পারে—যেমন কাদাইতে পারে তেমনি হাসাইতে পারে। কিম্বিকং, তোমার প্রতিভা সৰ্ব্বতোমুখী, সৰ্ব্বতঃপ্রসারী এবং সৰ্ব্বতোমুগ্ধকারী। সঙ্গীতের সহিত সাহিত্যের মিলনে তোমার হাতে উভয়ের গৌরব বৃদ্ধি হইয়াছে, তোমাকেও যশোমন্দিরের উচ্চ চূড়ায় তুলিয়া দিয়াছে।

ইংরাজ-রাজত্ব হইয়া অবধি তোমার পূৰ্ব্বপুরুষগণ ধনে, মানে, বিদ্যায় বুদ্ধিতে, সদগুণে সাহসে বাঙ্গালায় অতি উচ্চ আসন অধিকার করিয়া আসিতেছেন। তোমার প্রতিভায় সেই বংশের গৌরব উজ্জ্বল হইতে উজ্জ্বলতর—উজ্জ্বলতম হইয়া উঠিয়াছে। তোমার গুণে বাঙ্গালা ত চিরদিনই মুগ্ধ—ভারত গৌরবান্বিত, এখন পূৰ্ব ও পশ্চিম, নূতন ও পুরাতন সকল মহাদেশই তোমার প্রতিভায় উদ্ভাসিত। আশীৰ্বাদ করি, তুমি দীর্ঘজীবী হইয়া সমস্ত পৃথিবী আরও উদ্ভাসিত কর। তোমার বংশই দীর্ঘজীবীর বংশ, তুমি শতায় হও, সহস্রায় হও। তোমার বয়স যতই পাকিতেছে, অভিজ্ঞতা বাড়িতেছে, ততই মানুষের ব্যথায় তোমায় মন গলিতেছে, তোমার বীণার স্বর গভীর হইতে গভীরতর হইতেছে। মানবের

মঙ্গলের জন্ত তোমার আকাঙ্ক্ষা ও আগ্রহ যতই বাড়িতেছে ততই তুমি ব্যাকুল হইয়া মঙ্গলময়ের মঙ্গল-সনের সমীপবর্তী হইতেছ। তোমার মঙ্গলবাসনা চরিতার্থ হউক, তোমার নাম অক্ষয় হউক, তুমি অমর হইয়া ভারতের মঙ্গলকামনা করিতে থাক। তুমি দিগ্বিজয় করিয়া, বাঙ্গালার মুখ উজ্জ্বল করিয়া, আবার সোনার বাঙ্গালায় ফিরিয়া আসিয়াছ; তুমি আমাদের ভক্তি, প্রীতি, শ্রদ্ধা, ও স্নেহের উপহার-স্বরূপ এই পুষ্পমালা গ্রহণ কর। বিপাতার স্থিতিতে যাহা কিছু স্বন্দর, যাহা কিছু স্বরভি, সব এই পুষ্পেই আছে। আমাদেরও যাহা কিছু স্বন্দর, যাহা কিছু স্বরভি, তাহা তোমাতেই আছে। আইস, উভয়ের মিলন করিয়া দিয়া আমরা রুতার্থ হই। ইতি

শ্রীহরপ্রসাদ শাস্ত্রী

বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষদের সভাপতি

BLESSINGS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

SRIMAN RAHINDANATH,

The people of Bengal have loved your poetry ever since you were a boy. As you grew up your genius flowered. That genius not only spread from country to country, it embraced every known form of literature. It was in the beginning confined to poetry but it soon expressed itself in prose, drama, novels, short stories, longer stories, criticism, politics, sociology and economics. Whatever form of literature you have touched with your magic hands, you have enriched and glorified. For you have a soul—a soul filled alike with sweetness and power, with fascination and compelling force, with minute insight and large vision. Your genius can both build and destroy, can madden as well as quell, can draw both tears and laughter. In short, your genius is many-sided, spread over everything and pleasing to all. In fusing literature to song you have enriched both and have yourself attained to the highest pinnacle of the Temple of Fame.

From the beginning of British rule your ancestors occupied a conspicuous place in Bengal in the matter of wealth, fame, learning, culture, courage and other virtues. Your own genius has illuminated that family glory to the highest degree. Bengal has always been charmed with your virtues and India filled with glory. And to-day East and West, the new world and the old are ablaze with your genius. I pray that you may live long to further illumine the world. Your family is long-lived—may you live to be a hundred, a thousand. With your age, your experience is growing every day, your mind is filling with pain at the sight of human suffering, the strains of your music are acquiring a deeper resonance. The more anxious you are growing for the welfare of mankind, the more yearningly are you approaching the throne of the All-Merciful. May your solicitude be rewarded, may your name live for ever, may you continue to strive for the welfare of India. You have returned to this golden land after conquering the Earth and enhancing the fame of Bengal. Please accept this garland of flowers as a token of our regard, affection, reverence and love. Everything in divine creation that is beautiful and fragrant is mirrored in these flowers. You also are the image of all that is beautiful and fragrant in us. Come let us blend the two and be blessed.

SRI HARAPRASAD SASTRI,
President, Bangiya Sahitya Parishad

RABINDRA-JAYANTI

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

[COMPILED BY SUSIL KUMAR BANERJEE]

RABINDRANATH TAGORE completed the seventieth year of his life on the 8th May, 1931, and Bengal, and along with it India, seized upon the occasion to celebrate it, in such a manner as not only to enable the nation to have an opportunity of paying its tribute of love and respect to the Poet but also to acquaint it, as far as it was possible, with his services and achievements. A public meeting—convened by the leading citizens of Calcutta representing all sections of the community—was held on the 16th May, 1931 in the Calcutta University Institute Hall, under the presidency of the late Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Haraprasad Sastri, President, BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD, when a committee was formed for the purpose with Sir J. C. Bose as President. The celebration which took the form of a festival lasted for twelve days commencing on the 25th December, 1931 and ending on the 5th January, 1932.*

The Town Hall and the Town Hall grounds were the venue of the principal functions of the festival. There were literary conferences, music festival, dramatic performances, folk songs and folk dances, an arts and crafts exhibition and a 'mela' (fair) attended by thousands every day. But by far the most important and most solemn of all the functions was the ceremony held in front of the Town Hall on Sunday, the 27th December, 1931, for the presentation of Civic and other addresses of felicitations to the Poet.

The entire space between the steps of the Town Hall and the Council House was decorated with flowers and foliage. Facing the steps on the farthest end was erected a high platform with a simple canopy hung over it. In the centre of the platform was placed the seat for the Poet. An amplifying apparatus broadcast every word uttered from the 'dais' to every member of the vast audience, no less than five thousand in number.

The gathering was unique. There was His Highness the Maharaja of Tripura, who opened the RABINDRA-JAYANTI Mela and Exhibition. There were the City Fathers headed by the Mayor, Dr. B. C. Roy. There were distinguished men of letters, scientists, artists, scholars, lawyers, engineers, doctors, journalists, students, teachers and professors, merchants, tradesmen and landlords. There were Hindus, Jains, Buddhists, Christians and Muslims, and there were Europeans, Americans, Mahrattas, Panjabis, Sindhis, Madrasis, Oriyas, Beharis, and Marwaris. Delegates from different Universities in India and representatives of various learned and literary bodies from different parts of the country invested the function with an all-India character. The presence of Dr. William E. Hocking, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, who expressed felicitations on behalf of the American people, and of the Consuls of many European countries lent an international aspect to the gathering.

The Nation's Homage In 1931

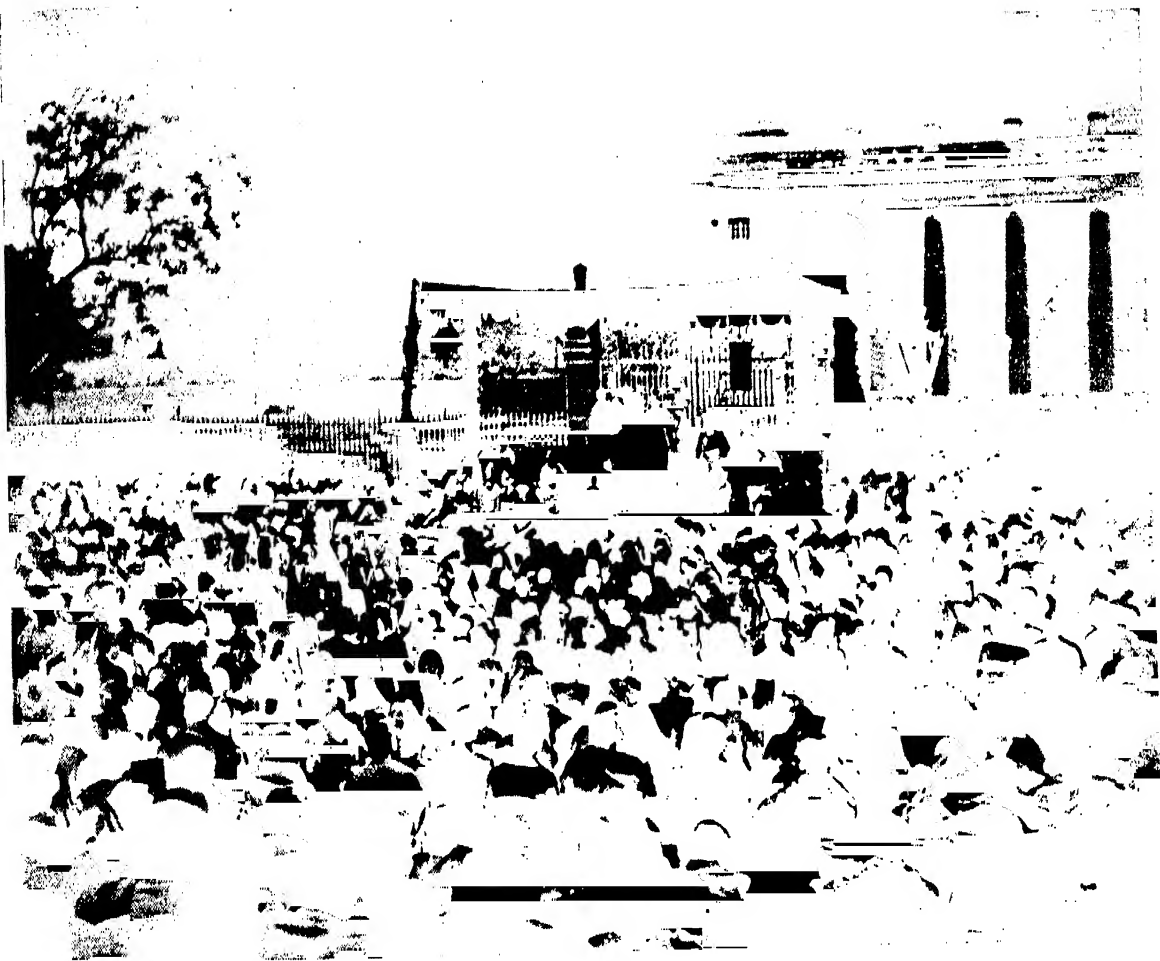
The Mayor, Dr. B. C. Roy, on behalf of the citizens of Calcutta and Mrs. Kamini Ray, the most distinguished of the living Bengalee poetesses, on behalf of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD (Tagore Septuagenary Celebrations Committee), received the Poet inside the Town Hall and conducted him

* The Committee was a most representative one. The Vice-Presidents were: Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Hara Prasad Sastri, Mrs. Kamini Roy, Mr. Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, Sir P. C. Ray, Dr. B. C. Roy, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, Sir C. V. Raman, Sir R. N. Mookerjee, Rev. Dr. W. S. Urquhart; Sir Nilratan Sircar, Sir Deva Prasad Sarvadhikary, Mr. G. D. Birla, Mr. Subhas Bose, Sir Hasan

through the picture-galleries of the Art Exhibition in the ground floor, down the outer steps, over the cloth-covered pathway to the platform whereon he took his seat amid the blowing of conchshells, burning of incense, fragrance of flowers and reverential silence of the great assemblage, which stood up

Suhrawardy, Sir Charu Chandra Ghose, Sir N. N. Sircar, Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, Mr. Manmatha Nath Mukherji, Maharaja Sris Chandra Nandy and Mr. J. M. Sen-Gupta.

Mr. Hirendra Nath Dutta acted as Treasurer; Mr. Jatindra Nath Basu was General Secretary. Mr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee and Mr. Amal Home worked as Joint Secretaries, the burden of planning and organizing the celebration falling almost entirely on the latter.—Compiler.



—On the 27th December, 1931, before an assemblage of several thousands of people representing all sections of the community gathered in front of the Town Hall, where, on the street, facing the steps of the historic building, against the North gates of the Bengal Legislative Council House, a dais had been erected, the Poet was presented with addresses of felicitations by the Corporation of Calcutta, the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, the Prabasi Banga Sahitya Sammilan and the RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD (the Tagore Septuagenary Celebrations Committee)—Dr. B. C. Roy is here seen reciting the Civic Address on behalf of the Calcutta Corporation

Photo: Kanchan Mukherjee

in a body as he came in view. Two girls remained standing with *chamar* in hand on two sides of the Poet's chair. It looked like a coronation ceremony.

The Mayor of Calcutta garlanded the Poet and read the civic address presented by the Corporation. The address was inscribed on a silver plate attached to a golden inkstand in the shape of a lotus, on which was placed a golden pen.

The Poet's famous national song *Jana-gana-mana-adhinayaka* (Victory to the Dispenser of India's Destiny!) was then sung in chorus; the Poet himself and the entire assemblage remained standing while the song was sung.

Mr. Amal Home, Joint Secretary of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI Committee, read a message of felicitations from Sir J. C. Bose, who could not be present owing to illness, followed by greetings from the King of Siam, the Shah of Persia, the Imperial University of Tokio and others from different parts of the world. Sir J. C. Bose's message ran thus:—

গিরিধি,

২৭শে ডিসেম্বর. ১৯৩১

বন্ধু—

তুমি জয়যুক্ত হও।

শ্রীজগদীশচন্দ্র বসু

After this, Pandit Vidhusekhar Sastri of Santiniketan, on behalf of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI Committee, offered the Poet the *arghya* of sandal paste,

a burning earthen lamp, fragrant incense, a garland of flowers, a conchshell filled with water, a bouquet of flowers and green blades. In asking the Poet to accept this *arghya*, the Pandit chanted appropriate Sanskrit *mantras*, explaining the significance of these offerings, which symbolised the different qualities with which the Poet is endowed. These offerings were carried to the Poet in silver trays by some girls of the Santiniketan Asram. Smilingly the Poet touched them.

This picturesque ceremony over, Sir P. C. Ray garlanded the Poet and presented an address on behalf of the *Bangiya Sahitya Parishad*. Garlands and addresses also were presented by Pandit Ambika Prasad Bajpaye on behalf of the *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan*, by Sreemati Prativa Devi on behalf of the *Prabasi Banga Sahitya Sammelan*.

Mrs. Kamini Roy read the address on behalf of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI Committee in the absence of the Committee's President, Sir J. C. Bose.

The address was inscribed in enamel on three goldleaves in the shape of a *punthi* (ancient Sanskrit manuscript book). The leaves were also decorated in enamel after designs drawn by the great artist Mr. Nandalal Bose.

There was a touch of pathos in the Poet's reply to the address of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI Committee when he uttered the words of farewell to his countrymen. Many were visibly moved.

Dr. Hocking of Harvard expressed felicitations on behalf of the American people.

27 5th Ave NY

কলকাতা.

শ্রী বিজয় চন্দ্র বসু

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

W. S. Urquhart.

J. R. Banerji
(শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার)

৭৩ (২০.৫.৩১-২৫.৫.৩১)

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

Dr. D. C. Sen.

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

Shome.

Sen.

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

Onkar mull jain

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

শ্রী রূপকান্ত নাথ সরকার

FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER CONVENING THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF
RABINDRA-JAYANTI—TAGORE SEPTUAGENARY—IN CALCUTTA
ON MAY 16, 1931

The letter, which is dated 25th Baisakh, 1338 (Friday, May 8, 1931) was signed by :

First Page (Col. 1) :—Jagadish Chandra Bose, Prafulla Chandra Ray, Ramananda Chatterjee, Rajendra Nath Mookerjee, Kamini Roy, Jatindra Mohan Sen-Gupta, Basanti Debi, Abala Bose (Lady J. C. Bose), Sarala Roy (Mrs. P. K. Roy), Nilratan Sircar, Pramathanath Roy Chowdhury, Abul Kalam Azad, Ghanasyamdas Birla, Brajendranath Seal, Krishna Kamal Bhattacharyya. (Col. 2) :—Haraprasad Shastri, C. V. Raman, Hassan Suhrawardy, Sarat Chandra Chatterji, Bidhan Chandra Roy, Mohamud Akram Khan, Pramathanath Chaudhuri ("Birbal"), Hirendranath Datta, Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, Bipin Chandra Pal, Charu Chandra Ghose, Surendranath Mallik, Jatindranath Basu, Subhas Chandra Bose, Durga Charan Sankhya-Vedantatirth, Krishna Kumar Mitra. (Col. 3) :—Reshee Case Law.

Second Page (Col. 1) :—Foss Calcutta (The Metropolitan), Deva Prasad Sarvadhikary, Sris Chandra Nundy, W. S. Urquhart, J. R. Banerjee, Heramba Chandra Maitra, A. K. Fuzul Huq., H. A. Gidney, Nagendranath Basu, Dines Chandra Sen, Jaladhar Sen, Mujibar Rahman, Nares Chandra Sen-Gupta, Anandji Haridas, Surendranath Das-Gupta, A. Moore (Arthur Moore), E. C. Benthall, Sarojini Debi (Mrs. K. C. De), Onkar Mull Jetia. (Col. 2) :—Nripendranath Sircar, S. Khuda Buksh, Hariram Goenka, Ordhendro Coomar Ganguly (O. C. Ganguly), Padamraj Jain, Jahangir Coyajee, Sivananda (President, Ramkrishna Mission).

The letter, drafted by Amal Home, organizer of the "Jayanti", is in the handwriting of Rajsekhar Bose ("Parasuram").

A book entitled the "Golden Book of Tagore", sponsored by Mahatma Gandhi, Sir J. C. Bose, M. Romain Rolland, Prof. Einstein and Costis Palamas (the Greek Poet) containing contributions from poets, authors, artists and scholars from thirty different countries of the world was presented to the Poet by Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, who had edited the Book, on behalf of the Publication Committee. Over two hundred leading writers and thinkers of the East and the West had contributed to this work, which would remain for years to come as a most remarkable document of international fellowship and the focussing point of world opinion on India and Indians.

Mr. Kshiti Mohan Sen of Santiniketan presented a Bengali book, entitled *Jayanti Utsarga*, containing contributions from Bengali poets, litterateurs and scholars dealing with the different aspects of the Poets' contribution to Bengali literature.

The Poet replied to all the addresses separately in Bengali except to the address of the *Hindi Sahitya Sammelan*, to which he replied in Hindi.

The function ended with the singing of the Poet's *Rukhi-song*, *Banglar Mati*, *Banglar Jal*.

On the 31st December, the students of Calcutta assembled at Senate House, presented the Poet with an address of felicitations read by a student of the Post-Graduate classes, Mr. Benoyendra Nath Banerjee, who acted as President of the Students' Committee.

On the 2nd January, 1932, the Indian Society of Oriental Arts presented the Poet with an address at the Jorasanko House. A song composed specially by the Poet was sung on the occasion.

Addresses of Felicitations

কলিকাতার নাগরিকবর্গের অভিনন্দন

শ্রীযুক্ত রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর মহাশয়ের করকমলে—

বিশ্ববরেণ্য মহাত্মা,

তোমার জীবনের সপ্ততিবৎ পরিসমাপ্তি উপলক্ষে কলিকাতা নগরীর পৌরপালের পক্ষ হইতে আমরা তোমাকে অভিনন্দন করিতেছি।

এই মহানগরী তোমার জন্মস্থান এবং তোমার যে কবিত্রিভা সমগ্র সভা-জগতকে মুগ্ধ করিয়াছে এই স্থানেই তাহার প্রথম স্মরণ। এই মহানগরীই তোমার ঋষিত্বলাভনকের ধর্মজীবনের সাধনক্ষেত্র, এই মহানগরীই তোমার নরেন্দ্রকর পিতামহের আজীবন কণ্ঠক্ষেত্র এবং এই মহানগরীর যে-বংশ ভাবে, ভাষায়, শিল্পে, সাহিত্যে, সঙ্গীতে, প্রীতি ও প্রজ্ঞা অঙ্কন করিয়াছে, তুমি সেই বংশেরই অত্যুজ্জ্বল রত্ন—তাই তুমি সংগ্রহ বিশ্বের হইলেও আমাদের একান্ত আপনাদর জন। বিশ্বের বিশ্বজনসমাজের সমাদর লাভ করিয়া তুমি কলিকাতা-বাসীরই মুখ উজ্জ্বল করিয়াছ। তোমার একতোদৃশী প্রতিভা বঙ্গভাষাকে অপূর্ব বৈভবে মণ্ডিত করিয়া জগতের সাহিত্যক্ষেত্রে স্থপ্রতিষ্ঠিত করিয়াছে, তোমার অভিনব কল্পনাপ্রসূত শিকার আদর্শ বাঙ্গলার এক নিভৃত পলীকে বিশ্বমানবের শিক্ষাকেন্দ্রে পরিণত করিয়াছে, এবং তোমার লেখনীনিহৃত অমৃতধারা বাঙ্গালী জাতির প্রাণে লুপ্তপ্রায় দেশাত্মবোধ সঞ্চারিত করিয়াছে। হে মাতৃভূজার প্রধান পুরোহিত, হে বঙ্গ-ভারতীর দ্বিখন্ডিত সন্তান, হে জাতীয় জীবনের জ্ঞানগুরু, আমরা তোমাকে কৃত্য প্রদান করিতেছি, তুমি গ্রহণ কর। বন্দে মাতরম্।

তোমার গুণগর্ভিত

কলিকাতা কর্পোরেশনের সদস্যবৃন্দের পক্ষে

শ্রীবিধানচন্দ্র রায়, মেয়র।

THE CIVIC ADDRESS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

World-Honoured Sir,

We have brought you the greetings of the Citizens of Calcutta at the termination of the seventieth year of your life.

You were born in this great city; and it was this city which saw the first blossoming of your creative genius which has enthralled the entire civilised world. Here it was that the life of piety and action, which made our people regard your noble father as a Rishi (sage), lived. It was here that



—Arriving at the Town Hall on December 27, 1931, accompanied by the poetess Kamini Roy, to receive the addresses of felicitations in connection with RABINDRA-JAYANTI (Tagore Septuagenary)

that your princely grandfather found the field of his life's work Here, indeed, is the home of that illustrious clan which has earned the esteem of all, by its high standard of conduct and social virtues, which has enriched thought, art and literature and of which you are the brightest jewel. Therefore, while at the world acclaims you and claims you, we regard you as our very own. The citizens of Calcutta feel honoured by the recognition you have received in the world of learning.

Your universal genius has endowed the Bengali language with an amazing richness and has secured for it a place of

THE RABINDRA-JAYANTI ADDRESS

কবিগুরু,

তোমার প্রভু চরণের সম্মুখীন হইয়া বসিলাম ।

তোমার অনুচিত্রিত আশ্রয় প্রদান করিয়া দিলে । তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

কবিগুরু, কবিগুরু ।

তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে । তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

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তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

তোমার স্নেহে আমার হৃদয় ফুলিয়া উঠেছে ।

স্বর্গের রাজা

স্বর্গের রাজা

—Facsimile of the address drafted by the famous Bengali poet Sarat Chandra Chatterjee presented to the Poet, on behalf of his countrymen, by the RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD. It bears the signature of the great Bengali scientist Jagadish Chandra Bose, who was President of the Tagore Septuagenary Committee

honour among the great litterateurs of the world. Out of your ideals has sprung up, in a little village of Bengal, an international resort for the development of a universal culture. Words which have flown from your immortal pen have revived the dying national consciousness of Bengal. You are the high priest in the worship of the Motherland; you, who have won for the genius of Bengal world-wide recognition, are the guide and preceptor of our national life; pray, accept the offering of our devotion which we have brought to you to-day.

"Bande Mataram!"

On behalf of the Aldermen and Councillors
of the Corporation of Calcutta.

B. C. ROY,

Mayor.

কবির উত্তর

একদা কবির অভিনন্দন রাজার কর্তব্য বলিয়া গণ্য হইত। তাঁহার। আপন রাজমহিমা উজ্জ্বল করিবার জগৎ কবিকে সমাদর করিতেন—জানিতেন সাম্রাজ্য চিরস্থায়ী নয়, কবিকীর্তি তাহাকে অতিক্রম করিয়া ভাবীকালে প্রসারিত।

আজ ভারতের রাজসভার দেশের গুণিজন অধ্যাত—রাজার ভাষায় কবির ভাষায় গৌরবের মিল ঘটে নাই। আজ পুরসভা স্বদেশের নামে কবিসম্বর্দ্ধনার ভার লইয়াছেন। এই সম্মান কেবল বাহিরে আমাকে অলঙ্কৃত করিল না, অগ্রে আমার হৃদয়কে আনন্দে অভিভুক্ত করিল।

এই পুরসভা আমার জ্ঞানগরীকে আরামে, আরোগ্যে, আত্মসম্মানে চরিতার্থ করুক; ইহার প্রসব্দনায় চিত্রে, স্থাপত্যে, গীতকলায়, শিল্পে এখানকার লোকালয় নন্দিত হউক; সর্বপ্রকার মলিনতার সঙ্গে সঙ্গে অশিকার কলক এই নগরী ঝালন করিয়া দিক,—পুরবাসীদের দেহে শক্তি আহুক, গৃহে অন্ন, মনে উত্তম, পৌরকল্যাণসাধনে আনন্দিত উৎসাহ। প্রত্নবিদ্যার বিবাজ্ঞ আত্মহিংসার পাণ ইহাকে কলুষিত না করুক—শুভবুদ্ধি দ্বারা এখানকার সকল জাতি সকল ধর্মসম্প্রদায় সম্মিলিত হইয়া এই নগরীর চরিত্রকে অমলিন ও শাস্তিকে অবিচলিত করিয়া রাখুক—এই আমি কামনা করি।

THE POET'S REPLY

In former times, it was considered the duty of kings to honour poets. They honoured poets just to heighten the glory of their own kingship. For, they knew kingdoms were not ever-lasting but the fame of poets outlived them and extended far into unborn ages.

In these times, the men of genius of the country have no place in the Court of the King of India. The king's language and the poet's language have not met in honourable friendship. To-day, the civic body has taken upon itself the duty of honouring the poet in the name of the country. This honour is not only an external ornament which has adorned me but has filled my heart with great delight.

Let this Corporation make the city of my birth great in the amenities of life, health and sanitation, and dignity and self-respect. Let painting, sculpture, music and arts grow under its auspices and make the dwellings of the citizens abodes of joy. Let this city wipe out its blot of illiteracy with all its dirt and uncleanness: let her citizens enjoy plenty, have strength of body and energy of mind, and be inspired with civic spirit born of joy; let not the poison of internecine strife pollute her life; let her citizens of all races

and all sects and communities unite in goodwill and let her fair name untarnished and her peace undisturbed—
is my prayer.

বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষদের অভিনন্দন

॥ শ্রীঃ ॥

রবীন্দ্র-প্রশস্তি

হে কবীন্দ্র,

বঙ্গদেশের সাহিত্যসেবী ও সাহিত্যমুরাগীদের প্রতিনিধি বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষৎ ভবদীর সপ্ততিতম জন্মতিথি উপলক্ষ্যে, সামগ্ৰে সংগোহে আপনাকে বরণ করিতেছে।

কিশোর বয়সেই আপনি বঙ্গবাণীর অর্চনায় আত্মনিয়োগ করেন। তদা ত্রতধারী তপসীর স্থায়, সূচিরকাল নিয়ম ও নিষ্ঠার সহিত অক্লান্ত-অকুণ্ঠ ভাষার আরাধনা করিয়াছেন। হে তাপস, আপনার সাধনার সিদ্ধি হইয়াছে দেবী আপনার শিরে অমর-বর বরণ করিয়াছেন—আপনার ক্রিস্তীতে তাঁহ অমৃত-বীণার অন্তর মুর্ছনা সঞ্চারিত করিয়াছেন। হে বরাভয়মণ্ডিত মনী আপনি শতায়ু হইয়া, এই মোহনিত্যয় নিবৃপ্ত জাতির প্রাণে বীণা ও বদ্য প্রেরণা দ্বারা, তাহার হৃদয় চৈতন্যকে প্রবুদ্ধ করুন এবং প্রতিভার কললে বিরাজ করিয়া মুক্তহস্তে প্রাচ্যকে ও প্রতীচ্যকে নব নব স্বরমা ও সৌন্দর্য কল্যাণ ও আনন্দ বিতরণ করুন।

বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষৎ উনচত্বারিংশ বৎসর ব্যাপিয়া আপনার উপঢৌকন শুভ সাহিত্য-সম্পদে বিপুল গর্ভে অন্বেষণ করিয়াছে। আপনার বক্তৃতার মত ইহার আজ বার্ষিক উৎসব মল্লিত হইয়াছিল। আপনার পঞ্চাশবর্ষ হইলে পরিষৎ আপনাকে অভিনন্দিত করিয়া কৃতার্থ হইয়াছিল। আব আপনার স্মরণীয় বস্তুতম জন্মদিনে সম্বর্দ্ধনার সম্ভার সম্বিজিত করিয়া, পরিষৎ আপনাকে সম্বর্ধের অর্ঘ্য নিবেদন করিয়াছিল। কবি-জীবনের সেই সেই সন্ধিক্ষেপে উচ্চারিত পরিষদের উচ্চ আশা ও আকাঙ্ক্ষা আপনার কীর্তি-ভাতি সমুজ্জ্বল হইয়া আজ সকলতার তুঙ্গ ভূমিতে আরোহণ করিয়াছে। সুখ আপনি, মানবের বিনয়র দুঃখ-স্বপ্নের মধ্যে সত্যের লাঞ্ছিত স্বরূপকে দর্শন করিয়াছেন, এবং ধর্মের মধ্যে অর্থও, বিত্তের মধ্যে সমগ্র, ব্যক্তিগত মধ্যে সমগ্র বহুর মধ্যে একের সন্ধান পাইয়া, যুগ-যুগান্ত-লব্ধ ভারতের সনাতন আদর্শে ভাগীরথী-ধারার স্থায় মর্মে আবার অবতীর্ণ করাইয়াছেন। হে সত্যপ্রিয় আপনাকে শত শত নমস্কার।

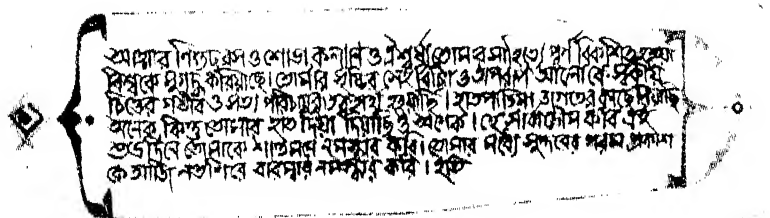
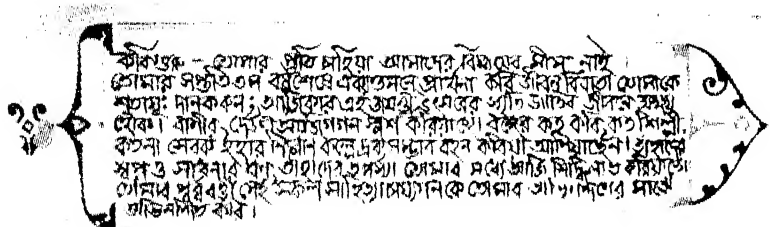
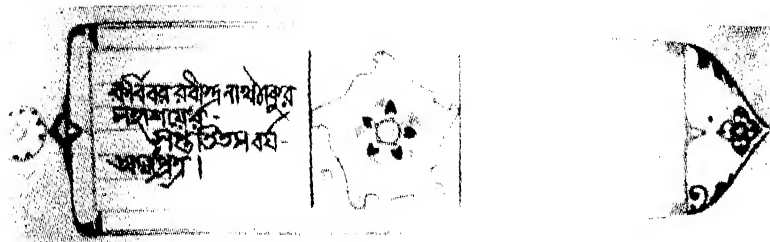
হে বাণীর বরপুত্র, হে বিশ্ববরেন্দ্র কবি, 'বর্ণ-পঙ্ক-গীতময়' এই বিচিত্র বিবাহার হরভি-বাস, কবি-কোষিদের 'বী'র অভ্যন্তরে সুশ্রুতি প্রেম-প্রজ্ঞা-প্রভা' বাহার সৎ-চিৎ-আনন্দের প্রসঙ্গ আভাস, সেই শব্দর বিশ্বস্তর বিশ্বকবি আপনার চির-স্বস্তি ও শান্তি বিধান করুন; বৎসর্যে তদ্ ব আ স্ববৃত্ত; আর, স বে বুজা শুভরা সংযুক্ত।

ও স্বস্তি। ও স্বস্তি। ও স্বস্তি।

বঙ্গীয়-সাহিত্য-পরিষদের পক্ষে

শ্রীপ্রফুল্লচন্দ্র রায়,
সভাপতি।

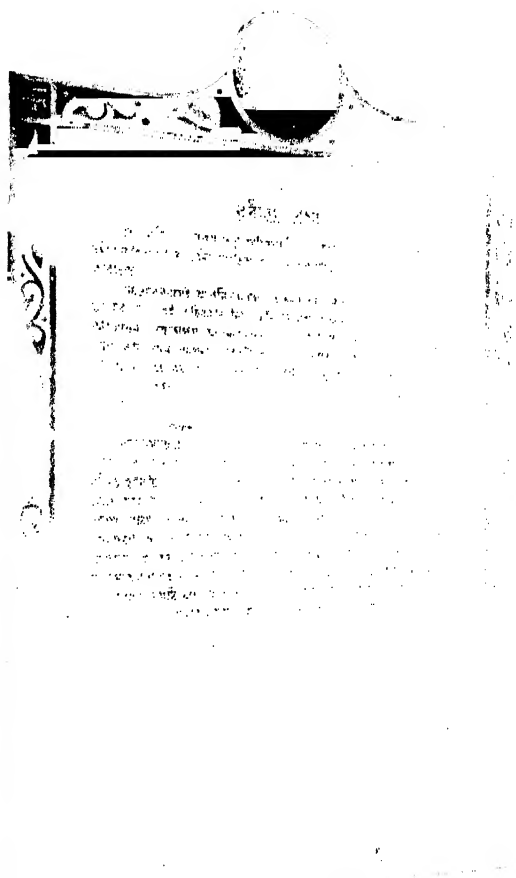
His Countrymen's Homage



The Address of Felicitations presented by the Rabindra Jayanti Parishad in 1931 was inscribed in enamel by Nandalal Bose on three plates of gold in old Bengali script



The Civic Address presented by the Corporation of Calcutta on the Poet's Septuagenary in 1931 was inscribed on a silver plate attached to a gold inkstand in the shape of a lotus, on which was placed a golden pen



The Address of Felicitations presented by the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad in 1931 was inscribed in silver on a copper plate.



—This marble bas-relief portrait of the Poet unveiled at the BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD by Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray on the occasion of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI, was presented by Amal Home, Jr. Secretary, RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD (Tagore Septen-genary Committee).

The bas-relief, which had been made in Italy for a Jewish admirer of the Poet in Calcutta, had been lying unclaimed, after his sudden death in the meanwhile, in the Calcutta Customs House, from where it was acquired by Mr. A. K. Sarkar, Architect and Engineer, who enabled Mr. Home to present it to the PARISHAD by kindly selling it to him at a nominal price.

THE BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD ADDRESS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Prince of Poets,

On behalf of the litterateurs and literature-lovers of Bengal, the BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD hails thee with love and pride on the occasion of thy seventieth birthday.

Thou camest to the altar of the Muse of Bengali literature at a tender age. Since then through all these years thou hast served her like a devoted votary, steadfastly and un-afraid. Sage, thy penance has borne fruit. The Goddess has dowered on thee the boon of immortality and touched the chords of thy soul with the sustaining echoes of immortal music. Oh! Seer Heaven-blessed! May thou live a hundred years to rouse this sleeping nation into manhood with thy ringing message of strength and hope and from thy lofty realms of art shower on the East and the West myriad gifts of love and beauty, of peace and joy.

The BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD for all its thirty-nine years has taken great pride in thy overflowing wealth of literary gifts. Its first anniversary meeting resounded with the trumpet call of thy voice. It had the honour of felicitating thee on thy fiftieth birthday. Again, on the occasion of thy sixtieth birthday it brought to thee its offerings of respect and joy. The high hopes and wishes voiced by the PARISHAD on those memorable occasions have achieved complete fruition to-day and are reflected in thy brilliant life. Thou hast found the Truth eternal in the flitting joys and sorrows of man, thou art blessed! Thou hast found the indivisible in the divided, the whole in the parts and the one in the many, thou art blessed! Thou hast, like Bhagirath of old, brought back to Bharatbarsha the stream of her ancient heritage and culture, Seer, crystal-eyed, we bow to thee.

Beloved of the muse of letters! Oh, Poet, world-revered! May the great Poet of the Universe, Who breathes

His magic breath over this wonderful world and fills it with colour and fragrance and song, Whose trinity echoes in the heart of poets and is revealed in forms of love and knowledge and power, vouchsafe thee eternal bliss and felicity.

কবির উত্তর

সাহিত্য-পরিষদের প্রথম আরম্ভ কালেই এই প্রতিষ্ঠান আমার অগ্রেয় অভিনন্দন লাভ করিয়াছিল। একথা তাঁহারা সকলেই জানেন যাহারা ইহার প্রবর্তক। আমার অগ্রজিম প্রিয় শ্রুদ্র রামেন্দ্রসুন্দর ত্রিবেদী অক্লান্ত অধ্যবসায়ে এট পরিষদকে দৃঢ়ভাবে প্রতিষ্ঠিত করিয়া তাহাকে বিচিত্র আকারে পরিণতি দান করিয়াছেন। একদা আমার পঞ্চাশবার্ষিকী জয়ন্তীসভায় তিনিই ছিলেন প্রধান উদ্বোধনা এবং সেই সভায় তাঁহারই শ্রদ্ধা হস্ত হইতে আমার স্বদেশদত্ত দক্ষিণা আমি লাভ করিয়াছিলাম। সভাপতি মহামহোপাধ্যায় হরপ্রসাদ শাস্ত্রী মহাশয় বর্তমান জয়ন্তী-উৎসবের সূচনা-সভায় সভাপতির আসন হইতে প্রশংসাবাদের দ্বারা আমাকে তাঁহার শেষ আশীর্বাদ দান করিয়া গিয়াছেন। আমি অত্যন্ত কৃতজ্ঞে এই মানপত্রে আমার পরলোকগত সেই মহানয় শ্রুদ্রদের অলিখিত স্বাক্ষর রহিয়াছে—যাহাদের হস্ত অণু স্তর, যাহাদের বাণী নীরব।

অল্প পরিষদের বর্তমান সভাপতি সর্বজনবরণা জননায়ক আচার্য্য প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র এই যে মানপত্র সমর্পণ করিয়া আমাকে গৌরবান্বিত করিলেন, এই পত্রে সাহিত্য-পরিষদ বঙ্গ-ভারতীয় বরদান বহন করিয়া আমার জীবনের দিনান্ত কালকে উজ্জ্বল করিলেন—এই কথা বিনয়নম্র আনন্দের সহিত স্বীকার করিয়া লইলাম।

THE POET'S REPLY

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

The sponsors of this Institution are aware that it received my heart's felicitations from its very inception. My sincere and dear friend Ramendra Sundar Trivedi established it in

its own house, and with tireless zeal piloted it through varied fortunes. It was he who took the lead in the celebrations on my fiftieth birthday, and it was from his friendly hands that I received the felicitations of my countrymen. The President of the PARISHAD, Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Sastri, had, at the meeting convened to arrange these functions, vouchsafed his last blessings on me through his eulogy. I feel that this address contains the unseen signatures of these dear departed friends though their hands are still and their voices hushed.

With humble and grateful joy I receive today the honour which the present President of the PARISHAD, the universally loved leader Acharya Pratulla Chandra, has conferred on me by presenting me with this address by which the SAHITYA PARISHAD conveys to me the gift of the Muse of Bengali literature and thus brighten up my declining days.

हिन्दी साहित्य-सम्मेलन- अभिनन्दन

श्रीकवीन्द्र श्रीमन् रवीन्द्रनाथ ठाकुर महाशय

माननीय महोदय,

हिन्दी-साहित्य-सम्मेलन की ओर से आपकी ७० वीं वर्ष गांठ के अवसर पर हम आपका सादर अभिनन्दन करते और बधाई देते हैं।

श्रीमन् भारतवर्ष में एक से एक बढ़कर अनेक प्रतिभाशाली और प्रभावशाली कवि हो गये हैं, पुष्कलधन और यथेष्ट सम्मान से पुरस्कृत हुए हैं। राजपुताने के चारण कवियों ने अपने सामयिक कवित्वपूर्ण उपदेश द्वारा इतिहास का स्वरूप तक पलट दिया है, तथा हिन्दी कवियों ने मुगल सम्राटों तक को अपनी कविता का चमत्कार दिखा दिया है। और महाकवि भूषण ने अपनी कविता द्वारा हिन्दुराज्य के पुनः संस्थापन में बड़ी सहायता पहुंचाई है और आपने भी अपनी विलक्षण कवित्वशक्ति से स्पृहनीय नोबेल पुरस्कार प्राप्त कर भारत का गौरव बढ़ाया है।

कवीन्द्र! आपने विश्वभारती की स्थापना कर प्राच्य और प्रतियोग के सम्मेलन के लिये जो क्षेत्र बना दिया है उससे आपकी कीर्ति-कौमुदी चारों दिशाओं में फैल गई है। हमारा सांस्कृतिक दौत्य स्वीकार कर आपने जो काम योरोप और एसिया के देशों में किया है और जिस प्रकार भारत की महिमा का वखान किया है उसके लिये हम आपके कृतज्ञ हैं।

हम पुनः आपका अभिनन्दन करते हुए परमात्मा से प्रार्थना करते हैं कि वह आपको दीर्घजीवन प्रदा करें।

आपके

अमर कीर्ति कामनार्थी

हिन्दी साहित्य सम्मेलन का सदस्य

THE HINDI SAHITYA SAMMELAN ADDRESS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Sri Kabindra Sriman Rabindranath Thakur Mahas Mananiya Mahodaya,

We, the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, convey felicitous greetings to you on your seventieth birthday.

Sriman, there have been in India a goodly sequence of poets, honoured and glorified, greatly rewarded by the homage of posterity. The CHARAN poets of Rajputana by their poetic advice at suitable moments changed the very course of history. Similarly, the Hindi poets established a niche for themselves in the Moghul Empire. And the great poet Bhushan helped greatly to re-establish the Hindu regime. As you have, by your great poetic attainments, won the coveted Nobel Prize and thus earned glory for your motherland.

Poet Universal! your fame as a builder of a comprehensive University, the Visva-Bharati, has spread over all countries and we bow to thee on thy great gift to the East and to the West.

We bow to you again and pray for your happiness at long life.

कविभाषण

आज हिन्दोभारती ने अपनी सहोदरा बङ्गभारती को सम्मानित किया है। मैं अपने को धन्य समझता हूँ कि देव कृपासे मैं इस शुभ अनुष्ठानका उपलक्ष्य हो सका हूँ। कवि का हृदय कभी अपने जन्मस्थान की सीमा के अन्दर बन्द नहीं रहता है, और यदि उसका यश इस सीमाको पार करे तो वह सौभाग्यवान् है। हिन्दी साहित्यके दृतरूप आपही मेरा यह सौभाग्य वहन कर आये हैं, इस लिये आप मेरा सकृत्तज्ञ नमस्कार स्वीकार करें।

THE POET'S REPLY

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Today, the Hindi Muse greets her sister the Bengali Muse. I consider myself blessed that I have, by the grace of God been able to provide the occasion for such a happy ceremony. A poet's heart can never be confined to the place of his birth, and he is indeed a fortunate poet whose fame transcends such local boundaries. You who have come as messenger of Hindi literature to convey these greetings to me, pray accept my grateful thanks.

प्रवासी-बङ्ग-साहित्य-सम्मेलनके अभिनन्दन

हे कवि! अग्रणी-अर्था निम्न शीते तोमार अग्रणे
 अग्रणी अग्रस हते ऐ पाथे, कवि-निवेदन,
 एलो वारा, से कि तारा वरसेर दाबी कुने तब ?
 ता तो नय, देखि रूप, अपरूप, चित्र-अभिनव;
 वरसेर शीमा तब, नित्य नव नर्तनेर कोले,
 मधुरि वरसेर बुक, मात वरसेर शिष्ट मोले
 अल्लि आनन्दे अग्र; मगरेर हिसाव ना राषे,
 विप्रित बिधेर मन तार पाने चरेर शुभ थाके।
 कार घोषे एत दीप्ति ? कार बाणी नित्य बहमान ?
 कार क्षीति निधि निधि, रति चले बिधेर कलाग
 अग्रणी अग्र-रसे;—से ये ऐ शिष्ट चिरञ्जीवी,
 शुभे शुभे हे अग्रणी ! गह नवीनेर अग्रणी !
 बाजालार बुकर छलाल ! मत्ताउठा ! हे अग्र कवि !
 कालक्य करे तुमि अग्र गेये वेग शरैर पूरवी।
 चिर-नवजेर साराह नित्य होक जीवने तोमार,
 अग्रसेर भालबाजी-छर्रा, धर ऐ अर्थाउपचार।

THE PRABASI BANGA SAHITYA SAMMELAN
ADDRESS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Oh, Poet! Those who have come from afar bearing their offerings of felicitations, heed not the accident of your age. Nay, they are drawn by the peerless, ever-fresh manifestations of your soul. The limits of your age are lost in the fresh joys of your perennial dance, and a child of seven sleeps in the lap of seventy years, wrapped in the joy of creation. It heeds not the passing of time, the world gazes at it with rapt amaze. Who hath such fire in his eyes? Whose words do flow through all the ages? Whose 'joie de vivre', whose love is it that work for the bliss of the world? Why, it is that child eternal. Oh, Seer! through the ages thou singest the glory of youth. Beloved of Bengal! Clear-visioned! Immortal Bard! May you live through time to sing your last even-song. May your life be one long riot of verdant joy. Pray, accept this offering of love from your numerous admirers outside (the Province).

রবীন্দ্র-জয়ন্তী-উৎসব-পরিষদের অভিনন্দন*

কবিগুরু,

তোমার প্রতি চাচিয়া আনাদের বিষয়ের সীমা নাই।

তোমার সপ্ততিতম-বর্ষশেষে একান্তমনে প্রার্থনা করি
জীবনবিধাতা তোমাকে শতাব্দ্যুঃ দান করুন; আধিকার
এই জয়ন্তী উৎসবের স্মৃতি জাতির জীবনে অক্ষয় হউক।

বাণীর দেউল আজি গগন স্পর্শ করিয়াছে। বঙ্গের
কত কবি, কত শিল্পী, কত না সেবক ইহার নিম্মাণকলে
ঔষ্যসত্তার বহন করিয়া আনিয়াছেন; তাহাদের স্বপ্ন ও
সাধনার ধন, তাহাদের তপস্যা তোমার মধ্যে আজি সিদ্ধি-
লাভ করিয়াছে। তোমার পুস্তকবলী সকল সাহিত্যচাচা-
গণকে তোমার অভিনন্দনের মাঝে অভিনন্দিত করি।

আত্মার নিগূঢ় রস ও শোভা, কলাগ ও ঐশ্বর্য
তোমার সাহিত্যে পূর্ণ বিকশিত হইয়া বিশ্বকে মুগ্ধ
করিয়াছে। তোমার সৃষ্টির সেই বিচিত্র ও অপরূপ
আলোকে স্বকীয় চিত্তের গভীর ও সত্য পরিচয়ে রক্তকৃতার্থ
হইয়াছি।

হাত পাতিয়া জগতের কাছে আমরা নিয়াছি অনেক
কিন্তু তোমার হাত দিয়া দিয়াছিও অনেক।

হে সার্বভৌম কবি, এই শুভদিনে তোমাকে শাস্ত্রমনে
নমস্কার করি। তোমার মধ্যে সুন্দরের পরম প্রকাশকে
আজি বারবার নতশিরে নমস্কার করি। ইতি—

কলিকাতা, রবীন্দ্র-জয়ন্তী উৎসব-পরিষদ পক্ষে
রবিবার, কৃষ্ণতৃতীয়া শ্রীজগদীশচন্দ্র বসু
১১ই পৌষ, ১৩৬৮ সাল, বঙ্গাব্দ সভাপতি।

THE RABINDRA-JAYANTI COMMITTEE
ADDRESS

[English Translation]

O Poet-Sage,

Our wonder knows no bound as we gaze and
gaze at thee.

At the close of thy seventy years we fervently
pray to the Great Dispenser to give thee a hundred
years of life. May the memory of this JAYANTI
celebration abide in the heart of the nation.

Today the temple of the Muse of Letters stands
heaven-high. Countless poets, countless artists,
countless votaries of Bengal have brought their
myriad gifts to this temple and helped to build it up.
Their dreams and aspirations, their penance have
borne fruit in thee. In greeting thee we greet all
the literary patriarchs who have gone before.

Thy works, rich in the beauty and the mystery,
the bliss and the majesty of the soul, have charmed
the world. The light of thy wonderful and beautiful
creations has illumined the truth in the depth of our
own souls and made us blessed.

We have stretched out our hands and received a
good deal from the world but many have been the
gifts too that we have given the world through thy
hands.

Oh Poet universal! We bow to thee with peace
of mind on this auspicious day. We salute, again
and again with bowed heads, the supreme manifesta-
tion of the Beautiful that is in thee revealed.

কবির উত্তর

বিপুল জনসংখ্যার বাণসঙ্গমে আজ আমি পুঙ্ক। এখানে নানা কঠোর
সম্ভাষণ, এ যে আমারই অভিধানের উদ্দেশে সম্মিলিত, একথা আমার মন
সহজে ও সম্যকরূপে গ্রহণ করিতে অক্ষম। সুখের আলোক বাস্পসিক্ত
ধূলিবিকীর্ণ বায়ুমণ্ডলের মধ্যে দিয়া পৃথিবীতে পরিব্যাপ্ত হয়, কোথাও বা
সে ছায়ার রান কোথাও বা সে অন্ধকারের দ্বারা প্রত্যাখ্যাত, কোথাও বা সে
বাস্তবত্বের আকাশে সন্মুখল, কোথাও বা পুণ্যকাননে বসন্তে তাহার অভ্যর্থনা,
কোথাও বা শরৎকালে শরতে তাহার উৎসব। দৈবকৃপায় আমি কবিরূপে
পরিচিত হইয়াছি, কিন্তু সেই পরিচয়ের স্বীকার দেশবাসীর হৃদয়ে
অনবচ্ছিন্ন নহে, তাহা স্বভাবতই বাধাবিরোধ ও সংশয়ের দ্বারা কিছু-না-কিছু
অবগুপ্তিত। তাহাকে বিকশিত হইতে সংক্ষিপ্ত করিয়া আবরণ হইতে মুক্ত
করিয়া এই জয়ন্তী অশ্রুতান নিবিড় সংহতভাবে প্রত্যক্ষগোচর করিয়া দিল—
সেই সঙ্গে উপলব্ধি করিলাম দেশের শ্রীতিপ্রদম হৃদয়কে তাহার আপন
অপ্রচ্ছন্ন বিরটরূপে। সেই আশ্চর্য রূপ দেখিলাম পরম বিশ্বাসে, আনন্দে,
সম্মুখের সঙ্গে, মস্তক নত করিয়া।

অজ্ঞকার এই প্রকাশ কেবল যে আমারই কাছে অপরূপ অপূর্ণ তাহা নহে,
দেশের নিজের কাছেও। উৎসবের আয়োজন করিতে গিয়াই দেশজ্ঞী সহসা
আবিষ্কার করিয়াছেন তাহার গভীর অন্তরের মধ্যে কতটা আনন্দ, কতটা শ্রীতি
নানা ব্যবস্থানের অন্তরালে অজ্ঞ প্রসিক্ত হইতেছিল। বাবাল্যকাল দেশমাতার
প্রাঙ্গণে গাহিয়াই আমার কণসাধনা। মাঝে মাঝে যখন মনে হইত উদাসীন
তিনি, তখনও বুঝি-না তাহার ঋণোচরেও হর পৌছিয়াছিল তাহার অন্তরে,
যখন মনে হইয়াছে তিনি মুখ ফিরাইয়াছেন তখনও হরত তাহার অরণ্যার রক্ত
হয় নাই। ভাল ও মন্দ পরিণত ও অপরিণত, আমার নানা প্রয়াস তিনি দিনে
দিনে মনে মনে আপন স্মৃতিসূত্রে গাঁথিয়া লইতেছিলেন। অবশেষে সত্তর বৎসর
বয়সে যখন আমার আত্ম উত্তীর্ণ হইল, যখন তাহার সেই শালায় শেষ গ্রহি
দিবার সময় আসল, তখনই আমার দীর্ঘজীবনের চেষ্টা তাহার দৃষ্টিসম্মুখে সমগ্র-
ভাবে সম্পূর্ণপ্রায়। সেইজন্তই তাহার এই সভায় আজ সকলের আমন্ত্রণ,
বিন্দুস্বরে তাহার এই বাণী আজ উচ্চারিত—“আমি গ্রহণ করিলাম।” সংসার

* The address of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD was
drafted by the great Bengali novelist, Sarat Chandra
Chatterji.—Compiler.

হইতে বিদায় লইবার দ্বারের কাছে সেই বাণী শব্দে ক্ষণিক হইল আমার হৃদয়ে।
এটি বিস্তার আছে, সাধনার কোন অপরাধ ঘটে নাই ইহা একেবারে অসম্ভব।
সেইগুলি চুনিয়া চুনিয়া বিচার করিবার দিন আজ নাই। সে সমস্তকে
অতিক্রম করিয়াও আমার কর্ণের যে সত্যারণ, যে সম্পূর্ণতা প্রকাশমান তাহাকেই
আমার দেশ তাহার আপন সামগ্রী বলিয়া চিহ্নিত করিয়া লইলেন। তাহার
সেই অঙ্গীকারই এই উৎসবের মধ্য দিয়া আমাকে বর দান করিল। আমার
জীবনের এই শেষ বর, এই শ্রেষ্ঠ বর।

অমূল্যতা এবং প্রতিফলতা পুরুষক পুরুষের মতই, উভয়েরই যোগে
রাত্রির পূর্ণ আত্মপ্রকাশ। আমার জীবন নিষ্ঠুর বিরোধের প্রভূত দান হইতে
বঞ্চিত হয় নাই। কিন্তু তাহাতে আমার সমগ্র পরিচয়ের কতি হয় না, বরঞ্চ
তাহার যা শ্রেষ্ঠ যা সত্য তাহা সম্পূর্ণ হইয়া উঠে। আমার জীবনেও যদি
তাহা না ঘটিত, তবে অন্ধকার এইদিন সার্থক হইত না। আমার আঘাতপ্রাপ্ত
শরবিদ্ধ ব্যাতির মধ্য দিয়া এই উৎসব আপনাকে প্রমাণ করিয়াছে। তাই
আমার শুক ও সুক উভয় পক্ষেরই ত্রিণিক প্রণাম করা আমার পক্ষে আজ
সম্ভব হইল। যে ক্ষয়ের দ্বারা কতি হয় না, তাহাই বিধাতার মহৎ দান—
দুঃখের দিনেও যেন তাহাকে চিনিতে পারি, অন্ধকার সহিঃ যেন তাহাকে গ্রহণ
করিতে বাধ্য না ঘটে।

আপনাদের প্রদত্ত শ্রদ্ধা ও গৌরব আমি সন্তোষভরে গ্রহণ করিতেছি।
আপনাদের এই আয়োজন সমঘোষিত হইয়াছে। জীবনের পুঁজি যখন প্রবল
পাকে তখন সম্মান গ্রহণ ও বহন করিবার দিন নয়। জীবন যখন দুঃস্থ প্রায়ে
আসিয়া পৌঁছায় তখনই তাহা অপেক্ষাকৃত সহজে লওয়া যায়। কালের পুঁজি
বেগময় জীবনের মধ্য সম্মান, অনেক বিক্ষোভ ও বাদবিসংবাদে ক্ষয় করে।
অজ্ঞিকার দিনে আপনাদের হাত হইতে তাই সবিনয়ে দেশের শেষ সম্মান
আমি গ্রহণ করিতেছি ও দেশবাসীকে আমার সন্তোষ হৃদয়ে শেষ নমস্কার
জানাইয়া যাউতেছি।

THE POET'S REPLY

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

I stand hushed before the confluence of the myriad voice
of this vast multitude. My mind fails to grasp that the
many-throated voice here today is raised to felicitate my
humble self. Sunlight pours on this Earth dimmed here
by the dust-laden, moisture-heavy air, there by shadows
grown dim, elsewhere repulsed by darkness yet, at other
places, it gleams in an unhumid sky, welcomed by shining
spring flowers, or nodding autumn corns. By divine grace
I am known today as a poet; but that knowledge is not
spontaneous in every heart,—it is not unmixed, and naturally
so,—with arguments and doubts. This birthday celebration
has weaned that recognition from its diffuseness, freed it from
its veil and revealed it to me in all its sincere intensity,
and I gratefully recognise the great heart of the nation
throbbing behind these demonstrations. I am thrilled at the
spectable and bow before it with reverence and joy.

Is this demonstration of today strangely fascinating to
me alone? Nay, it is fascinating to the nation as well.
While arranging for these celebrations the soul of the nation
has suddenly discovered what great bliss, what great love was
being stored in the depths of her heart behind countless
barriers, behind all its many occupations. From my very
boyhood I have tuned my voice and sung my songs at the
courtyard of my motherland. Perhaps, even when I had
felt that she cared not, the chords had touched her heart
without her knowing. Perhaps, when I had thought that
her face was averted, her ears had harkened to the music.
Perhaps, she was stringing on to the rosary of her memory
my many effusions,—weak or powerful, youthful or adept. At
last, in my seventieth year, when I have nearly run through
the span of my life, perhaps, her count of beads is ended, and
my long life's offerings stand revealed to her in its entirety.
Therefore, today, are here all invited—therefore is uttered
her voice in 'Thy gift is welcome'. That voice echoes in
my heart distinctly on the threshold of my exit. Short-
comings there are many; it is impossible that I have not

fallen from my high resolve. But the time is not now to
reckon the flaws. My country has marked for her own
the time aspect, the fulfilment of the work I have been able
to achieve through my endeavours in spite of these drawbacks.
That acceptance, today, is my greatest benediction.
It is the greatest and last blessing of my life.

Sympathy and hostility are complementary like the two
phases of the moon—the nights are incomplete without
either. My life has not been free from the grief of cruel
opposition. But it is no bar to a knowledge of my self; on the
contrary it brings out in better relief all that is wholesome
and true in me. If it were not so, today's function would
be in vain. This celebration has proved itself true through all
all the hurts my reputation have received. That makes it
easy for me to bow to both what is dark and bright in my
life. The grief that hurts not is the greatest benediction.
Providence. May I recognise this in my day of sorrow, may
I accept it always with humble gratitude.

I accept with a grateful heart your offerings of love and
honour. May I suggest that this occasion is apposite in point
of time? For, when the tides of life are strong, honour is
not easily borne and accepted. But when life recedes to the
brink of death, then is honour no longer a heavy imposition.
In the bustle and stir of forceful life, distinction creates much
dissension and discord. On the eve of my life, therefore,
I have no hesitation in accepting from your hands with complete
humility the gift of the nation's last offering of homage, and
I convey with gratitude my last greetings to the nation for it.

ছাত্র-ছাত্রী-উৎসব-পরিষদের অভিভাষণ

পূজনীয়

শ্রীযুক্ত রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর

শ্রীচরণে

হে কবি,

তোমার সমুচিততম ভাষণে সবে বাংলাদেশের ছাত্র ও ছাত্রীদের প্রণাম
গ্রহণ কর।

আমাদের জীবনযাত্রার পথে কি অপরিমেয় যে তোমার দান, তাহা কেমন
করিয়া বলিব? জীবনের বিভিন্নক্ষেত্রে তোমার প্রতিভার অমানদীপ্তি আমাদের
চিত্তের দলভুলকে দিকশিত করিয়াছে। তুমিই আমাদের দুঃখে ভাষা দিয়াছ
অন্তরে অনুভূতি দিয়াছ, জীবনকে বৃহত্তর ও মহত্তর করিয়া দেখিতে শিখাইয়াছ।
জীবনদেবতার ব্রহ্মাবগুণ তুমিই ছিন্ন করিলে; তুমিই প্রথম শিখাইলে,
বিভিন্ন করিয়া নয়, বিখ্যাতকাকে জীবনযাত্রার সহিত যুক্ত রাখিয়া প্রাণপ্রকৃতির
ও মনপ্রকৃতির বিচিত্র জীলার অঙ্গরূপে তাহাকে গ্রহণ করিতে হইবে। কাল
তোমাকে স্পর্শ করে নাই, তোমার প্রতিভা স্বদেশের সীমাকে অতিক্রম
করিয়াছে; তুমি সর্বদেশের ও সর্বকালের কবি,—তোমাকে আমরা অভিনন্দিত
করিতেছি।

হে মিজ, তোমার নামকে তুমি সার্থক করিয়াছ; উদয় পূর্ণাচলে, তোমার
জয়যাত্রা সমস্ত পৃথিবী জুড়িয়া। হে সার্কডোম, তুমি সমুদ্র-বসমা পৃথিবীকে
জয় করিয়া তাহার উপর আধিপত্য বিস্তার করিয়াছ। তোমার আসনতলে
স্বদেশ এবং বিদেশ আজ অর্ঘ্যদানের অঙ্ক সম্মুখে,—তাহারি একপ্রায়ে আমরা
প্রণাম নিবেদন করিলাম; হে বন্ধু, তুমি গ্রহণ করিও।

রবীন্দ্রজয়ন্তী

১৫ই পৌষ, ১৩৮

সেনেট হল

ছাত্র-ছাত্রী-উৎসব পরিষদ

কলিকাতা।

THE STUDENTS' ADDRESS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Poet and Sage.

Pray, accept our reverent obeisance on the occasion of
your seventieth birthday.

How can we compute the wealth thou hast bequeathed to
us? The glow of thy genius has opened forth the petals of

our hearts. Thou hast taught us to speak, to feel, to realize the greater self in man. Thou hast raised the veil from the valley of life. Thou hast taught us that education is not merely a mummery—that the heart and the soul are necessary adjuncts. Time hath not touched you. Thy genius hath transgressed the limits of time. Thou art the poet of all ages and all times. We all bow to thee.

Friend! thou hast justified thy name. Thy fame spreads like the glow of dawn over the East. Poet of the Universe! Thou hast established thy sovereignty over the seas. Thy nation and the world at large are assembled today at thy altar to pay thee homage—we mingle our humble greetings in that poem of praise.

Friend! we bow to thee.

কবির উত্তর

আজ সত্তর বছর বয়সে সাধারণের কাছে আমার পরিচয় একটা পরিণামে এসেছে। তাই আশা করি যারা আমাকে জানবার কিছুমাত্র চেষ্টা করেছেন এত দিনে অশুভঃ তারা একথা জেনেছেন যে, আমি জীব জগতে জন্মগ্রহণ করিনি। আমি চোখ মেলে যা দেখলুম চোখ আমার তাতে কখনও ক্লান্ত হ'ল না, বিষয়ের অশ্রু পাইনি। চর্যাকরকে বেঁধে ক'রে অন্যদিকালের যে অনাহুতবাণী অন্তঃকালের আঁতুপে ধনিত তাকে আমার মনপ্রাণ সাড়া দিয়েছে, মনে হয়েছে যুগে যুগে এই বিশ্ববাণী শুনে এলুম। দৌরমণ্ডলীর প্রান্তে এই আমাদের ছোট জামলা পৃথিবীকে স্বত্ব আকাশ দৃতগুলি বিচির-এসের বর্ষসঙ্কর সাজিয়ে দিয়ে যায়, এই আদরের অন্তঃস্থানে আমার হৃদয়ের অভিষেকবারি নিয়ে যোগ দিতে কোনদিন আলস্ট করিনি। প্রতিদিন উষাকালে অন্ধকার রাত্রির প্রান্তে শুদ্ধ হয়ে দাঁড়িয়েছি এই কথাটি উপলব্ধি করবার জন্যে যে,—যত রূপং কল্যাণতমং ততঃ পশ্যামি। আমি সেই বিরাট সত্তাকে আমার অমুণ্ডে স্পর্শ করতে চেয়েছি, যিনি সকল সত্তার আত্মীয় স্বর্গের একান্তরূপ, যার খুঁটিতেই নিরন্তর অসংখ্যরূপের প্রকাশে বিচিত্রভাবে আমার প্রাণ পুষ্পী হয়ে উঠে—ব'লে উঠে—কেহোবাচ্চাং কঃ প্রাণাং যদেব আকাশ আনন্দো ন স্তাৎ, যাতে কোনো প্রয়োজন নেই তাও আনন্দের টানে টানবে, এই অত্যাশ্চর্য্য ব্যাপারের চরম অর্থ যার মধ্যে; যিনি অশ্রুতে অশ্রুতে মানুষকে পরিপূর্ণ ক'রে বিজ্ঞান দ'লেই প্রাণপণ করে আত্মত্যাগকে আমরা আত্মঘাতী পাগলের পাগলামি বলে হেসে উল্লম্ব না।

যার লাগি রাত্রি অন্ধকারে

চ'লেছে মানবযাত্রী যুগ হ'তে যুগান্তর পানে

যার লাগি

রাজপুত্র পরিয়াছে ছিন্ন কণা, বিষয়ে বিরাজ

পথের চিকু, মহাপ্রাণ সহিয়াছে পলে পলে

সংসারের ক্ষুদ্র উৎপাদন, তুচ্ছের পংখার তলে

প্রত্যাহার বীভৎসতা।

যার পদে মানী সঁপিয়াছে মান,

ধনী সঁপিয়াছে ধন, বীর সঁপিয়াছে আয়প্রাণ,

যাহারি উদ্দেশে কবি বিরচিয়া লক্ষ লক্ষ গান

ভড়াইছে দেশে দেশে।

চন্দ্রশ্যামিনীদের প্রথম যে মন্ত্রে পিতৃদেব দীক্ষা পেয়েছিলেন, সেই মন্ত্র বার-বার নতুন মতুন অর্থ নিয়ে আমার মনে আন্দোলিত হয়েছে, বার-বার নিজেকে বলেছি—তেন ত্যক্তেন ভূতীয়াঃ মা গৃহঃ; আনন্দ কর তাই নিয়ে যা তোমার কাছে সহজে এসেছে, যা রয়েছে তোমার চারিদিকে, তারই মধ্যে তিরস্তম, লোভ ক'রো না। কাব্যসাধনার এই মন্ত্র মহামূল্য। আসক্তি থাকে মাকড়সার মত জালে জড়ার তাকে জীব ক'রে নেয়, তাতে গ্লানি আসে রাস্তা আনে। কেন না আসক্তি তাকে সর্বত্র থেকে উৎপাটন ক'রে নিজের সীমার মধ্যে বাঁধে—তার পরে তোলা ফুলের মত অলক্ষণেই সে গ্লান হয়। মনঃ সাহিত্য ভোগকে লোভ থেকে উদ্ধার করে, সৌন্দর্যকে আসক্তি থেকে,

চিত্তকে উপস্থিত করছে সত্ত্বারীদের কাছ থেকে। রাবণের ঘরে সীতা লোভের দ্বারা বন্দী, রামের ঘরে সীতা প্রেমের দ্বারা মুক্ত, সেইখানেই তাঁর সত্যপ্রকাশ। প্রেমের কাছে দেহের অপরাধ রূপ প্রকাশ পায়, লোভের কাছে তার মূল ধ্বংস।

অনেকদিন থেকেই লিখে আসছি, জীবনের নামা পক্ষ নামা অবস্থায় হৃৎকরেচি কাঁচা বয়সে—তখনও নিজেকে বুঝিনি। তাই আমার লেখার মধ্যে বাজলা এবং বজ্রনীর জিনিস ভূরি ভূরি আছে তাতে সন্দেহ নেই। এ সমস্ত আবহাওয়া বাদ দিয়ে বাকী যা থাকে আশা করি তার মধ্যে এই ঘোষণাটি স্পষ্ট যে,—আমি ভালবেসেছি এই জগৎকে, আমি প্রণাম করেছি মহৎকে, আমি কামনা করেছি মুক্তিকে, যে-মুক্তি পরম পুরুষের কাছে আত্মনিবেদনে, আমি বিশ্বাস করেছি স্বামুকের সত্তা মহামানবের মধ্যে যিনি সদা জনানাং হৃদয়ে সরিষিঃ। আমি আশালা অভ্যস্ত ঐকান্তিক সাহিত্যসাধনার পন্থাকে অতিক্রম ক'রে একদা সেই মহামানবের উদ্দেশে যথাসাধ্য আমার কণের অর্থ্য, আমার ভাগ্যের নৈবেদ্য অর্পণ করেছি তাতে বাইরের থেকে যদি বাধা পেয়ে থাকি অশ্রুের থেকে পেয়েছি প্রসাদ। আমি এসেছি এই ধরণীর মহাতীর্থে—এখানে সর্বদেশ সর্বজাতি ও সর্বকালের ইতিহাসের মহাকলসে আছেন নরদেবতা—তাইই বৌদুমলে নিভৃত বসে আমার অহঙ্কার আমার ভেদবুদ্ধি কালজ করবার হাওয়া চেঁচায় আজও প্রবৃত্ত আছে।

আমার যা-কিছু অকিঞ্চিৎকর থাকে অতিক্রম করেও যদি আমার চরিত্রের অপরূপ প্রকৃতি ও সাধনা লেখার লক্ষণ পেয়ে থাকে, আনন্দ দিয়ে থাকে, তবে তার পরিবর্তে আমি প্রীতি কামনা করি, আর কিছু নয়। এ কথা যেন জেনে যাই, অক্সিন্দ্র মৌহলা পেয়েছি, সেই তাঁদের কাছে যারা আমার সমস্ত কটি সম্বন্ধে জেনেছেন সমস্ত জীবন আমি কি চেয়েছি, কি পেয়েছি, কি দিয়েছি, আমার অপূর্ণ জীবনে অসমাপ্ত সাধনার কি ইঙ্গিত আছে।

মস্তালোকের শ্রেষ্ঠদাম এই প্রীতি আমি পেয়েছি এ কথা প্রণামের সঙ্গে বলি। পেয়েছি পৃথিবীর অনেক বরণীয়দের হাত থেকে—তাঁদের কাছে দৃঢ়জ্ঞতা নয়, আমার হৃদয় বিবেদন ক'রে দিয়ে গেলেন। তাঁদের দক্ষিণ হাতের স্পর্শে বিরাট মানবেরই স্পর্শ লেগেছে আমার ললাটে,—আমার যা-কিছু শ্রেষ্ঠ তা তাঁদের গ্রহণের যোগ্য হোক।

আর আমার বদশের লোক যারা অতি-নিকটের অতি-পরিচয়ের অস্পষ্টতা ভেদ করেও আমাকে ভালবাসতে পেরেছেন, আজ এই অমুঠানে তাঁদেরই বরণরচিত অর্থ্য সম্মিত। তাঁদের সেই ভালবাসা হৃদয়ের সঙ্গে গ্রহণ করি।

জীবনের পদ দিনের প্রান্তে এসে

নিশাণের পানে গমনে হয়েছে হারা।

অঙ্গুলি তুলি তারা ভলি অনিমিষে

মাঠেঃ বলিয়া নীরবে দিতেছে সাড়া।

গ্লান দিবসের শেষের গুহ্ম তলে

এ পূল হৃদয়ে নব জীবনের কুলে

চলেছি আমার যাত্রা করিতে মারা ॥

হে মোর সন্ধ্যা, যাহা কিছু ছিল সাথে

রাখিও তোমার অঞ্চলতলে ঢাকি।

আধারের সান্নিধ্য, তোমার করুণ হাতে

বাধিয়া দিলাম আমার হাতের রাধী।

কত যে প্রান্তের আশা ও স্বপ্নের গীতি,

কত যে হৃদয়ের স্মৃতি ও দুঃখের প্রীতি,

বিদায় বেলায় আজিও রহিল বাকী ॥

যা-কিছু পেয়েছি, যাহা কিছু গেল চুকে,

চলিতে চলিতে পিছিয়া রহিল পড়ে,

যে মণি ছিল যে বাণা বিধিল বুকে,

ছারা হয়ে যাহা মিলার দিগন্তরে,

জীবনের ঘন কিছুই বাবে না ফেলা,

মূল্য তাদের বত হোক অবহেলা,

পূর্ণের পদ-পরশ তাদের 'পরে ॥

THE POET'S REPLY *

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

Today at seventy I stand in a definite relationship with the public. It is, therefore, my earnest hope that those who have sought to understand me have at least realised that I was born into no mean world. The wonder that met my eyes as I opened them has never waned. My heart has hearkened to the voice that echoes from the beginning of time to the end of eternity—I feel that I have heard that voice through æons of time. The translucent colours with which the seasons deck our little verdant planet amongst all the suns and stars—I have never been tired of watching this marvellous panorama and greeting it with my heart's yearnings. At the edge of night I have stood before many a dawn in mute silence only to inwardly feel that I was looking on beauty that was most filled with bliss. I have sought to feel within myself that Great Presence which unifies all ties on earth, Whose smile is always breaking in myriad forms and gladdening my heart. Which says **कोट्येवान्यात् कः प्राप्यात् यदेष आकाश आनन्दो न स्यात्**, in Whom is found the ultimate remarkable phenomenon that there is joyous attraction in even the most purposeless trifle, but for Whose presence in every heart any intense self-denial would be as ludicrous as a lunatic's desire to commit suicide—

At Whose urge

Mankind travel through dark nights

From age to another age :

For whose sake

A prince is dressed in rags, a beggar,

Discarding worldly wealth : the noble endure

A thousand petty persecutions of the world,

The daily horror of petty calumny ;

At whose feet have laid

The famous their fame, the wealthy wealth,

The brave have rendered their lives ;

Unto whom the poet has sung

Millions of songs and strewn them far and wide.

The *mantra* in the *Ishopanishad* from which my father first drew his inspiration has been repeatedly and freshly revealed to my mind. I have told myself again and again **तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथाः मागृथः**; rejoice in that which comes easily to you, which is all about you, which is eternal and hunger not. To the service of poetry this is a great rule. Whosoever falls within the spider-like grip of desire is quickly dried up, it brings grief and strain. For desire uproots him from his surrounding entirety and keeps him within a fold—and then he quickly wilts like a plucked flower. Noble literature saves enjoyment from desire, beauty from hunger, the soul from critics who have their axe to grind. Sita was a prisoner at the hands of Ravana's lust, she was free in Rama's home by virtue of his love,—and that is her true picture. The human body assumes a strange beauty in the eyes of love, in the eyes of lust it is but gross flesh.

I have been writing for many a long day, through many chapters and phases of life. I started at a tender age when I had hardly realised myself. It can hardly be gainsaid therefore that there is much in my writing that is superfluous and should be discarded. When all such debris is removed I hope that there will still remain a portion which will clearly prove that I have loved this universe, that I have bowed before greatness, that I have sought liberty—liberty that lies in dedicating oneself to the Supreme Being, that I have believed that Truth comes out of that Greater Truth, the Being Who dwells in every heart. I have looked beyond the bourne of my life-long literary practice and gathered the offerings of service and the gift of sacrifice for dedication to that Supreme Being. If it has meant opposition from outside it has brought satisfaction within. I have come to this earth—to this great place of pilgrimage—where, at the very centre of all countries, all nations, all ages, sits The God in man there, at that altar, I still sit in solitude and vainly seek to purge myself of all pride, all prejudices.

If in spite of much that is of little value in my writing they can still reveal my innermost nature and my idealism and can gladden the hearts of others, I wish for nothing in return but affection. May I know before I depart that I have realised what it was that all my life I have sought and given, and given, what hint lies hidden in the unfinished worship of my unfulfilled life?

I bow and confess that I have had the privilege of receiving this greatest gift in this world—the gift of affection. I have received it from many of the world's adored men; to them I render not merely my gratitude but my very heart. The touch of their right hand on my forehead was as the touch of immense humanity; may all that is best in me be worthy of their acceptance.

And at today's function the gift offerings are arranged with infinite care by those of my own countrymen who have found it possible to love me in spite of the fact that I stand too close to them, am too familiar to them. I fold that love to my heart.

My life's pathway at the journey's end

Is lost in the gloom of the night

The winkless stars from the heavens lend

Their silent reassuring light.

With flowers culled in the declining day,

From shore to a stranger shore I stray—

The end of my travels is in sight.

My eventide ! all that I possess

I leave concealed in thy pall ;

Unto thy tender hands I press

The loves that still enthrall.

The promise of dawns, nights' refrains

The memory of joys, the fellowship of pains—

I depart and I leave them all.

Aught that I received, aught that is o'er

I forsake as forward I hie

The garlands I've worn, the sorrows I bore

Melt into the haze of the sky—

But all life's treasures, survive they must

However much we fling them in the dust—

The feet of the Eternal on them lie.

* This was originally prepared by the Poet for reading at the great public reception at the Town Hall on the 27th December, 1931, in joint reply to all the addresses but later the idea was abandoned, and it was read in reply to the address presented by the students of Calcutta at the Senate Hall. Only the concluding portion of the address is given.

INDIAN SOCIETY OF ORIENTAL ARTS

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

THE POET'S SONG IN REPLY TO FELICITATIONS

Diffidently I take this gift from you

The last precious offering to my fame.

তোমাদের দান যশের ভালায়

সব শেষ সঞ্চয় (আমার)

নিতে মনে লাগে ভয়।

এই রূপলোকে কবে এসেছিল রাতে

গেঁথেছিল মালা বারে-পড়া পারিজাতে,

আধারে অন্ধ, এ যে গীতা তারি হাতে

কী দিল এ পরিচয় ॥

এরে পরাবে কি কলালক্ষীর গলে

সাতনরী হার দেখায় মাণিক জলে ?

একদা কখন অমরার উৎসবে

ম্লান ফুল দল থমিয়া পড়িবে কবে,

এ আদর যদি লজ্জার পরাভবে

সেদিন মলিন হয় ॥

In what distant night I came to this world of forms,

And this garland of celestial flowers† dropped down,

Darkling I wrought, but He it was who guided my fingers,

What message has it borne to-day.

Would it adorn the goddess of Art

Decked with a seven-stringed necklace where gems
sparkle and shine ?

Perchance at some festival of immortals

These flowers will wither and fall,

And this gift of love may be dimmed

In the shame of ingloriousness.

† Parijat.

অর্ঘ্যাভিহরণ*

অর্ঘ্যদান

এতচ্ছন্দনমত্র শীলমিব তে চন্দ্রোজ্জলং শীতলং
দীপোঃ প্রতিভাপ্রভাব ইব তে কান্তঃ স্থিরং দীপ্যতে ।
ধূপোঃ তব কীর্তিসম্বয় ইবামোদৈর্দিশো ব্যরনুতে
মাল্যং নির্মলকোমলং তব মনস্তুল্যং সমুদ্রাসতে ॥
কম্বুস্থাপিতমেতদম্বু সরসং কাব্যং ত্বদীয়ং যথা
পুষ্পশ্রেণিরিয়ং গুণালিরিব তে পশ্যজ্ঞানাকর্ষণ ।
অর্থ্যং তাবদিদং কৃতং তব কৃতে দুর্বাঙ্কুরাঘন্বিনং
নন্বেষত্ প্রতিগৃহ্যতাং করুণয়া স্বস্ত্যস্তু তে শাস্ত্রতম ॥

প্রশস্তিপাঠ

ভেদো यस्य न वस्तुतोऽस्ति भुवने प्राची प्रतीचीति वा
मित्रत्वं प्रकटीकृतं च सततं येनात्मनः कमेणा ।
विश्वं यस्य पदं प्रसिद्धमनिशं सत्ये च यस्य स्थिति-
भू यात् तस्य जयो रवेरविरतं तेनास्तु तृप्तं जगत् ॥

শান্তিপাঠ

पृथिवी शान्तिरन्तरिक्षं शान्तिर्द्यौः शान्तिरापः शान्ति रोषधयः
शान्तिर्विश्वे तो देवाः शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिभिः ।
ताभिः शान्तिभिः सर्वशान्तिभिः शमयामोवयं यदिह घोरं
यदिह क्रूरं यदिह पापं तच्छान्तं तच्छिवं सर्वमेवं शमस्तुतः ॥

Text of the Sanskrit 'Stokas' with Bengali translations
read out by Pandit Vidhushekhar Sastri in offering ARGHYA
to the Poet on behalf of the RABINDRA-JAYANTI PARISHAD
(Tagore Septuagenary Celebrations Committee) on Dec. 27,
1931.

অর্ঘ্যদান

আপনার শীলের গায় এই চন্দন চন্দ্রের মত উজ্জল ও শীতল,
আপনার রমণীয় প্রতিভাপ্রভাবের গায় এই দীপ স্থিরভাবে দীপ্তি
প্রাপ্ত হইতেছে। আপনার কীর্তিরাশির গায় এই ধূপ সৌরভে
সমস্ত দিকে ব্যাপ্ত করিতেছে। আপনার মনের গায় নিখল ও
কোমল এই মাল্য উদ্ভাসিত হইয়া রহিয়াছে। আপনার কাব্যের
গায় সরস এই জল শব্দে স্থাপিত করা হইয়াছে, এবং আপনার
গুণসমূহের গায় এই কুম্ভমণ্ডলি দর্শকগণকে আকর্ষণ করিতেছে।
দুর্বার অঙ্কুর প্রভৃতির দ্বারা আমরা আপনার জগৎ এই অর্ঘ্য রচনা
করিয়াছি। আপনি করুণা করিয়া ইহা গ্রহণ করুন। আপনার
শাস্ত্রতম কুশল হউক !

প্রশস্তিপাঠ

যাহার প্রাচী ও প্রতীচী বলিয়া ভুবনে বস্তুতঃ কোন ভেদ
নাই, যিনি সতত নিজের কর্ণের দ্বারা প্রকটিত করিয়াছেন যে
তিনি মিত্র, বিশ্বই যাহার প্রসিদ্ধ স্থান, এবং সত্যেই যিনি নিয়ত
অবস্থান করেন, সেই রবির অবিরাম জয় হউক ও তাহা দ্বারা
জগৎ তৃপ্তি লাভ করুক !

শান্তিপাঠ

পৃথিবী শান্তিময় হউক ! অন্তরীক্ষ শান্তিময় হউক ! হালোক
শান্তিময় হউক ! জল শান্তিময় হউক ! ওষধিসমূহ শান্তিময় হউক !
বিশ্বদেবগণ আমাদের জগৎ শান্তিময় হউন ! এখানে যাহা কিছু
ভয়ানক, যাহা কিছু ক্রুর, যাহা কিছু পাপ, তাহা আমরা সেই
সকল শান্তি দ্বারা, সমস্ত শান্তির দ্বারা উপশমিত করি ! তাহা
শান্ত হউক ! তাহা শিব হউক ! সমস্তই আমাদের কল্যাণকর
হউক !

When OXFORD Came to VISVA-BHARATI

CONFERMENT
OF
HONORARY DEGREE
ON
THE POET



The Poet being conducted to the dais by Sir S. Radhakrishnan and Sir Maurice Gwyer at the Special Convocation of Oxford University at Santiniketan

OXFORD came to VISVA-BHARATI on August 7, 1940—just a year before the Poet passed away—to confer on him the degree of Doctor of Literature (*Honoris Causa*).

For the first time in the history of Oxford University, that ancient seat of learning had arranged for a Special Convocation in a distant land to confer such an honour on a distinguished man. Early this year (1941), it may be recalled, Oxford conferred a similar honour in similar manner on President Roosevelt through her Chancellor Lord Halifax, Britain's Ambassador to America.

The ceremony, which accompanied the investiture, reproduced in miniature a regular convocation of Oxford University for the conferment of honorary degrees. Sir Maurice Gwyer, Chief Justice of India, together with Sir S. Radhakrishnan, represented Oxford University at the function, they being specially authorized by the University to confer the degree on Dr. Tagore on its behalf. Mr. Justice Henderson, of the Calcutta High Court, played the role of the Public Orator who usually reads out the address of the University to the recipient of the honour.

According to time-honoured custom, the address was read out in Latin, an English translation of which was repeated to the audience by Sir S. Radhakrishnan. Dr. Tagore replied to the address in Sanskrit and himself rendered it into English for the benefit of the audience. Sir Maurice Gwyer, who presided over the function, wound up the proceedings with a brief address.

The function took place in the Sinha Sadan, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the dais were seated the representatives of Oxford University and Dr. Tagore. Facing the dais on the floor were two rows of chairs which were occupied by graduates of Oxford University, representatives of some of the Indian Universities, and a few prominent persons connected with education. Behind these sat some more invited persons, and students and professors of Visva-Bharati.

A few minutes before the actual ceremony, Sir Maurice Gwyer took his seat on the dais. He wore the scarlet gown of a Doctor of Civil Law of Oxford University. He was followed by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Justice Henderson and Mr. J. M. Bottomley, Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, all of whom occupied allotted seats on the dais.

A little later, Dr. Tagore entered the hall, clad in the grey and pink gown of a Doctor of Literature of Oxford University. As he entered everybody rose in his seat.

The proceedings began with the singing of a Vedic hymn by the girl students of Visva-Bharati. Mr. Justice Henderson then read out the Latin address after which Sir Maurice conferred the degree on Dr. Tagore according to the prescribed Latin formula. After the conferment of the degree, Sir Maurice walked across the dais and shook hands with Dr. Tagore. This brought the ceremony to a close.

THE CEREMONY

VEDIC HYMN

स्वस्ति पन्थामनु चरेम सूर्यचन्द्रमसाविव ।

पुनर्दत्ताम्रता जानता सं गमेमहि ॥

Like Sun and Moon we shall follow the path of welfare and attain companionship of men who are generous, hateless and wise.

(Rig Veda 5.51.15)

ये देवानां यज्ञिया यज्ञियानां मनोऽजत्रा अमृता ऋतज्ञाः ।

ते नो रासन्तामुखायमथ यूयं पात स्वस्तिभिः सदा नः ॥

Those who are revered by the Immortals and are also respected by the world of man, those who are fearless and righteous—let them to-day show us the path of greatness. Ye wise men! continue to guide us by your good wishes.

(Rig Veda 7.35.15)

BENGALI SONG

বিশ্ববিদ্যার্থীপ্রাপ্ত করে মহোজ্জ্বল আলো হে

বৎসপুত্র সংঘ বিরাজ হে ।

যন তিমির রাত্রির চিব প্রতীক

পূর্ণ করো, লহ জ্যোতির্লীলা,

যাত্রিদল সব সাজ হে,

নিবাবীণা বাজ হে.

এসো কর্মী এসো জ্ঞানী

এসো জন কল্যাণধানী

এসো তাপস রাজ হে ।

এসো হে ধীশক্তি-সম্পদ মুক্তবন্ধ সমাজ হে ।

(English Translation)

Bring brilliance in the great court of knowledge
take your seats there, you the children

of the Immortal.

Let the hope be fulfilled of the long dark night of
penance at the initiation of light.

Let Pilgrims be ready for the journey of Truth,
and divine music descend from above.

Come ye wise, come workers,
come ye who contemplate people's good,
and offer supreme self-sacrifice.

Come those who are rich in mind—
who are free of all illusions



—Sir Maurice Gwyer shaking hands with Dr. Tagore after the conferment of the honorary degree of D.Litt. by Oxford

ADDRESS BY DELEGATES FROM OXFORD

VIR INSIGNISSIME, MATRIS OXONIAE GRATISSIMA
SUBOLES, QUI DOMINI

*Vice-Cancellarii et Procuratorum vicem geris, hodie adest
illustrissimus Indiae filius, cuius in domo, ut in nulla usquam
alia, Horatianum illud*

tortes creantur tortibus et honis

*repraesentari videmur. Quid avum reteram, primum illum
religionum ac disciplinae novae conditorem, inter primos
quoque a popularibus suis quos trans Oceanum dissociabilem
navigasse et usque ad ultimos Britannos advectos esse constat?
Quid patrem, virum rectissimum, religionum hunc quoque
vindictam acerrimum, cuius sanctitas ac sapientia suis
omnibus innotuit? Quid sororem, mulierem excultissimam,
quae facta de suis historiis prima Indarum conscribere ausa
est? Quid fratrum illum trinionem, quorum unus, ut patriae
administrationi interesset, primus Indorum ascitus est, alter
in litteris ac philosophia, tertius in arte Apella inter aequales
eminebat? Sed genti suae quartus hic fratrum vita, ingenio,
moribus tantum verae laudis additamentum contulit, ut de se
ipse posset, nisi quidem viro sanctissimo verecundia obstaret,
eisdem quibus Scipio ille verbis iure optimo praedicare*

virtutes generis micis moribus accumulavi.

*Quid quod adest doctissimus litterarum artifex, sive victo
numeris sermone utitur sen soluto? Ecce quae lyrica, fabulas,
satiras, historias, omne fere scribendi genus tetigit, nullum
non ornavit. O miram in eodem viro fecunditatem, miram
facundiam! Qui, prout fert animi paene divini agilitas,
docet nos, ridet, exagitat, delectat, commovet, ea tamen lege
ut hominem vere esse, humani nihil a se alienum putantem,
semper appareat. Quid quod adest musicus, omnibus velut
numeris absolutus, novorum mille modorum repertor? Quid
quod philosophus eximius, qui rerum, hominum, deorum
denique naturam penitus perscrutatus, mentis illam
'ataraxiam' optatam a multis, a paucis conquistam, iam
 tandem est consecutus? Et tamen his ille studiis deditus
non sibi tantum vixit. Nihil enim antiquius ratus quam ut
pueri bonis artibus instituantur, scholae illius egregiae, ubi
discipulis ad philosophandum informandis sapientissime
consultitur, est auctor idem atque iutor. Accedit quod
publico commodo umbratilem vitae condicionem non ita
praetuli ut pulverem ac solem reipublicae omnino detrecta-
verit: est ubi in forum descendere dedignatus non sit, est
ubi nos Britannos, est ubi praeceptorum auctoritatem, siquid
perperam fieri visum sit, in iudicium vocare non reformidu-
verit, est ubi cives errantes castigare sustinuerit. Quid
plura? Adest poeta et scriptor 'myrionous', adest musicus
in arte sua praeclarissimus, adest et verbo et re philosophus,
adest disciplinae ac doctrinae bonae fautor acerrimus, adest
civitatis defensor ardentissimus, adest denique qui vitae ac
morum sanctitate omnes omnium ubique approbationes sibi
vindica vit. Itaque, Vice-Cancellario, Doctoribus Magistris
omnibus uno animo juventibus, praesento tibi virum
'mousikotaton', Rabindranath Tagore, praemio Nobeliano iam
insignitum, ut Oxoniensium quoque lauream accipiat et
admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.*

(TRANSLATION)

Honoured Sir, on whom the choice of your mother Oxford has fallen to sit to-day in the place of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, you have before you India's most distinguished son, in whose family no more perfect illustration can be found of that verse of Horace: "A noble line gives proof of noble sires".

Let me recall his grand-father, the member of a new religious faith and a new fraternity, who was one of the first of his countrymen to cross the estranging sea and visit the

distant land of Britain; his father, a religious leader singular rectitude and burning faith, whose piety and wisdom distinguished him among all his countrymen. I recall his gifted sister, and the first of her sex in India to attempt a novel of Indian life; his three brothers of whom one was first Indian member of the Indian Civil Service, a second distinguished among his contemporaries in philosophy and third in literature and the arts. But the fourth brother who is present before you now has by his life, his genius and his character augmented so greatly the fame of his house that his piety and modesty not forbid, none would have the better right to say in Scipio's famous phrase: "My life has crowned the virtues of my life." You see in him a great scholar and a great artist, both in prose and in verse: who has written poetry, romance, satire, history; who has left scarcely any field of literature untouched and has touched nothing that he has not adorned. How rarely has such richness of imagination been combined with such elegance of style! How astonishing is the range of his verse: of genius, wisdom and laughter, terror and delight, the power of stirring our deepest emotions! And yet we are always conscious of his essential humanity, of a man who thinks of nothing beneath his notice, if only it is concerned with mankind. You see in him a musician who seems to observe no rules and yet has invented a thousand new melodies; a distinguished philosopher deeply versed in natural philosophy, in ethics and in theology and who has at the same time achieved that complete serenity of mind sought by few many and won by how few. Yet all dedicated as he has been to those pursuits, he has not lived for himself alone; for deeming good education for the young the most venerable of all institutions he has been the founder and director of his famous Academy, whose purpose is by wise methods to inculcate among its students a love of pure learning. Let me also be said that he has not valued a sheltered life so much above the public good as to hold himself wholly aloof from the dust and heat of the world outside; for there have been times when he has not scorned to step down into the market-place; when, if he thought that a wrong had been done he has not feared to challenge the British raj itself; the authority of its magistrates; and when he has boldly corrected the faults of his own fellow-citizens. What more can I say? Here before you is the myriad-minded poet and writer, the musician famous in his art, the philosopher profound both in word and deed, the fervent upholder of learning and sound doctrine, the ardent defender of public liberties, and who by the sanctity of his life and character has won for himself the praise of all mankind. And so with the unanimous approval of the Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors, and the Masters of the University, I present to you a man most dear to the muses, Rabindranath Tagore, already a Nobel prizeman in order that he may receive the laurel wreath of Oxford and be admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Letters honoris causa.

CONFERMENT OF DEGREE

Vir venerabilis et doctissime, musarum sacerdos dilectissime, ego nomine Domini Vice-Chancellarii auctoritate totius Universitatis admitto te ad gradum Doctoris in Litteris honoris causa.

Venerable and learned Sir, most beloved priest of the Muses, in the name of the Vice-Chancellor and with the authority of the whole University, I admit you to the Degree of Doctor of Letters honoris causa.

REPLY BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

भवन उन्नतीयेविश्वविद्यालयप्रतिभुवः !

एषोऽस्मि कश्चित् कविभारतवर्षस्य ।

तं मां सम्भावयन्ती सा किल भवतां प्रजा विद्याभूमिनूनमात्मनो
मानवधर्मांश्चायमेव महान्तमाविष्कृत्स्मीहते यस्य खल्वर्थः साम्प्रत-
मतितरं गम्भीरश्चानतिपात्यश्च संवृतः । गर्वोत्तानं मे वित्तं प्रति-
पद्यास्य वाचिकं प्रतिपत्तिं चत्ता प्रहितां प्रतीकमिवानश्वरं मानव
धर्मात्मनः । सभाजयामि भवतोऽग्रशान्तिनिकेतने । यदेतदन्तर्मु-
पायनमानीतं भवद्भिर्मेदर्थं महेशार्थञ्च चिरं तदवस्थायस्वतःस्मद्द्रव्येषु
सम्पत्स्यते च तदवतामस्माकं च साधारणसंस्कृतिसम्पत्तय इति
प्रतियन्तु भवन्तः ।

स खल्वर्थः कालः प्रवर्धते यथातद्गुणः । तिरोधत्ते गुणः । प्रसरत्य
शिष्टत्वं निरंकुशम् । प्रवर्त्तते च पशुचिता सृष्ट्वा भोगं सगुणवीर्यानां
भूतविद्यया ।

अस्मिन् हि व्यतिकरे कस्यापि भुवनव्यापिनः सम्बन्धस्य बीज-
समुद्गमोक्तिर्नाम कदाचित् कविजनोचितैव प्रतीहते ।

तथापि तु संयम्यते कालस्तज्जयन्नपि निरन्तरम् । किञ्च ये नाम
वयमतीत्याप्येन जीवामः प्रतीमश्च यदायधर्मश्चरमाथेसम्पत्तये यथैव
नियमिति तेरस्माभिः सेयं प्रतीतिरवश्यं प्रत्यप्रोकरणीया ।

क्षेमं यतेदं निमित्तं कस्याप्यनागतस्य समयस्तेति प्रतिगृह्यते मयेवा
प्रतिपत्तिर्विहितोक्तार्थविश्वविद्यालयेन । नूनं न जीविष्याम्यहमब-
लोकयितुमेनं प्रतिष्ठितम् । सभाजनोयस्त्वेव तस्य सप्रणयः सङ्कतः
सङ्गर इव दिवसानां प्रशस्यतराणामिति शिवम् ।

शान्तिनिकेतनम्

रवीन्द्रनाथठाकुरः ।

शाकाब्दा १८६१/१८१२

(TRANSLATION)

Delegates from Oxford University,

In honouring me, an Indian poet, your ancient seat of learning has chosen to express its great tradition of humanity. This tradition, to-day, has acquired a deeper and more pressing significance; I feel proud to accept its message, and the recognition it conveys, as a symbol of the undying spirit of Man. I welcome you here at Santiniketan, and I assure you that this friendly gift that you have brought to me and to my country, will remain in our hearts and bid us stand together for the common cause of civilisation.

In an era of mounting anguish and vanishing worth, when disaster is fast overtaking countries and continents with savagery let loose and brutal thirst for possession augmented by science, it may sound merely poetic to speak of any emerging principle of world-wide relationship. But Time's violence, however immediately threatening, is circumscribed, and we who live beyond it and dwell also in the larger reality of Time, must renew our faith in the perennial growth of civilisation toward an ultimate purpose.

I accept this recognition from Oxford University as a happy augury of an Age to come, and though I shall not live to see it established, let me welcome this friendly gesture as a promise of better days.

ADDRESS BY SIR MAURICE GWYER

Sir, on behalf of the University of Oxford I salute its youngest Doctor, and I deem it a privilege indeed to have taken part in this memorable ceremony, in which the University whose representative I am has, in honouring you, done honour to itself. I shall not fail to convey to the University your gracious words of acceptance, spoken in that ancient tongue, the venerable mother from whom the language of the University's Address and the language which I now speak trace alike their origin.

You Sir, belong to and have adorned a generation which perhaps more than any other in history exalted reason and freedom of thought; but you have ever insisted that to these must be added other virtues, graciousness, simplicity and the love of beauty. And have not Santiniketan and my own University this in common, that each bases its education upon recognition of and respect for human personality? Do they not both attribute pre-eminence to the virtue of tolerance, since none can claim respect for his own personality unless he is willing to respect that of others? These indeed are the foundation of true democracy, which has a spiritual content and is something more than one of many kinds of political mechanism; and its success has been, and will always be, in proportion as those who live under it are conscious of its spiritual and intellectual elements.

But in the present nightmare world the doctrines which you and those who think with you have taught and practised are in deadly peril; and we are witnessing an attempt to assassinate reason, to proscribe tolerance, and to crush the human spirit beneath a monstrous materialism. In this Magian conflict the liberty of the human soul itself is at stake and the conflict must be fought out to the end, if darkness is not to fall once more upon the earth. There is no compromise and there is no truce in that war.

We must not doubt, unless all our most cherished beliefs are a mockery and a cheat, what the final issue will be, though it may not come until after much blood and many tears. But the victory would be barren indeed, if a new generation is not bred and confirmed in that true discipline of mind which alone can create a free and tranquil world. The evil men who are now harrying Europe knew their business well when in the countries they have ravished they singled out for destruction the Universities and ancient seats of learning, the sanctuary and refuge of the humanities. Though war can be waged, as this war is being waged, in defence of a sublime cause, and has power to evoke some of the noblest qualities of mankind, yet in itself it is an accursed thing, and its infection will destroy civilization unless it is itself destroyed. But in the words which Milton puts into the mouth of the apostate Angel,—

"who overcomes

By force, hath overcome but half his foe",
and Apollyon must be met and conquered not on the field of battle alone but also in that kingdom of ideas and of the mind, where it is the teachers and philosophers who can most effectively sustain the cause.

We have watched with dismay even in the years before the war the substitution of emotion for thought and its swift degeneration into blind and often hysterical submission to the will of a leader accountable to none but himself; for unless a political society is invigorated by a multitude of separate springs of thought and action, neither democracy nor any system based upon the freedom of the mind can hope to survive. Is not the clamant need of our day hard intellectual effort and the habit of independent judgment; courage to face realities, and not to deny the existence of problems we are too indolent to solve; reverence for the spirit of an ancient culture, without servility to the past or attempts to

reverse the evolutionary process? Such I believe to be the principles which inspire your teaching in this place, and such are those of my own University.

Sir, I thank you for your welcome. It is my earnest prayer that through those bonds which have been forged to-day between an ancient foundation and a new there may pass and repass a vital current in which the spiritual forces of the West and the East may mingle and, if God will, draw strength from one another. May the love of true learning be ever cherished in their place; and may there ever be granted to all their children, "hope still to find, strength still to climb, the spheres."

CONCLUSION

प्रथमो शान्तिरन्तरोक्षं शान्तिं यैः

शान्तिरापः शान्तिरोषधयः

शान्तिवनस्पतयः शान्तिर्विशये मे देवाः

शान्तिः सख्ये मे देवा शान्तिः

शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिभिः ॥

ताभिः शान्तिभिः सर्वशान्तिभिः

शमयामाहं यदिह धीरं

यदिह क्रूरं यदिह पापं तच्छान्त

तच्छिवं सर्वमेव शामस्तु नः।

Let peace reign over the earth and sky; Let it spread in the water, in the fields and forests; Let the divine power in the universe be for our peace! Let me, with the peace which is for all, tranquillise whatever is terrible and enter into the serene and the good! Let peace come to us through the All!

(Vajasaneyi Samhitā : 36/17) (Atharva Veda : 19/9/14)

REVELATION

By

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[TRANSLATED BY M. CHATTERJEE]

*A thousand years have fled by yet nothing transpired till now,
The bees have hummed to 'Madhavi' groves,*

*creepers entwined the bough;
The 'Chakor' sought her lunar lover,*

*the lightning kissed the sky;
Wandered forth the rivulet to the ocean's arms to fly;
The sun appeared in the morning sky and the lotus*

opened her eyes

*Whenever the rain-clouds filled the blue
the 'Chatak' raised her cries;*

Such secret ties, such kindred hearts everywhere

*had throbbled—
Whoever first did raise the veil: How was the secret robbed?*

*Perhaps that poet had bided time in some lonely nook,
Wrapped up as one with moons and clouds,*

with leaf and stream and brook.

*Voiceless as a tender flower behind his fancies hid—
Like the moon's soft radiance his eye had a dreamy lid.
Like the breeze he careered around unchartered and unseen
Without a sorrow, without a goal, without a care to wean,
Self-absorbed like the louring clouds with fancies far out-flung
He knew to weave a magic haze that all around him hung.*

*In heaven and earth no one knew what it was he sought;
It ne'er occurred to anyone that he knew a lot,
Nature was not on her guard before his vague designs—
Her veil would slip in reckless folds at songs or subtle signs.
If perchance her bridal-room had casements scantily screened
She ne'er rushed to cover them up despite the listening fiend.
If e'er he raised his vapid gaze at the bridal-bed
To put out the tell-tale bed-side lamp*

no flower missiles were shed.

*While the moon with rapt'rous eyes winked at his lotus-love
'This fool knows not the speech of eyes',*

he thought and smiled above:

*While the lotus opened out her heart to the shining Sun
She thought the point of fragrance will elude the foolish one;
While the lightning on the clouds flashed a shameless kiss
She thought the tramp would never know*

the meaning of all this:

*As with a thrill the 'Malati' twined her tendrils round the trees
She thought perhaps just they could read*

the whisper in the breeze.

*And when on a certain springtide eve the Sun was sinking low
And the East was silvered with the glorious full-moon's glow—*

*There some damsel on the plea of watering the plants
Tugs at her entangled scarf and turns around to glance—
Here on a swing a daring maid flashes dagger smiles,
Loth to stop and loth to flop and deaf to all your wiles—
Some temptress feeds the baby-deer with such eager zeal—
She feigns to overlook the waiting figure at her heel—*

*When suddenly the poet sang out, 'Listen! Comrades all!
'To what's been going on here on earth from time immemorial
'Who ever thought that as the moon along the welkin creep
'Pale-browed lotus silently her night-long vigil keeps
'That the lotus opens out her petals to the sun—
'How strange that such a secret should escape every one
'The tender whispers of the bee into 'Malati's' ears—
'Can it be the wiseacres have missed them all these years?*

*And at once the gentle blush of the Sun suffused the West
The Moon behind a leafy cover hid her heaving breast;
On the lake the lotus closed at once her am'rous eyes
'All is lost' the zephyr wailed through the listening skies
Shivered the dainty creeper-maid and hid her face in shame
And thought perchance the garrulous fool*

*would all the woods profane
Murmured to the Jasmin-court the anguished honey-bee,
Who ever thought an idiot could such a gossip be?'*

But men and women laughed aloud

*and clapped their hands in glee
And kindred spirits clung together in open amity.
They laughed and cried—'Tis surely proved*

beyond the pale of doubt

*'Everything the poet has said is fully borne out
'Not a lover's secret lies hidden in earth or sky'*

*And lover rushed to lover's arms, eye on loving eye,
And youth waited garland-laden for his chosen maid:*

If Nature has been found out love, why art thou afraid?

*Alas, my poet, ever since Nature's careful grown
Across her breast and o'er her head a timid scarf is thrown.
However much you watch her ways with your eagle eyes
No such tender secrets can you ever again surprise;
Only through the redolent and murmur-laden air
The whisper of a hidden message flickers everywhere
The lights and shadows seem so heavy with a secret thought:
Alas! my poet, Nature yet will never again be caught.*

* From "হাজার হাজার বছর কেটেছে কেহ ত কহে নি কথা"—কল্পনা (Kalpana; 1900)

य रगकोऽवर्णी बहुधा शक्तियोगा-
वर्णान् अनेकान् निहितार्थो दधाति
विचैत चान्ते विश्वमादो स देवः
स नो बुद्ध्या शुभया संयुनक्त ॥

Not only is he affiliated with happy and beneficent
intelligence who imparts a unified purpose and tone
to the diverse manifestations of manifold (human)
active forces—but, verily, is he a god (among men).

IN MEMORIAM

Rabindranath Tagore

the high priest of creative national unity
in tune with the highest destiny of man

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 নামে বিলম্ব ও মজুরি ইত্যাদি। তাঁর
 প্রমাণ, তাঁর এ প্রমাণ প্রমাণ
 প্রমাণ প্রমাণ প্রমাণ প্রমাণ। ইতি
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21/12/2020

For particulars, please communicate with:—

S. GHOSH

Artist

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53 years ago (1888) the poet Rabindranath had seen one of our ordinary harmoniums and in appreciation had written to us a letter which we reproduce here.

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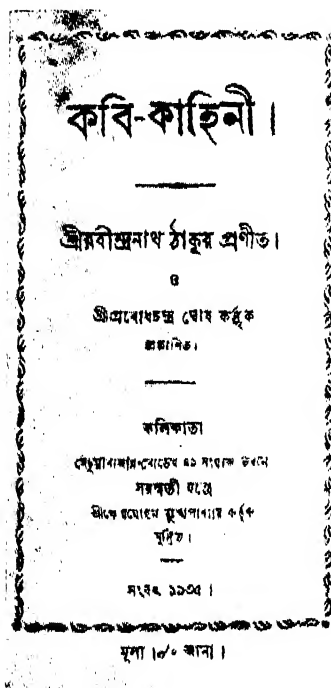
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TAGORE'S WORKS—A CHRONOLOGY: 1878-1941

WORKS IN BENGALI



FIRST BOOK
OF
POEMS
Facsimile of the
title page of
'Kabi-Kahini'
published in 1878

1878

Kabi-Kahini ('The Tale of the Poet': a story in verse).

1880

Bana-phul ('The Flower of the Woods': a story in verse).

1881

Valmiki Pratibha ('The Genius of Valmiki': a musical drama); *Bhagna-hridaya* ('The Broken Heart': a drama in verse); *Rudrachanda* (a drama in verse); *Europe-prbasir Patra* ('Letters of a Sojourner in Europe').

1882

Sandhya Sangit ('Evening Songs': a collection of lyrics); *Kal-mrigaya* ('The Fatal Hunt': a musical drama).

1883

Sauthakuranir Hut ('The Young Queen's Market': a novel); *Prabhat Sangeet* ('Morning Songs': a collection of lyrics); *Vividha Prasanga* ('Miscellaneous Topics': a collection of essays).

1884

Chhabi O Gan ('Sketches and Songs': collection of poems); *Prakritir Pratisodh* ('Nature's Revenge': a drama in verse); *Nalini* ('A prose drama'); *Saisab Sangeet* ('Poems of Childhood': a collection of poems); *Bhanu Singha Thakurer Padabalee* (a collection of poems written after Vaishnava poets under the pen-name of 'Bhanu Singha').

1885

Rammohun Roy (a pamphlet on Rammohun Roy); *Alochana* ('Discussions': a collection of essays); *Rabichhaya* ('The shadow of the Sun': a collection of songs).

1886

Kari O Komal ('Sharps and Flats': a collection of poems).

1887

Rajarshi ('The Saint-King': a novel); *Chithipatra* ('Letters').

1888

Samalochana ('Reviews': a collection of essays); *Mayur Khela* (a musical drama).

1889

Raja O Rani ('King and Queen': a drama in verse).

1890

Visarjan ('Sacrifice': a drama); *Mantri Abhisek* (a lecture on Lord Cross's India Bill); *Manusi* ('The Heart's Desire': a collection of poems).

1891

Europe Jattrir Diary ('Diary of a Traveller to Europe'), Part I.

1892

Chitrangada (a drama in verse); *Goray Galad* ('Wrong at the Start': a comedy).

1893

Ganer Bahi O Valmiki Pratibha (a collection of songs incorporating *Valmiki Pratibha*); *Europe Jattrir Diary*, Part II.

1894

Sonar Tari ('The Golden Boat': a collection of poems); *Chhota Galpa* (collection of 15 short stories); *Chitrangada O Viday-Abhisap* ('Chitrangada' previously pub-

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Brajendra Nath Banerji, Assistant Editor of the "Modern Review" and "Prabasi" for kindly revising this chronology. Those familiar with his work know how painstaking and accurate he is. It only remains to be added that the musical notations of Tagore's songs and some books edited by him have not been included in this list.

—THE EDITOR.

lished and 'Curse at Farewell': *Vichitra Galpa*, Parts I & II (collections of short stories); *Katha-Chatustaya* (four short stories).

1895

Chhelay-bhulano Chhada (nursery rhymes, an essay); *Galpa-Dasak* (ten short stories).

1896

Nadi ('River': a long poem); *Chitra* (a collection of poems); *Sanskrita Siksha*, Parts I and II (text-book); *Kahya Granthabali* (collected poems and verse-dramas, incorporating *Malini*, a drama, and *Chaitali*, a collection of poems, which were then issued for the first time).

1897

Vaikunther Khata ('Manuscripts of Vaikuntha': a comedy); *Pancha Bhut* ('Five Elements': a collection of essays).

1899

Kanika ('Chips': a collection of short poems and epigrams).

1900

Katha ('Stories': a collection of ballads); *Brahmanpanishad* (a religious essay); *Kahini* ('Tales': a collection of dramas in verse, and long poems); *Kalpana* ('Imagination': a collection of poems); *Kshanika* ('The Fleeting One': a collection of poems); *Galpaguchcha*, Part I ('Bunch of Stories': a collection of short stories).

1901

Galpa ('Stories': Part II of *Galpaguchcha*); *Brahma-mantra* (a religious essay); *Naivedya* ('Offerings': a collection of poems); *Aupanishad Brahma* (a religious essay); *Bangla Krivapader Talika* ('List of Bengali Verbs').

1903

Chokher Bati ('Eyesore': a novel); *Kavyagrantha* (collected poems, songs and verse-dramas) edited by Mohit Chandra Sen, Parts I-IX, incorporating *Smaran* ('In Memoriam': poems on the death of his wife) and *Sishu* ('Child-poems'), later issued separately; *Karmaphal* ('Nemesis': a story).

1904

Ingraji Sopan, Part I (a text-book); *Swadeshi Samaj* (an essay); *Rabindra Granthabali* (collected works) published by the "Hitabadi" Office, incorporating *Nashta-neer* ('The Home Spoilt': a novelette), and *Chirakumar Sabha* ('The Bachelors' Club': a novel) later issued separately as *Prajapatir Nirbandha*.

1905

Atmasakti (a collection of political essays and lectures); *Swadesh* (a reprint of the part of Mohit Chandra Sen's *Kavyagrantha* containing 'Sankalpa' and 'Swadesh' with the addition of 'Sivaji Utsab', a poem); *Baul* (a collection of songs); *Vijaya Sammilan* (a lecture).

1906

Bharatvarsha ('India': a collection of political essays and lectures); *Rajbhakti* (a political essay); *Deshnayak* (a political essay); *Ingraji Sopan*, Part II (a text-book); *Kheya* ('Ferry': a collection of poems); *Naukadubi* ('The Wreck': a novel).

1907

Vichitra Prabandha (a collection of essays); *Charitrapuja* ('Tributes to Great Lives', a collection of essays); *Prachin Sahitya* (a collection of essays); *Lokasahitya* ('Literature of the People': a collection of essays); *Adhunik Sahitya* ('Modern Literature': a collection of essays); *Sahitya* ('Literature': a collection of essays);

Hasya-Kautuk (humourous sketches); *Vyangakau* (satirical sketches).

1908

Prajapatir Nirbandha (a novel, issued in 1904 by the "Hitabadi" Office in *Rabindra Granthabali* as *Chirakumar Sabha*); *Sabhapatir Abhibhasan* (Presidential Address to the Bengal Provincial Conference at Pabna); *Praha* ('Comedies': incorporating *Vaikunther Khata* and *Go Galad*, separately issued before); *Path-o-Patheya* (essay); *Raja Praja* ('King and his Subjects': a collection of political essays); *Samuha* (collection of political and sociological essays); *Samaj* ('Society': a collection of essays); *Katha-o-Kahini* (a reprint of the parts *Katha* & *Kahini* of Mohit Chandra Sen's *Kavyagrantha*); *Gan* (collection of songs, published by Jogindranath Sarkar); *Saradotsav* ('Autumn Festival': a drama); *Siksha* ('Education': a collection of essays); *Mukul* ('The Crown', prose drama).

1909

Brahma-Sangit (a collection of religious songs); *Santiniketan* (sermons delivered at Santiniketan) Parts I-VIII; *Dhar* ('Religion': a collection of essays); *Sabdatatwa* (a collection of papers on Bengali philology); *Chayanika* (anthology of poems); *Gan* (a collection of songs, published by the Indian Press, Allahabad); *Ingraji Path* (text-book); *Chhutir Para* (a selection from his writings for the use of students); *Prayashchitta* ('Penance': drama); *Vidyasagar-charit* (two essays on Vidyasagar printed before in *Charitrapuja*); *Sishu* (a reprint of a part of Mohit Chandra Sen's *Kavyagrantha* of the same name); *Ingraji Sruti Siksha* (a reprint with additions of the introductory portion of *Ingraji Sopan*, Part I previously published).

1910

Raja ('King of the Dark Chamber': a drama); *Brahma-Sangit* (a collection of religious songs); *Santiniketan* Parts IX-XI; *Gora*, Parts I and II (a novel); *Gitanjali* ('Song Offerings').

1911

Santiniketan, Parts XII-XIII; *Atti Galpa* ('Eight Stories').

1912

Dakghar ('Post Office': a drama); *Dharmasiksha* (an essay); *Dharmar Adhikar* (an essay); *Galpa Chariti* ('Four Stories'); *Malini* (a verse-drama, issued before in 1896 in *Kavyagranthabali*); *Chaitali* (a collection of poems issued before in 1896 in *Kavyagranthabali*); *Vidya-Abhisap* ('Curse at Farewell', issued before with *Chitrangada*, second edition, in 1894); *Patha-sanchaya* (a text-book); *Jiban-Smriti* ('Reminiscences'); *Chhinnapatra* ('Torn Letters'); *Achalayatan* (a drama).

1914

Smaran ('In Memoriam', issued before in *Kavyagrantha*, edited by Mohit Chandra Sen); *Utsarga* ('Dedication', a collection of poems, most of them reprints from *Kavyagrantha*, edited by Mohit Chandra Sen); *Gitimalya* ('A garland of Songs'); *Gan* (a collection of songs); *Gitanjali* (the originals of poems of the English 'Gitanjali' printed in Devanagiri); *Dharma Sangit* (a collection of religious songs).

1915

Santiniketan, Part XIV; *Bichitra Path* (selections for the use of students); *Kavyagrantha* (an edition de luxe in two different styles of poems and dramas in ten volumes completed in 1916).

1916

Santiniketan, Parts XV-XVII; *Phalguni* ('Cycle of Spring': a drama); *Ghare-baire* ('Home and the World': a novel); *Sanchaya* (a collection of essays); *Parichaya* (a collection of essays); *Halaka* ('The Swan': a collection of poems); *Chaturanga* (a novel); *Galpa-saptak* ('Seven Stories').

1917

Kartar Ichchhay Karma ('As the Master Wills': a lecture); *Anuvad-charcha* (a text-book).

1918

Guru (stage version of *Achalayatan*); *Palatuka* ('The Run-away': stories in verse).

1919

Japan-jatri ('Travels in Japan').

1920

Paila Number (a short story); *Anupratan* (stage version of *Raja*).

1921

Sikshar Milan ('Meeting of Cultures', a lecture); *Barsa-mangal* ('Rain-Festival'); *Rinsodh* (stage version of *Saradotsav*); *Satyar Abhwan* ('Call of Truth', a lecture).

1922

Muktadhara ('Free Current': a drama); *Barsa-mangal* ('Rain-Festival'); *Lipika* ('Letter': prose-poems); *Sisu Bholanath* (Child-poems).

1923

Vasanta ('Spring': a musical drama).

1925

Puravi (a collection of poems); *Barsa-mangal* ('Rain Festival'); *Sesh Barshan* ('The Last Shower', a musical drama); *Griha-prabesh* (a drama); *Sunkalan* (selections from prose writings).

1926

Acharjer Abhibhashan (address at Visva-Bharati Parisad, collection of songs); *Chirakumar*

সমগ্র শ্রী

শ্রীতের আবাহন
গান
সিউলি-কোটা দু-রাকো বেই
শ্রীতের বনে
এলে যে সেই শ্রুত করে।
তাই গোপনে শ্রুতিরে ডালা
হৃদয়ের হৃদে বইত মালা
গাথি মনে মনে
শ্রুত করে।

দিনের কোলাহলে
ঢাকা যে সে বইত হৃদয়-ভলে।
হৃদয়ের তারা উজ্জ্বল হবে
হৃদয়ের মালা বলা হবে,
তখন তোমার মনে
মনে মনে ॥

শ্রীতের বনে কোলাহলে কঠিন
আমাদের হৃদয় বনে
শ্রীতের মিলিত হৃদয় মিলিত
হৃদয় কোলাহলে ॥

সমগ্র শ্রীতের আবাহন
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সমগ্র শ্রীতের আবাহন

Front-sheet of a song in "Nataraj" as corrected by the Poet when it appeared in the now-defunct monthly "Bichitra" in June 1927

Sabha (stage version of *Prajapatir Nirbandha*); *Sodh Bodh* ('All Square': a comedy); *Natir Puja* ('The Dancing Girl's Worship': a drama); *Ritu Utsav* (a collection of plays on Seasonal Festivals comprising *Sesh Barshan*, *Saradotsav*, *Vasanta*, *Sundara* and *Phalguni*); *Rakta Karabi* ('Red Oleanders': a drama); *Lekhan* ('Autographs': verses, with English translations, printed in facsimile of the Poet's hand-writing in Berlin).

1927

Ritu Ranga ('The Play of the Seasons': a musical drama).

1928

Palliprakriti (address at the anniversary of Sriniketan); *Sesh Raksha* (stage version of *Goray-Galad*).

1929

Samabayaniti (address at Co-operative Conference); *Jatri* ('Traveller': letters from abroad); *Paritratan* (stage version of *Prayashchitta*); *Jogajog* (a novel); *Tapati* (a drama); *Shesher Kabita* ('Last Poem', a novel); *Mahua* (poems).

1930

Ingreji Sahaj Siksha, Parts I and II (text-book); *Sahaj Path*, Parts I and II (text-book); *Patha Prachaya*, Parts II-IV (text-book); *Bhanu Sinher Patravali* (Letters).



1938

1939

1940

1941

गङ्गा नदी

ରବୀନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଠାକୁର



५० दिनांक
 २०१३

বিশ্বভারতী গ্রন্থালয়

২১০ কৰ্নেল আলিস ষ্টীট, কলিকাতা

Two more of the title pair, of the last of the Poet's works, published in his life-time: "Galpa-Salpa", it appeared on his eighty-first birthday on 25th Ratsach, 1348—May 8, 1941. Two more of his works are announced to be published soon by Visea-Bharati Publishing Department.



A photo-portrait by S. Shaha taken in 1937

WORKS IN ENGLISH

1912

GITANJALI (Song-offerings).

A collection of Poems : Translations made by the author from the original Bengali : With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats (1865-1940) and a Portrait by W. Rothenstein. (Dedicated to W. Rothenstein). First limited edition issued by the India Society of London, November, 1912. First published by Macmillan & Co., March, 1913. 103 Poems : translated from his Bengali Poetical works : *Gitanjali* 51 pieces; *Gītimalya* 17; *Nāivedya* 16; *Kheya* 11; *Sisu* 3; *Chaitali*, *Smarana*, *Kalpāna*, *Utsarga*, *Achalavatana* 1 each.

1913

THE GARDENER : Poems.

Translated by the author from the original. Dedicated to W. B. Yeats : Macmillan & Co., October 1913. Pp. 150.

There is no Bengali book of this name : the name has obviously been suggested from the first poem : translated from *Kshanika* 25; *Kalpāna* 16; *Sonara Tari* 9; *Chaitali* 16; *Utsarga* 6; *Chitra* 5; *Manasi* 3; *Mayar Khela* 3; *Kheya* 2; *Kari O Komal* 1; *Gitali and Sanadotsava* 1 each.

THE CRESCENT MOON : Child-Poems.

Translated from the original Bengali by the author. With 8 illustrations in colour (by Abanindranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose, Asit Haldar, Surendranath Ganguly.) Dedicated to T. Sturge Moore. Macmillan & Co., November, 1913. Pp. 82.

Forty poems : most of the poems are from *Sisu* (the Child); *Kari O Komal* 4; *Sonara Tari*, *Gītimalya* 1 each.

CHITRA : A drama.

Macmillan & Co., 1913. Dedicated to Mrs. W. Vaughan Mody (U. S. A.). The book was first published by the India Society, London. (Translation of *Chitrangada*, 1891).

GLIMPSES OF BENGAL LIFE :

Short stories translated by Rajani Ranjan Sen G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. June, 1913. Pp. 240.

1914

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER : A drama.

Translated by Kshitish Chandra Sen, I.C.S., from *Raja* (1910) Macmillan & Co., 1914.

THE POST OFFICE : A drama.

Translated by Devabrata Mukherji from *Dakgh* (1912) : With a preface by W. B. Yeats. First printed at the Cuala Press, Dundrum, 1914. Macmillan & Co., March, 1914.

SADHANA : The Realisation of Life : Essays.

Dedicated to Ernest Rhys Macmillan & Co. 1914. Lectures delivered at Harvard University U. S. A. in 1912-13.

1. The Relation of the Individual to the Universe. 2. Soul-consciousness. 3. The Problem of Evil. 4. The Problem of Soul. 5. Realisation in Love. 6. Realisation in Action (Translation of *Karma-Yoga* by Surendranath Tagore). 7. The Realisation of Beauty. 8. The Realisation of the Infinite.

ONE HUNDRED POEMS OF KABIR.

Translated by the author assisted by Evelyn Underhill with an introduction by her. Published by the India Society, London, 1914. (750 copies of the Edition were printed). Macmillan & Co., 1915.

(Kabir's original Hindi text in Bengali script was edited with Bengali translation by Kshitimohan Sen at Santiniketan. Tagore's translation followed this text and translation.)

1915

THE MAHARANI OF ARMAN : A drama.

A romantic comedy in one Act, founded on the story of Sir Rabindranath Tagore by George Calderon Illustrated by Clarissa Miles. . . . Photographs specially taken by Walter Bemington—together with character sketch of Sir Rabindranath Tagore (by Ramnanda Chatterjee, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Rev. C. F. Andrews, W. B. Yeats.) Compiled by Kedar Nath Das Gupta. Published by Francis Griffiths : 34 Maiden Lane, Strand W. C. London. 1915. Pp. 64. (Based on the short story *Daliya*, 1892).

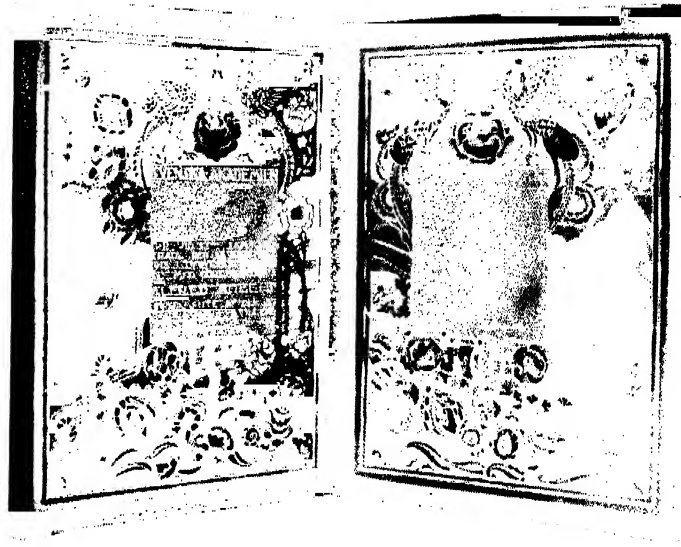
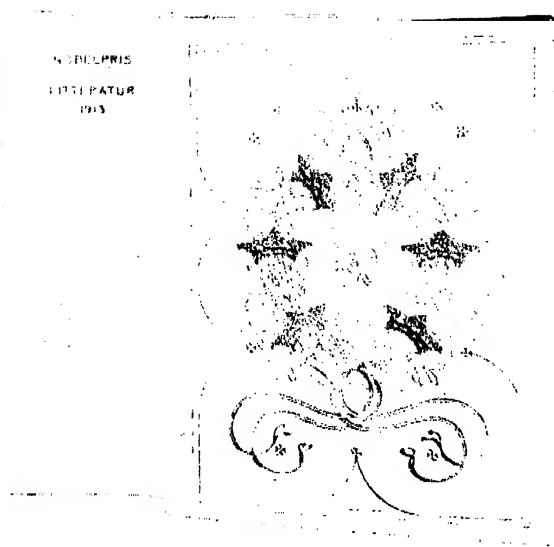
Note : A rhymed English poem set to tune was composed for this Drama in 1912, when it was staged in London. It is given below :

"The bee is to come and the bee is to hum
Till the heart of the flower comes out.
The bud says 'yea', and the bud says 'nay',
She sways with a fear and a doubt.

My life when young was like a flower, — a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance to give them away and never feel the loss when the spring breeze woo's her with insistent whispers.

Now at the end of her youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness.

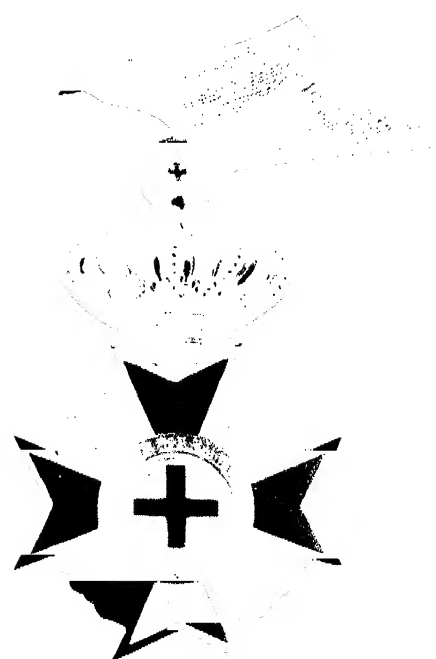
The World's Gifts



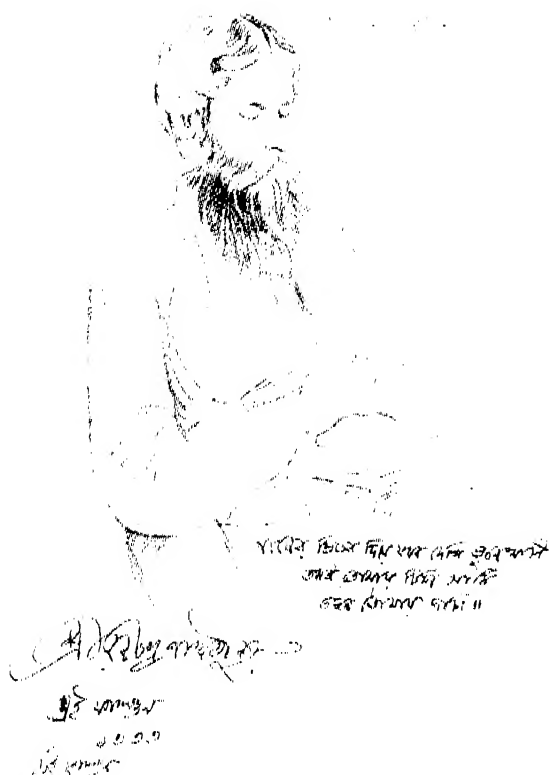
THE NOBEL PRIZE DIPLOMA



THE NOBEL PRIZE MEDAL



The star and badge of the order of the redeemer conferred by the King of Greece



This is one of the six portraits of the Poet done in pencil by William Rothenstein in London in 1912-13. One of these was reproduced as front-piece to the India Society Edition of "Gitanjali", while the one above of the Poet singing was reproduced as front-piece to A. H. Fox-Stanley's "Meet in the East".

GITANJALI

(SONG OFFERINGS)

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

A COLLECTION OF PROSE TRANSLATIONS MADE
 BY THE AUTHOR FROM THE
 ORIGINAL BENGALI

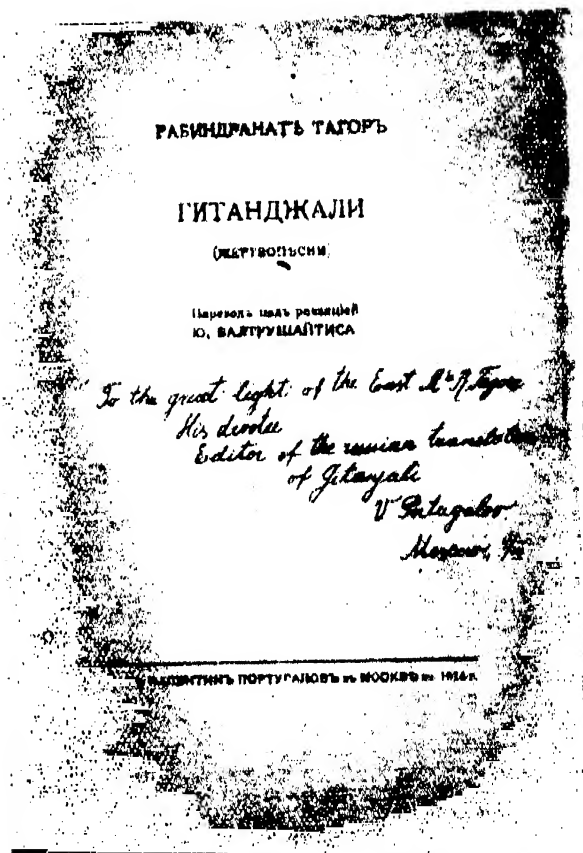
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
 W. B. YEATS

LONDON

PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS FOR
 THE INDIA SOCIETY

1912

Examine the title page of "Gitanjali" the Poet's first English work published in London in 1912 by the India Society in a limited edition of 750 copies, of which 250 were sold at the time.



THE GERMAN TRANSLATION OF "GITANJALI"

THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATION OF "GITANJALI"

Tagore's English works have been translated into almost every language of the world. Millions of copies of German and Russian translations of "Gitanjali" have been sold in those two countries since its war.

O errant of wayward wings,
O guest of the sumptuous summer,
Give up thy hope, yet keep up thy heart,
O sunny day's new-comer!
Whisper in tearful tunes untired
And wait with a faith devout,
For the bud says 'yea', and the bud says 'nay',
She sways with a fear and a doubt."

1916

FRUIT-GATHERING: Poems.

Macmillan & Co., October, 1916. (Poems translated from: *Gitali* 16; *Gītimalya* 15; *Balaka* 14; *Utsarga* 8; *Katha* 6; *Kheya* 5; *Smarana* 5; *Chitra* 2; *Naivedya* 2; *Dharma-Sangh* 3; *Kalpana*; *Gitanjali*; *Raja*; *Manasi*; *Kadi* O *Komal*; *Achalayatana* 1 each).

HUNGRY STONES AND OTHER STORIES.

Macmillan & Co., 1916. 1. The Hungry Stones (*Khudita Poshana* 1895). 2. Victory (*Jaya-Parajaya* 1892). 3. Once there was a King (*Asambhava Katha* 1893). 4. Lord, the Baby (*Khoka Pratyabartana* 1891). 5. The Kingdom of Cards (*Ekti Ashade Gaipa* 1892). 6. Devotee (*Boshami* 1914). 7. Vision (*Dristhidana* 1898). 8. Babus of Nayanjore (*Thakarda* 1895). 9. Living or Dead (*Jivita O Mrita* 1892). 10. We crown thee king (*Rajika* 1898). 11. Renunciation (*Tyaga* 1892). 12. Cabuliwallah (*Kabuliwallah* 1892).

STRAY BIRDS: Epigrams.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1916. Frontispiece in colour by Willy Pogany. Dedicated to T. Hara of Yokohama, Japan.

1917

THE CYCLE OF SPRING: A drama.

Translation of the *Phaiguni*, 1916. Macmillan, Feb., 1917. Dedicated to the Boys of Santiniketan and to Dinendranath Tagore "who is guide of these boys in their festivals and treasure-house of all my songs".

MY REMINISCENCES.

Translation of *Jivan Smriti* 1912. Macmillan, 1917.

SACRIFICE and other Plays

Macmillan, 1917. 1. Sannyasi or the Ascetic (*Prakritir Pratishodha* 1884). 2. Malini (1896). 3. Sacrifice (*Visarjan* 1890). 4. The King and the Queen (*Raja O Rani* 1889). N. B. The translations are all abridged.

PERSONALITY: Essays.

Lectures delivered in America (1916). Macmillan, 1917. Dedicated to C. F. Andrews. 1. What is Art. 2. The World of Personality. 3. The Second Birth. 4. My School. 5. Meditation. 6. Women.

NATIONALISM: Essays.

Macmillan & Co., New York, September, 1917. Dedicated to C. F. Andrews. 1. Nationalism in the West (Read in the U. S. A. during the winter of 1916-17). 2. Nationalism in Japan (Read at the Imperial University of Tokyo and the Keio Gijyuku University in June-July, 1916). 3. Nationalism in India (Written in U. S. A.). 4. The Sunset of the Century (Translation of a poem written on the last day of the Bengali year 1305: April, 1899). These essays were translated into French by Romain Rolland.

Where is the market for you my songs?
Is it there where the dealer makes the
atmosphere ~~dark~~ with their snuff?
where the dispute is never-ending whether the oil
depends upon the cask, or the cask upon the
oil; where ~~many~~ manuscripts ~~flow~~
from yellow pages upon ~~the~~ shelves of
reading days?
My song murmurs in my ear.
Ah, no, no, no!

Where is the ~~the~~
Is it there where the man of fortune
sits in his marble palace, and ~~his~~ books
upon the shelves are numberless ~~his~~ are
bound in leather and painted in gold, dusted
by slaves, their virgin pages unmarked?
My song &c

Where is the ~~the~~ Is it there where the young
weather ~~young~~ student
sits with his head bent upon the books
with his mind straying in the dreamland
of youth, where the school is too much in
evidence and the poetry is hidden in
the heart; there among the disorder of
things do you care to play hide & seek?

My song remains silent in
hesitation

Where ~~the~~ Is it there where the bride
is busy in the house -- where she runs
to her bed-room, the moment she is free and
snatches from under the her pillows
the book of romance, so roughly handled
by ~~she~~ draws the baby, so full of the faint perfume
of her hair? My song heaves a sigh &
trembles with desire.

Where ~~so~~ Is it there where
the pair of lovers seeks shelter from
curious eyes, where birds note are
never missed, where streaming babbling
finds full meaning; where, the
harps strings of the world shower
their music upon the fluttering heart?
My song bursts out & says
yes, yes.

MSS. of the English translation of the Bengali
poem কলি গায়ে এই দিকেতে চাপ ওরে আমার গান in
"Kshanika" (1900)

By courtesy:

Nalini Kanta Sarkar

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR BENGALI TRANSLATION: F.
English into Bengali.

1918

GITANJALI AND FRUIT-GATHERING: Poems.

With illustrations by Nandalal Bose, Surendranath &
Abanindranath Tagore, Nabendranath Tagore.
Macmillan & Co., New York; September, 1918.

LOVER'S GIFT AND CROSSING: Poems.

Macmillan & Co., 1918. Translations from *Bu*
14, *Kshanika* 14; *Kheya* 10; *Gitanjali* 8; *Gītimalya*
Naivedya and *Utsarga* 7 each; *Chitra* 5; *Smaran*, *Gi*
Chaitali and *Kalpana* 4 each; *Manasi* and *Prayasat*
2 each; *Achalayatana* 3; *Kadi* O *Komal* and *Kahin*
each; about 9 from *Dharma Sangita*.

MASHI AND OTHER STORIES.

Macmillan & Co., 1918. 1. Mashi (*Ses*
Ratri, The Last Night, 1914). 2. Skeleton (*Kankal*, 181
3. The Auspicious Vision (*Subhadrishti* 1900) 4



1913

Engraved by the artist
in 1913



1926

From a Photo taken
in Milan

Supreme Night (*Eka Ratri*, 1892). 5. Raja and Rani (see *Sadar O Andar*, 1900). 6. The Trust Property (*Sampatti Samarpana*, 1891). 7. The Riddle Solved (*Samasya Puran*, 1893). 8. The Elder Sister (*Didi*, 1895). 9. Subha (*Subha*, 1893). 10. The Post Master (1891). 11. The River Stairs (*Ghater Katha*, 1884). 12. The Castaway (*Apad*, 1895). 13. Saved (*Uddhara*, 1900). 14. My Fair Neighbour (*Pratibeshini*, 1896).

STORIES FROM TAGORE

Macmillan & Co., New York; October, 1918. 1. The Cubliwallah (see "Hungry Stones"). 2. The Home-Coming (*Chhuti*, 1893). 3. Once There was a King (see "Hungry Stones"). 4. Master Mashai (1907). 5. Subha (see *Mashi*). 6. The Post Master (see *Mashi*). 7. The Castaway (see *Mashi*). 8. The Son of Rashmani (*Rashmonir Chhele*, 1911). 9. The Babus of Nayanor (see "Hungry Stones").

4F PARROT'S TRAINING: A satire.

Thacker Spink & Co., Calcutta, 1918. Illustrations by Abanindranath Tagore. (Translation of *Tutakahini* published in "Sabuj Patra", 1918; - see *Lipika*, 1923).

1919

4E CENTRE OF INDIAN CULTURE: Essay.

With vignettes by Nandalal Bose. Published by the Society for the Promotion of National Education, Adyar, Madras, 1919.

4E HOME AND THE WORLD: A novel.

Macmillan & Co., 1919. (Translation of *Gharo Baire*, by Surendranath Tagore).

4F TRIAL OF THE HORSE: Pp. 7. 14 August

1921

4EATER INDIA: Essays.

S. Ganesan, Madras, 1921. -1. Our Swadeshi Samaj (1904-05). 2. The Way to get it Done (1905-06). 3. The One Nationalist Party (1908). 4. East and West in Greater India (1909-10).

4E WRECK: A Novel.

Macmillan & Co., 1921. Translation of the novel *Nauka Dubi* or the Sinking of a Boat published, 1906.

4EEMS FROM TAGORE.

With an introduction by C. F. Andrews. Macmillan & Co., pp. 117. Printed at Hare Press, Calcutta.

4EIMPS OF BENGAL: Letters.

Macmillan & Co., 1921. Selected from Letters, 1885-1895 (Translation of *Chhittina Patra* by Surendranath Tagore, "Modern Review", 1917).

4EUGHT RELICS.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1921. Pp. 112. Thoughts selected from various writings already published.

4EFUGITIVE: Poems.

Macmillan & Co., New York, 1921. Dedicated to W. W. Pearson. Translations from *Lipika* about 20: *Manasi*, *Sonar Tari*, *Chaitali* 7 each; *Chitra* 5; *Kshanika*, *Kuhini*, *Palataka* 4 each; *Utsarga*, *Balaka* 3 each; *Kali O Komal*, *Smarana* 2 each; *Kheya*, *Gulamalya*, and *Katha* 1 each).

Kacha and Devayani (Translation: *Vidaya Abhisap*, 1893). Ama and Vinayaka (Translation: *Sati*, 1897). The Mother's Prayer (Translation: *Gandharir Abedana*, 1897). Somaka and Ritvik (Translation: *Narakvasa*, 1897). Karna and Kunti (Translation: *Karna Kunti Samvada*, 1900).

Translations from Vaishnava songs, Baul songs, Hindi songs of Jnanadas.

1922

CREATIVE UNITY: Essays.

Macmillan & Co., 1922. Dedicated to Dr. Edwin H. Leges. Essays: 1. The Poet's Religion. 2. The Creative Ideal. 3. The Religion of the Forest (*Tapovana*). 4. An Indian Folk Religion. 5. East and West. 6. The Modern Age. 7. The Spirit of Freedom. 8. The Nation. 9. Woman and Home. 10. An Eastern University.

1924

LETTERS FROM ABROAD: Letters.

Ganesan, Madras 1924. Letters of Tagore written principally to C. F. Andrews from Europe during the Non-co-operation days of 1921-22.

4E GORA: A Novel.

Macmillan & Co., 1924. Translation of *Gora*, a novel, by W. W. Pearson ("Modern Review" 1923).

THE CURSE AT FAREWELL: A Drama.

Translation of *Vidaya-Abhisapa* (1893) in verse by E. J. Thompson 1924.

1925

TALKS IN CHINA: Essays.

Vishvabharati Bookshop, Calcutta February 1925. Reports of Lectures delivered in China in April and May, 1924. Dedicated "To my friend Susima (Tse-mou-Hsun) to whose kind office I owe my introduction to the Great people in China". Introduction by Liang Chi Chao, President, Universities Association, Peking. (Published by Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis).

POEMS.

About 22 poems translated by E. J. Thompson in Benn's Augustan Books of Modern Poetry.

RED OLEANDERS: A Drama.

Translation of *Rakta Karabi* an allegorical drama.

BROKEN TIES AND OTHER STORIES.

Macmillan & Co., 1925: Broken Ties (*Chaturango*, 1916); Other Stories: In the Night (*Nisithe*, 1895), The Fugitive Gold (*Svarna Mriga*, 1892); Giribala (*Megh O Raudra*), The Lost Jewels (*Manihara*, 1898); Emancipation (from *Parisodh* a poem).

1926

THE MEANING OF ART:

Dacca University Bulletin No. XII. Oxford University Press. Pp. 15.

1928

FIREFLIES.

Macmillan & Co., New York, February, 1928. Decorated by Boris Artzybasheff.

Author's Note: "Fireflies had their origin in China and Japan where thoughts were very often claimed from me in handwriting on fans and pieces of silk."

LETTERS TO A FRIEND: Letters.

George Allen & Unwin, 1928. Edited with two Introductory Essays by C. F. Andrews. Dedicated to the memory of W. Winstanley Pearson. (Revised edition of *Letters from Abroad*, 1924).

THE TAGORE BIRTHDAY BOOK.

Macmillan & Co., 1928. Selected from the English Works of Rabindranath Tagore. Edited by C. F. Andrews. (With 4 illustrations).

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

Macmillan & Co., 1928. Edited by Prof. Anthony X. Soares of Baroda College. 1. My Life (Talks in China, 1925). 2. My School (Personality, 1917). 3. Civilization and Progress (Talks in China, 1925). 4. Construction vs. Creation. 5. What is Art (Personality, 1917). 6. Nationalism in India (Nationalism, 1917). 7. International Relations. 8. The Voice of Humanity. 9. Realisation of the Infinite (*Sadhana*, 1914).

A POET'S SCHOOL :

Visva-Bharati Bulletin No. 9. December, 1928. Pp. 39.

1929

THOUGHTS FROM TAGORE.

Macmillan & Co., 1929. Edited by C. F. Andrews (with 4 portraits).

ON ORIENTAL CULTURE AND JAPAN'S MISSION.

A lecture delivered to the members of the Indo-Japanese Association, at the Industrial Club, Tokyo, May 15, 1929. Published by the Indo-Japanese Association, Tokyo, 1929. Pp. 28.

1930

THE RELIGION OF MAN : Essays.

George Allen & Unwin, 1930. The Hibbert Lectures for 1930. Dedicated to Dorothy Elmhirst.

Contents :—(1) Man's Universe; (2) The Creative Spirit; (3) The Surplus in Man; (4) Spiritual Union; (5) The Prophet; (6) The Vision; (7) The Man of My Heart; (8) The Music Maker; (9) The Artist; (10) Man's Nature; (11) The Meeting; (12) The Teacher; (13) Spiritual Freedom; (14) The Four Stages of Life; (15) Conclusion.

Appendix :—(1) The Baul-singers of Bengal by Kshitimohan Sen; (2) Note on the Nature of Reality (a conversation between Tagore and Einstein on July 14, 1930); (3) Dadu and the Mystery of Form (from an article in the Visva-Bharati Quarterly by Prof. Kshitimohan Sen); (4) Night and Day (an address in the Chapel of Manchester College, Oxford, May 25, 1930).

1931

THE CHILD : A Prose-Poem.

George Allen & Unwin, 1931. Written directly in English. Later rendered into Bengali as *Sisutirtha*. Retranslated into English from the Bengali by Bhabani Bhattacharyya in *The Golden Boat*, 1932.

1932

THE GOLDEN BOAT : Poems

George Allen & Unwin, 1932. Translated by Bhabani Bhattacharyya. Pp. 121 (33 poems from various works of Tagore).

MAHATMAJI AND THE DEPRESSED HUMANITY.

Visva-Bharati, December, 1932. Written during Gandhiji's fast in Yeravada Jail. Dedicated to Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray "in appreciation of his self-sacrifice for his country and students."

SHEAVES, POEMS AND SONGS.

Macmillan & Co., 1932. Translated by Nagendra-nath Gupta. Pp. 132.

1933

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS by Rabindranath Tagore, Rammohun Roy Centenary 18th Feb. 1933 pp. 4

1934

MY IDEALS WITH REGARD TO THE SREE BHABAN : July 19 pp. 6.

1935

EAST AND WEST : Essays.

An exchange of letters between Gilbert Murray, Rabindranath Tagore. International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, Paris, 1935.

TWENTY-SIX SONGS OF TAGORE :

Notations by Arnold A. Bake with an introduction Arnold A. Bake and Philippe Stern together with a literal translation from the original poems and the free translation of the same by the Poet. Paris, 1935.

1936

EDUCATION NATURALIZED.

English translation by Surendranath Tagore of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Education Fellowship held in the Education Week at Senate Hall, Calcutta—February, 1936—Printed at Santiniketan Press.

AN ADDRESS :

At a Conference held in Calcutta on 15th July, 1936 to discuss the Communal Award.

COLLECTED POEMS AND PLAYS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE Macmillan & Co., Limited, London, 1936. Pp. 5

1937

MAN : a lecture.

Andhra University Series No. 16.

CHINA AND INDIA :

Address at the opening of Cheena-Bhavana at Santiniketan.

RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT AND SECTARIANISM :

Address at Sri Ramkrishna Centenary, Parliament Religions, 3rd March, 1937, Pp. 9.

1940

MY BOYHOOD DAYS.

Translation of *Chhelebhela* by Marjorie Sykes. Visva-Bharati, 1941.

A PICTURE OF SANTINIKETAN*

The scenery and sights, the sounds and songs, the aroma and the atmosphere of Santiniketan permeate this book of 106 pages by one of the "arrived" poets and litterateurs of Bengal. The cultured quiet and contentment of the place can almost visualise through his eyes. Buddhadev Bose painted his words with the brush of an artist. The strange transformation from a shimmering waste to a haven of peace and repose that the Maharshi created, and the great centre of culture, founded by his son, the Poet, where the East and the West have met in fulfilment, are not easy to describe far less so to catch its spirit and convey it in written words. In this difficult and delicate task the author has succeeded in appreciable measure. What, however, is more valuable is the pen-portrait of the Poet in his declining days and the record of some illuminating conversations the author had had with him (May-June, 1941). This lends a melancholy interest to the book, which we commend to our readers. We should add that the article on "The Last Days of Rabindranath" in this issue is based on this book.

A word at the end may not, we hope, be taken amiss. There is a little too much of the personal and domestic affairs of the author, which intrusion if left out, would have made more pleasant reading.

A. H.

*SAB PEYECHEHNIK DESHE—By Buddhadeb Bose : Published from Rabita Bhavan, 202, Bhabani Chatterjee Street, Calcutta.

FOUR LETTERS FROM THE POET

[illegible]

1927



"UTTARAYAN"
SANTINIKETAN, BENGAL.

કન્યાગીરજી
 અમારા, ભાગ્ય
 મુજબિયાતના ભાગ્યને લેવા
 પ્રભુએ કીર્તી આપનારના કરેલું
 બાદ મૂક મુજબિયાતે। અમાર
 દુષ્ટીથીના એ મહીરને મૂકના
 એમના ભાગ્યના કીર્તીને એ
 કરેલું જેથી મારું હોય - માર
 કલ્ય કીર્તીને લિખેલું મહીર
 એ મારી બાદ।
 ભાગ્યના અમાર અભીષેક પ્રદેન
 ૨૭/૧૨/૮૦

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

1940

April 27

[illegible]

1929



"UTTARAYAN"
SANTINIKETAN, BENGAL.

[illegible]

১৬/৫/৪০

32225
32225

1940

May 16

-In Appreciation of the "Calcutta Municipal Gazette"

THE POET WANTS A STREET-NUMBER

A Letter From Rabindranath Tagore

SOME years ago the Poet was out to find a street-number in Calcutta, but he failed. The system of numbering, or rather, as he put it, the lack of it, baffled him. In the letter below which he sent to the Fourth Anniversary Number of the *Calcutta Municipal Gazette* (November, 1928), he put forward a suggestion "for consideration by our City Fathers", which, he believed, would assist both citizens and strangers to the city "uninitiated into the mysteries of street-planning." At least one of his suggestions has since been given effect to.

SANTINIKETAN,
8th November, 1928.

My Dear Amal.

I am glad that you asked me for a few lines for the Anniversary Number of the *Municipal Gazette*. Your kind invitation has given me an opportunity of putting forward a suggestion for consideration by our City Fathers.

I had the misfortune some time ago to try to discover a house with a street-number, which, doubtless for some excellent municipal reason, was occult for a mere citizen like myself. After many journeyings, up and down the road, in desperation I turned for help to a Policeman; I had forgotten that we are unique in the world in the matter of our Police force; for, though in other lands the Policeman may have grey matter in the brain, our national brand has merely red material on the head, perhaps more decorative, but undoubtedly not quite so useful. The hiatus in the numbering of the houses was apparently unnoticed by even the people in the locality, for, when appealed to, they could make merely large and inurile gestures.

The present system of numbering houses and planning streets may be a splendid way of training the young generation to become future Livingstones. But the course is, perhaps, too difficult, and I sometimes wonder if Livingstone himself would not have found exploration in Darkest Africa easier than fruitful exploration in the City of Palaces. And, for those of us who have little inclination for exploration, this scheme is extravagant both in time (perhaps a slight matter) and in petrol

(which, certainly, is a matter for momentous consideration).

It should not be a very difficult task to assist both citizens and strangers to the city, uninitiated into the mysteries of street-planning, in their adventurous undertaking of trying to discover places and houses in Calcutta. The lamp-posts might be easily utilised for hanging from them plates bearing useful information; and I believe that though the quality of illumination emanating at night from many of the city lamp-posts might conveniently be a matter of civic discussion, the utility of these plates pendant from the lamp-posts will be freely recognised by all. It would enable even me to discover a house mystically numbered let us say, 99-1-N, Cornwallis Street.*

I would suggest that an enamelled or painted board should be attached to each lamp-post. On the board should be the following information:

(a) the number of the houses in the street between the lamp-post and the next lamp-post on either side; an arrow would indicate whether the numbers are in the ascending or in the descending order; e.g.,

48-----56 56-----→64

(b) the name of any street or lane opening out of the street and the number of the house from which such street or lanes begins; e.g.,

80, Ram Chandra Dutta Lane.

As there are lamp-posts on either side of the street, it is unnecessary to

point out whether the street or lane on the right or the left.

(c) the names of all public buildings or important places, lying between lamp-posts, should also be entered; if a private individual or business firm wishes to have his name on the direction-plate, it might be a source of income to the Corporation. It is quite conceivable that many shops or even private individuals may be willing to pay well for the publicity of the plate.

At the place where each important street begins, there may be put up a large board stating prominently the more important streets opening out from the street and also any important public places to be seen along this street. Here again, a considerable revenue might be acquired by permitting business firms or private individuals to have their names on these boards.

The cost of providing these plates and boards should not be prohibitive; steps are taken to encourage business firms to have their names on the plates and boards, the cost would, perhaps, be practically nothing. But in any case the assistance to the public would be so great that any expenditure should be considered a legitimate charge on the municipal revenue. A beginning might be made with the more important of the streets.

Wishing your paper all success,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

AMAL HOME, Esq.,
Editor, "Calcutta Municipal Gazette"
Calcutta.

* The residence of the Editor of the *Calcutta Municipal Gazette*.



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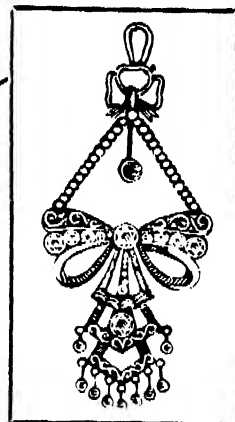
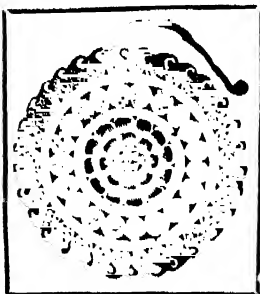
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Where the whole World finds its Shelter

THE VISVA-BHARATI

By

PRASANTA CHANDRA MAHAPANOBIS

1

THE Visva-Bharati was formally founded on the 22nd December, 1921. It was not, however, a new institution; it had grown gradually out of the Santiniketan Asrama, and its formal inauguration was merely the outer expression of an inward development. For a fuller understanding of the ideals of the Visva-Bharati it is, therefore, necessary to look back into the past history of Santiniketan.

The Asrama has become what it is by and through its association with many living personalities. Two among them stand out prominent, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, the founder of the Santiniketan Asrama, and Rabindranath Tagore, his son and the founder of the Visva-Bharati. Behind them both stands the spirit of Raja Ram Mohun Roy.

The site of the Santiniketan Asrama was originally a bare spot, in the midst

of an open country, and was notorious for being the haunt of dacoits. Here Maharshi Debendranath came on one of his journeys, and he was so attracted by

the place that he pitched his tent under two trees, the only two to be seen there, and spent his time in meditation and prayer. These Saptaparni trees are still to be seen at one extremity of the Asrama, with the open plains stretching out before them to the western horizon. On the marble slab which marks the place of his meditation is inscribed in Bengali the text of the Maharshi's meditation:

tinī amāṇa prāṇa arāṇa; māṇa arāṇa; āṇa saṇṇi

"He is the repose of my life; joy of my heart, peace of my spirit."

Visva-Bharati represents India where she has her wealth of mind which is for all. Visva-Bharati acknowledges India's obligation to offer to others the hospitality of her best culture and India's right to accept from others their best.

Rabindranath Tagore

The Maharshi's love for the place of his meditation wrought in it a complete transformation. Rich soil was brought over, trees and shrubs planted, and a garden and orchard laid out. A house was built, and later on, a temple. When the place had thus become a thing of beauty Maharshi dedicated it, as an *Astama*, to the public under a Trust Deed endowing it with an annuity of Rs. 6,000, for the use of everyone who wished to meditate on God, free from all antagonism of creed and sect. The only things forbidden were speaking ill of any religious sect, vulgar amusements, and flesh foods.

II

FOR a long time, for nearly 30 years, there was very little activity in Santiniketan. The temple was devoid of worshippers; only a paid minister kept up a formal daily service. Visitors were few and far between. Maharshi knew quite well that nothing was being done there, and yet he never grew impatient and never had any doubts about its future.

Thirty years later, when Rabindranath thought of founding a boarding school at Santiniketan, he immediately received the warm approval of his father. The *Vidyalyaya* (school) was started on the 7th Pous, 1309 Bengali era (December 1901). Rabindranath's immediate object was to found a school where the children would live a happy life and have as much freedom as possible; where study would not be divorced from life; where the inmates would participate in one communal life; and live in harmony with the surroundings of nature. But the underlying ideals reached far deeper.

The forest homes of ancient India always had a special appeal to his mind. The "Message of the Forest" occurs again and again, almost like a refrain, throughout the Poet's writing in verse and prose.

"The forest, unlike the desert or rock or sea, is living; it gives shelter and nourishment to life. In such surroundings the ancient forest dwellers of India realized the spirit of harmony with the universe and emphasized in their minds the monastic aspect of truth. They sought the realisation of their soul through union with all."

The two chief sources of his inspiration, the *Upanishads* and the classical themes of Kalidasa, both had their setting in a background of the ancient forest homes of India. *Tapovana* was

Rabindranath's heritage from ancient India.

"Our ideal institution will be situated under the shadow of trees in the open country far from the turmoil of cities. The teachers will carry on their own studies and teach, and the students will learn and grow up in an atmosphere of peace and quietness. If possible, gardens and farm lands will be attached to the *Vidyalyaya*. The pupils will help in the farming operations in looking after the cattle and in milking cows. In their leisure hour they will dig the soil, plant trees and water them. Classes will be held under the trees, and boys will learn roaming over the field with their teacher. In this way an intimate contact with nature will be established not merely through the emotions but also through work and toil."

Let us not forget that another ideal was also working in his mind. He felt keenly the divorce of the existing educational system from our everyday life. He wanted to lay the foundations of education on the firm basis of the life of the people; to use the vernacular as the medium of instruction; to draw inspiration from our own folk-literature and popular traditions. These were years just preceding the beginning of the Swadeshi Movement, when all Bengal woke to a new consciousness of its own responsibility and gained a new confidence in its own powers. These were years characterised by an intense longing to go back to the country, both literally and spiritually.

In this atmosphere the school was started in 1901. Appropriately enough, the late Brahmabandhab Upadhyaya, a great patriot and an ardent nationalist, took charge of it. Although by faith a Roman Catholic he loved intensely the customs and traditions of his country. The school started under his supervision with two teachers, Pandit Shivadina Vidyarnava (who went away after a short time) and Jagadananda Ray (who worked actively as a teacher in Santiniketan for a third of a century until his death in 1933), and five boys—two of them being the Poet's eldest son Rathindranath Tagore, and Santosh Chandra Majumdar, who came back to the institution after finishing his education in the United States and served it loyally until his death in 1926.

I am taking the following description of school life in Santiniketan in the early days from the late Ajitkumar Chakra-

* Translated from the Bengali essay "Sikhsa-samasya".

vary's Bengali pamphlet on "Brahm Vidyalyaya":

"They used to walk barefoot throughout the year and were cooking, did everything with their own hands. After the morning students and teachers gathered under the trees near the present library building and chanted Vedic hymns. Everybody used to put on *chadda* (sacred silk) before saying prayers and classes were almost invariably held under the open sky in the shade of the trees. Altogether it was closely modelled on the *ashram* of ancient India."

"At first the students were charged any fees. The Poet did not want any mercenary motives to interfere with the sacred bond between teacher and pupil, and the school was maintained in the beginning from the slender resources of the founder himself. After some time he was however obliged to introduce the fee system, which was first fixed at Rs. 15. per month."

For a long time the Poet met with little sympathy from his countrymen, very little could understand the inward significance of his institution. Many people thought it to be a mere caprice of the poet, possibly a reaction against western modernism. He had, however, the silent approval of his father the Maharshi on his side. The Maharshi realized that the Poet's efforts were directed to a new synthesis, and gave the new institution his blessings.

Brahmabandhab's political sentiment however proved too strong to allow him to remain engaged in purely educational work for a long time, and his connexion with the institution ceased about one year after the starting of the school. In the third year of the *Vidyalyaya* a great personality joined the institution. It was Satish Chandra Ray of whom the Poet has written:

"He was barely nineteen, but was born with a luminosity of soul. In him the spirit of renunciation was a natural product of an extraordinary capacity for enjoyment of life. He had a wonderful soul, living in a world of ideas, keenly responsive to all that was beautiful and great in the realm of nature and of human mind. He was a poet who would surely have taken his place among the immortals of world literature he had lived, but he died when he was twenty thus offering his service to our school only for the period of one short year. His powers of appreciation were of the keenest and he possessed the rare faculty of being able to kindle others with his

joy of his own appreciation. He lived with the students and worked with them, inspired by the spirit of the Asrama."

It was an irreparable loss when he died of small-pox in Santiniketan itself in January 1904. His place has never been filled in these long years.

In the summer of the same year Mohi Chandra Sen came as the *Adhyaksha* (Head of the Institution). He had an intense sympathy with the aims and ideals of the institution and brought to it a vast erudition and deep scholarship. His scheme of education was planned on a most comprehensive scale, and he did not spare himself to carry it out in practice. The number of students increased very considerably, and the arduous duties of looking after the complex details of administrative work led to a serious breakdown of his health. In 1904, he left the institution and soon after death removed him from the small band of Santiniketan workers.

Then came a time of stress and strain. The Swadeshi movement broke in tumult all round the Asrama. To Rabindranath it came as a splendid opportunity for initiating a great movement for constructive work. His intimate knowledge of the deplorable condition of our village life had convinced him that our real problem was centred round village reconstruction. To him politics was only a secondary thing; during the height of Swadeshi days he had said unequivocally that "the ultimate object of political work is to mould the mind of the people into unity." He said: "We must look after our own interests, carry on our own work, earn our own welfare, do everything ourselves." Speaking of our impoverished and helpless villages he said: "It will not do merely to remove wants; you can never remove them completely; the far greater thing is to rouse the will of the people to remove their own wants." In 1905 he wrote:

"The down-trodden and despised, who have become callous to insults and oblivious of even the rights of their humanity must be taught the meaning of the word 'brother'. Teach them to be strong and to protect themselves, for that is the only way. Take, each of you, charge of some village and organize it. Educate the villagers and show them how to put forward their united strength, so that they may in co-operation better their wretched lot. Look not for fame or praise in this undertaking. Do not expect even the gratitude of those for whom you would give your life, but be prepared rather for their opposition."

Although Rabindranath joined the

Swadeshi movement with the full fervour of his own nature, he would not allow Santiniketan to be drawn into the whirlpool of politics. The inhabitants of the Asrama often fretted and chafed, but he constantly reminded them that the ideal of the Asrama was something different.

It was not surprising therefore when in the midst of the Swadeshi movement Rabindranath, however, suddenly returned to Santiniketan, and renewed his intimate contact with the life of the Vidyalaya. Ajitkumar Chakravarti also joined the institution about this time and for a long time exerted a profound influence in the life of the Asrama by stimulating the intellectual activities of the Asrama, and by spreading its message far and wide through his own writings until his death in 1918.

From the time of his coming back to Santiniketan, Rabindranath was gradually laying more and more emphasis on the unifying principle manifesting itself throughout the whole course of the history of India. More than thirty years ago he had declared:

"In India, the history of humanity is seeking to elaborate a definite synthesis. The history of India is not the history of Aryan or non-Aryan; it is not the history of the Hindus, nor a history of only Hindus and Muslims taken together. Of late the British have come in and occupied an important place in India's history. This was not an uncalled-for or accidental intrusion. If India had been deprived of touch with the West, she would have lacked an element essential for her attainment of perfection. On us today is thrown the responsibility of building up a greater India, in which Hindu and Muslim and Christian, the dark-skinned and the white-skinned, will all find their place."

III

IN 1913 Rabindranath left for England on his now famous *Gitanjali* tour.

He took an active part in the foundation of the Bengal National Council of Education, which was set up as an independent organisation in opposition to the official University of Calcutta. He worked hard in its cause, made plans, raised money, organised, and gave systematic course of lectures on literature (collected and published later on in book form as *Sahitya*) to the students. A proposal was made for linking up the Santiniketan school with the National Council of Education, but nothing came of it.

On the eve of his departure the Asramika Sangha (Association of ex-Students) was started with 10 foundation members. One of the objects of the Sangha in its original form was to enlist the sympathies of the outside public in the work of the Asrama. This was a very significant feature of the new association; it definitely opened the doors of the Asrama to outsiders. It showed that the time for expansion had come.

In Europe, the Poet felt deeply the same need for opening wide the gates of the institution. In 1913 he wrote in a letter:

"All our vagueness will disappear if we can place our institution in the light of the whole world. If we confine our institution within the local limits of the time and space of our country, it will lose its purity. The development of a complete manhood is our object and we must not aim at anything less than this."

It was just at this time that C. F. Andrews and W. W. Pearson offered their services to the institution. They came back with the Poet in 1914 ready to help him and to share in his work at Santiniketan. They brought a new element to the school itself. Their coming made it clear that the Santiniketan Vidyalaya must no longer remain merely as a school which should be more free and happy than other schools, but that it must seek to give expression to wider ideals representing humanity itself. Pearson served the institution till his death in 1923. Charles Andrews was Upacharya (Vice-President) when he passed away in April 1940.

In 1916, he toured in Japan and America, and delivered the well-known lectures on Nationalism which contain his indictment of the modern nations which had become organized as machinery of rapine and destruction. The contrast between the aggressive spirit of the modern West and the peaceful ideals of the ancient East becomes increasingly vivid. When he returned to his own country his thoughts naturally turned to the heritage of ancient India. He felt the need for an institution which would be a true centre of human culture.

On the 22nd December 1918, a special meeting of students, teachers, ex-students and well-wishers of the Santiniketan Asrama was held in the mango grove in Santiniketan, in which Rabindranath explained his ideas about the (new developments) creation of an institution which would be a true centre for the different cultures of the East. The Poet coined the word '*Visva-Bharati*' at this time: *Visva* in Sanskrit means the world in its universal aspect;

Bharati is wisdom and culture.* The Visva-Bharati was to be the centre of learning for the whole world. Appropriately enough the following Sanskrit text was selected as the motto of the Visva-Bharati :

Yatra Visvam bhavati eka-nidam ;
'Where the whole world forms its
one single nest.'

From 1919 systematic arrangements were made for advanced studies in Buddhist literature, Vedic and Classical Sanskrit, Pali, Prakrit and later on Tibetan and Chinese. Pundit Vidhussekhar Sastri, as head of the Vidya-bhavana, worked for its success with single-minded devotion till 1934 when he joined Calcutta University. With him was associated from the very beginning Pundit Kshitimohan Sen Sastri, the present Head of the Vidya-bhavana.

Art and music had always occupied an important place in Rabindranath's scheme of education, and in 1918 he succeeded in establishing the Kalabhavana, the School of Art and Music as an integral part of the educational institutions in Santiniketan. Nandalal Bose joined the new institution soon after its inauguration, and has made it the greatest centres of art teaching in India.

IV

AFTER the end of the Great War, Rabindranath undertook a long tour in 1920-21 in Europe and the United States. He spoke everywhere on the need of the meeting of East and West in a common fellowship of learning and a common spiritual striving for the unity of the human races.

In America a young Englishman, L. K. Elmhirst, saw the Poet, and offered his services for founding an Institute of Rural Reconstruction near Santiniketan. Elmhirst believed that the perfect balance of civilisation could only be preserved by achieving a harmonious adjustment between the city and the village. This fitted in very well with the Poet's own ideas. In 1918, he had asserted in his lectures on the *Centre of Indian Culture* that it must also be a centre of economic life :

"It must cultivate land, breed cattle, feed itself and its students ; it must produce all necessities, devising the best means and using the best materials, calling science to its aid. Such an institution must

* There is an allusion to India (*Bharata*) in the word *Bharati*, which thus also represents the Spirit of India.



With Prof. Sylvain Lévi, the first Visiting Professor of Visva-Bharati

group round it all the neighbouring villages, and vitally unite them with itself in all its economic endeavours."

In 1915, Rabindranath had purchased a large plot of land at Surul, and had started experiments in agriculture, cattle-breeding, and village work. Things were, however, not progressing quite well; and Elmhirst's offer came at an opportune time. The Poet immediately decided to give Elmhirst full scope for making experiments at Surul.

When he returned to India in 1921, the non-co-operation movement was at its highest. Although great pressure was put upon him from all sides, he steadfastly refused to join it. He could never agree to isolating India from the stream of world thought and progress. In the midst of unprecedented political unrest and excitement, and against the whole force of the current of popular sentiment he expounded his own views with great courage in two lectures, *The Call of Truth* and *The Meeting of Cultures* (1921). He said :

"It is a fact of unique importance in the history of the world to-day, that the human races have come together as they had never done before The mentality of the world has to be changed in order to meet the new environment of the modern age.

"It has been said in our scriptures : '*atithih devo bhava*', asking us to realize that the Divine comes to us as our guest, claiming our homage. All that is great and true in humanity is ever waiting at our gate to be invited. It is not for us to question it about the country which it belongs, but to receive it in our home and bring before the best we have.

"Our wealth is truly proved by our ability to give, and Visva-Bharati is to prove this on behalf of India. Our mission is to show that we have a place in the heart of the great world ; that we fully acknowledge our obligation of offering our hospitality."

Rabindranath founded the Visva-Bharati in December, 1921, and proclaimed that Visva-Bharati was India's invitation to the world, her offer of sacrifice to the highest truth of mankind. He placed before the new institution a threefold programme :

To concentrate in Santiniketan, in the midst of the Asrama Vidyalyaya, the different cultures of the East, especially those that have originated in India or found shelter in her house :

To lay in Sriniketan the foundation of a happy, contented and human life in villages ; and finally,

Through the Visva-Bharati as a whole, to seek to establish a living relationship between East and West, to promote international amity and understanding and fulfil the highest mission of the present age—the unification of mankind.

V

THE Visva-Bharati was organised as a non-profit-making Society registered under Act XXI of 1860. In the shaping of the constitution a large share was taken by Surendranath Tagore who as Vice-President, Editor of the *Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, and in other ways served the Institution in the sphere of cultural activities for nearly twenty years until his death in 1940.

Rabindranath made over to Visva-Bharati by a trust-deed the land, buildings, library and other properties at Santiniketan belonging to the Vidyalaya, the entire amount of the Nobel Prize, and the copyright of his Bengali Books. Since then he has made further contributions out of the sale-proceeds of his English books; and has worked untiringly for raising donations and subscriptions for the Institution.

In 1921, besides the Asrama school (Vidyalaya) a research department was (Vidya-bhavana), a school of art (Kala-bhavana), a small section for girls (Nari-bhavana), and the nucleus of a college (Shiksha-bhavana) were already in existence at Santiniketan. There was also the Sriniketan Institute of Rural Reconstruction at Surul.

With the inauguration of the Visva-Bharati rapid developments took place in many directions. The Poet laid special stress on the programme of inviting distinguished scholars from abroad as Visiting Professors among whom may be specially mentioned the names of Sylvain Levi from France, M. Winierniz from Czechoslovakia, Sten Konow from Norway, Formici and Tucci from Italy, and Germanus from Hungary. Although it has not been possible, owing to lack of funds, to continue the full programme of visiting professors, a distinctive feature of the Institution has also been the very large number of persons from abroad who have come to live and work in Santiniketan and Sriniketan.

On the institutional side also there has been a steady progress. A permanent section for Zoroastrian studies was started quite early with the help of funds raised by Parsi sympathisers in Bombay. A department of Islamic studies was added in 1927 with the magnificent gift of one lakh of rupees from H. E. H. the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Sino-Tibetan researches had been originally initiated in 1921; in 1935 the Sino-Indian Society was founded with the Poet as president; a full department for Chinese studies was started a little later with the help of funds raised by Chinese friends and a magnificent collection of one lakh of Chinese books was received from China; and the Cheena-bhavana (Chinese Hall) was opened in April, 1937. A little later a special section for Hindi studies was added; and a new building, the Hindi-bhavana, was opened in January 1939. In the sphere of vernacular education a new scheme, Loka-shiksha-samsad a system of external examinations through the medium of the Bengali language was started in 1937.

In the beginning music lessons used to be given in the Kala-bhavana (School of Art). Season festivals were started

nised as a separate department as Sangeeta-bhavana; and was placed in charge of Dinendranath Tagore, who was the great custodian of Tagore music until his untimely death in 1935.

At Sriniketan also many developments have taken place. Village welfare, Brati-balaka (boy scouts), agriculture and village education have always formed an important part of the programme. The possibilities of organizing village health societies on a co-operative basis was successfully demonstrated quite early, and has served as a model for the expansion of village health service all over Bengal. In recent years great advances have been made in the revival of village arts and crafts specially in textiles, pottery, wood and leather work which command a growing market extending not only over the whole province but in other parts of India as well.



The Visva-Bharati celebrated the eightieth birthday of the Poet on April 14, 1940. Though the actual birthday fell on May 8, in view of the summer recess of the University, his pupils, friends and admirers celebrated the occasion on the first day of the Bengali New Year

Photo: S. SHAHA

by the Poet in 1922. Gradually dance recitals were added; and competent dancing teachers were brought over to Santiniketan from Manipur, Gujrat and South India. Parties of boys and girls from Santiniketan, often under the personal leadership of the Poet himself, gave music, dance and drama recitals in Calcutta and other important places in India from time to time. Finally, the school of music and dancing was orga-

Rabindranath Tagore started the Vidyalaya at the age of 40. During exactly half the period of his eighty years, Santiniketan has remained the chief centre of his activities. Under his leadership the Visva-Bharati has become an institution unique in character and significance in our country. Jawaharlal Nehru truly remarked that he who has not visited Santiniketan has not seen India.

LAST night I dreamt that I was the same boy that I had been before my mother died. She sat in a room in a garden-house on the bank of the Ganges. I carelessly passed by without paying attention to her, when all of a sudden it flashed through my mind with an unutterable longing that my mother was there. At once I stopped and went back to her and bowing low touched her feet with my head. She held my hand, looked into

my face, and said:

"You have come!"

"In this great world we carelessly pass by the room where Mother sits. Her storeroom is open when we want our food, our bed is ready when we must sleep. Only that touch and that voice are wanting. We are moving about, but never coming close to the personal presence, to be held by the hand greeted: 'You have come!'"

—Rabindranath Tagore

THE whole world knows about the the Visva-Bharati. Time and again since the idea took shape in his mind, Rabindranath Tagore has written about it in English and Bengali. He has travelled over oceans and across continents to preach its ideal, so that cultured people in almost every country know what the Visva-Bharati stands for. But a comparatively few among them know about Santiniketan. For, unlike the Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan is not an ideal but a place. And to know a place you must stay there, at least you must see it with your own eyes.

It is difficult to describe Santiniketan. It is a small place: the farthest distance within it is not more than half-a-mile at the outside. Also, it is a growing place: you must visit it twice a year, or perhaps oftener, if your impression of it is to keep pace with its changes.

At every visit new features will claim your attention. Some of them are merely physical—the inevitable result of the growing needs of an expanding settlement: roads, buildings, even clumps of trees which are planted with great care and ceremony. But these are not all. If you are visiting Santiniketan after a long interval, you will probably be struck by other changes not quite so superficial. For, the life of an institution which attempts, as Santiniketan does, a synthesis of the old and the new, of the West and the East, needs must depend on perpetual experimentation, and this means ever new adjustments and adaptations. The cumulative effect of these over a long period may so alter the visible shape of things as to produce the impression of radical change. The transformation of what was at the beginning only a new type of school and a very small school at that into the world-famous Visva-Bharati, with such varied activities that they have to be shared by several departments, confirms such an impression.

Really speaking, however, it is not so much change as development that has taken place at Santiniketan: development through a succession of phases. Had it not been so, the place would long ago have ceased to be interesting. The fact that Santiniketan has never stopped short in its growth makes it so attractive.

But the essential character of Santiniketan has not changed through its successive periods of growth. For this essential character derives mainly from the personality of Rabindranath Tagore. The Visva-Bharati is the institutional expression of the Poet's ideal of education. Santiniketan, the place, should



—Giant palms swaying against the sky and bare undulating plains are typical features of Santiniketan landscape

Photo—H. SANYAL

not be identified entirely with this institution. Like his poems and his paintings, it is the expression of the Poet's personality. That is why it is so concrete and so colourful. You may or may not be impressed by the Visva-Bharati and its educational ideals. But unless you are a very hard-hearted or a very dull person, Santiniketan is sure to cast its spell over you.

younger among them, wore their hair long, spoke in a soft voice and wrote poems. On my first visit to Santiniketan I actually picked up a torn leaf, evidently from a student's exercise-book, scribbled all over with verses which bore the unmistakable stamp of juvenile inspiration. But that was all. I neither saw long hair nor heard soft voices. The students of the school in

SANTINIKETAN

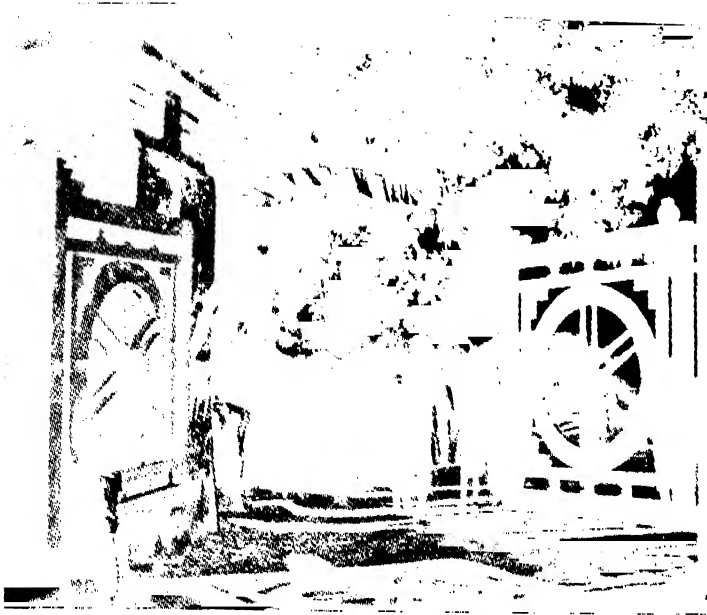
It is difficult to explain the nature of this spell. People who have never visited Santiniketan have all sorts of queer notions about it. At one time, not so long ago, it was widely believed that all Santiniketanites, especially the

was in the pre-Visva-Bharati days were the liveliest lot of boys I had ever seen. They climbed trees, fought one another, even chased poisonous snakes. They sang with lusty voices. But they understood discipline. And they acted



—The oldest building at Santiniketan built by the Poet's father Maharshi Debendranath Tagore is now the Guest-House

Photo—H. S.



—The main gateway of Sriniketan, the Rural Reconstruction Centre of the 'Visva-Bharati', with its giant cartwheels, symbol of Rural India

Photo—S. SHAHA

superbly I am referring to their delightful performance on the stage.

To-day the number of students is much larger: they hail from all parts of India; and there are girls as well as boys among them. But they are as lively as their predecessors ever were. If there are fewer snakes to chase, there are more trees to climb. And there are certainly more things to interest them

Heart of Aryavarta, from which the following quotation is taken.

"A two-mile walk from the station of Bholpur, up a gradual ascent through the bright sunshine of a February morning, was pure joy. Standing at the gateway of the ashram was a tall, commanding figure clothed in ample robes of white. With a charming courtesy

he welcomed us to Shantiniketan. I was conducted straightway to a stone seat in a shady grove. In front of me was a stretch of ground smoothed and polished until it resembled the surface of a threshing floor upon which had been chalked out a circular design. This served for a place of assembly which might be said to correspond to the speech-room of an English public school. A little behind me, standing under the trees, were grouped the teachers, all clad in white. In front of me were the boys of the school drawn up in a semi-circle on the edge of the design. All were dressed in yellow the colour of spring. On my right was a group of girls, pupils along with the boys at the school. Led by a pundit the gathering chanted Vedic hymns in Sanskrit with striking effect. The significance of the scene could not be lost upon any one acquainted with the outlines of ancient Indian history. Here was a reproduction in miniature of the conditions amid which the civilisation of India had been born, the life close to nature in the heart of the forests which provided the early Aryan settlers with all that they required. One recognised in all that one saw around one both a protest against the artificiality of modern life, and an offering of homage to the ideals and traditions of the past."

and SRINIKETAN

11

to-day, a richer social life and greater cultural opportunities. Dancing, painting and music are taught systematically. Acting is better organised, less amateurish. There is a constant flow of visitors from all parts of the world, some of whom are world-famous persons. Contact with them serves to widen the outlook of the students and the teachers in a manner which was not possible in the early days of the institution.

But the Poet's personality dominates everything now as it did then. It breathes through all the activities of the place, lends colour to its ceremonies and diffuses sweetness in its social relations. It gives to Santiniketan, as it did then, its atmosphere—the indescribable charm that one can feel but never formulate.

How this atmosphere affects an outsider is best described in the words of the Marquis of Zetland, who visited the place when, as Lord Ronaldshay, he was the Governor of Bengal. This experience is recorded in his book, *The*

By

HIRANKUMAR SANYAL

THE Marquis further mentions that wandering through the grounds after the ceremony of welcome was over he was led to a rude seat beneath an ancient tree—a low stone block topped



—When the Poet speaks at the 'Mandir', the overflowing assembly fills the steps.

Photo—S. SHAHA

by two slabs of marble, marking the spot where Maharshi Devendranath Tagore was in the habit of sitting in meditation during his life of communion with God. For the Maharshi, "an austere figure, driven restlessly to and fro over the land by an absorbing quest—no less than that of God", came here sometime in the middle of the nineteenth century and found peace and raised a temple of worship. The name 'Santiniketan' dates from then.

The guest-house near the temple or *Mandir*, as it is called at Santiniketan, was for a long time the only two-storied building in the whole settlement. Today there are several such buildings. The library building, the boys' and the girls' hostels, the *Cheena-bhavana* or the Hall of Chinese Culture, all are two-storied buildings. There are others

gem of the remarkable architectural style evolved at Santiniketan, thanks to the resourcefulness and sense of design of Surendranath Kar. But more wonderful than all these is the garden at Uttarayan—partly ornamental, partly landscape—which Rathindranath Tagore and Pratima Devi, the Poet's son and daughter-in-law, have coaxed with infinite skill and patience out of the stubborn, almost impossible soil of the Birbhum uplands.

Talking of buildings, I am reminded of the huge *Kuthi* which dominates Sriniketan—the sister settlement which has almost become a part of Santiniketan. At one time the Sriniketan *Kuthi* belonged to the East India Company from whom it passed into the hands of the late Lord Sinha, whose home at Raipur is within easy walking distance of San-

schools, dispensaries, co-operative societies. He will meet there men and women, belonging to the poorest strata of Indian society. They remember with affection the name of the late Mohan Ghosh, who became associated with the Poet in the early days of school at Santiniketan and later dedicated himself to the cause of village uplift, for he carried to them the message of awakening—the message "Gurudeva", at the mention of which name these poor people's faces glow with gratitude. The visitor to the villages will probably also meet boys and splendid specimens of growing youth, especially, if he selects a school village—who have been organized as scouts by the workers of Sriniketan. You should watch their performance at the annual rally at the time of the anniversary celebration of Sriniketan in February. It would be a special delight.

Not less important than these is the work of the crafts department at Santiniketan. In the Hall of Industries will be given a demonstration of the working of whatever craft you are interested in—weaving, carpentry, tanning, leather-work or pottery. There will also be offered for sale beautiful products turned out by the workers here the designs on which bear the impress of the Santiniketan school of art which Nandalal Bose has made famous the world over.

Village work and crafts at Sriniketan, painting and research at Santiniketan are the different aspects of the work of the Visva-Bharati that so impresses the visitor during even short day's stay. But if you want a more intimate glimpse of the place you must remain there for a longer period extending over several days or, perhaps, weeks. Then, probably, you will meet some of the old residents like Kshitimohan Sen who possesses the rarer gift of being able to instruct, entertain and inspire at the same time. You will meet others who are new-comers but over whom Santiniketan has already cast its strange spell. And, between them, if you are a sensitive person, you will catch something of the spirit that holds together this wonderful community.

But nothing reveals the spirit of Santiniketan or Sriniketan more truly than the many festivals which mark the passage of time. Whether the occasion is the advent of the spring or the start of the ploughing season, the planting of trees or the gathering in of the harvest, the key-note is the same—the realization of the intimate bond that ties man to the earth, the merging of the soul of man into the soul of nature.



—Frescoes by Nandalal Bose and his pupils decorate the outer walls of the Visva-Bharati Library building.

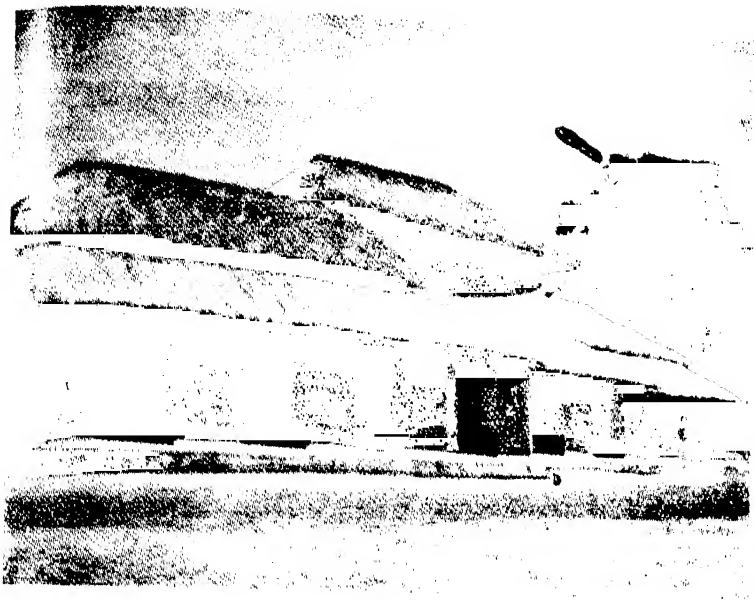
Photo—S. SHAHA

which, though not two-storied, are quite impressive all the same. One of these, the European Guest-house, is known as *Ratan-kuti* after the name of its donor Lady Ratan Tata. But the most impressive of all is the group of buildings in the part of the settlement known as *Uttarayan*, where the Poet and his family have their residential quarters. The largest building in this area—the *Udayana*—offers an interesting study in architecture with its straggling form, its irregular contour, its combination of severity with decorative exuberance. Within a stone's throw of it are four equally interesting but much smaller buildings in all of which the Poet has lived at some time or other: *Konark*, the oldest in this group, now occupied by his Secretary, Anil Kumar Chanda; *Syamali*, the famous mud-hut; *Punascha*, which, by the way, is also the title of one of his later poetical works; and last, in order of time, *Udichi*, a tiny two-storied structure, which is a

tiniketan. It was here that the Poet planted, with the help of Mr. L. K. Elmhirst, a centre for rural welfare activities as part of his Visva-Bharati scheme. Since then the centre has expanded, other buildings have sprung up and Sriniketan, like Santiniketan, is a flourishing settlement through the activities of which the Poet hopes to realize his long-cherished dream of founding a University as an integral part of the life of the surrounding countryside.

III

THE casual visitor does not see much of this life, unless he chooses to walk out, across stretches of bare upland and along dusty roads, into the villages which surround these settlements. Then he will find many signs of rural welfare activities of the Visva-Bharati; villages,



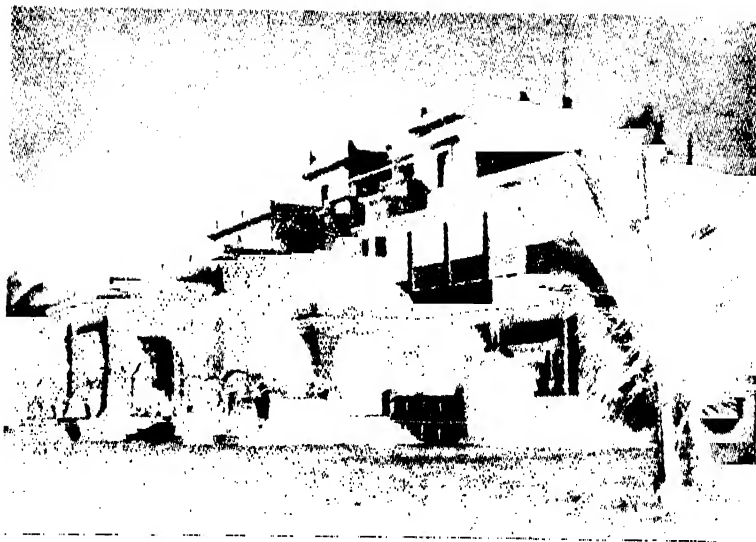
—The hostel of the 'Kala-Bhavan' Arts College with bas-reliefs on its outer walls

Photo—S. SHAHA

The sweep of colourful robes, the cadence of swaying bodies and the exquisite melody of the Poet's songs combine to express the very rhythm of nature—the procession of the seasons as they pass in cloud and rain, the cooling breezes of spring and the scorching winds of Vaisakh that blow in little tornadoes the red dust on the roads and the fallen leaves in the glades.

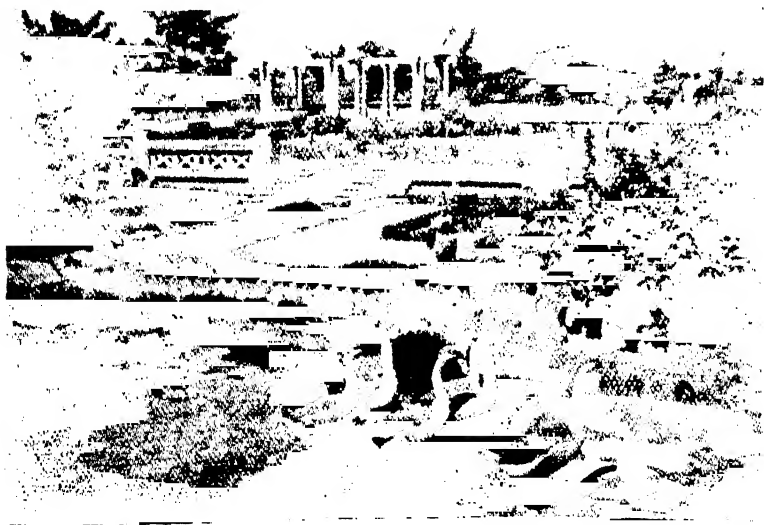
IV

THUS, as the seasons change and the years roll on, both Santiniketan and Sriniketan continue to grow, their activities expand, their areas encroach more and more upon the open spaces which surround them. It is inevitable that in this process of expansion mud-huts



The 'Udayana' where the Poet now resides with its straggling form, irregular contours and its combination of severity with decorative exuberance is a striking example of architecture

Photo—S. SHAHA



—The garden at Udayana, partly landscape, partly ornamental

Photo—H. SANYAL

should make room for buildings of brick and mortar, that carts should be pushed off the roads that lead to and away from the settlement by cars and buses and trucks, that the hurricane lantern should be replaced by the electric lamp. Something of the old-world charm of the place may disappear as a result of these changes. But much still remains

Around the settlement, nature in her varying moods still holds sway in the undulating meadows criss-crossed by irregular depressions that look like miniature ravines. Here and there are clumps of trees, clusters of huts, patches of paddy field. These give to the settlement a setting and a character which make an unforgettable impression on every visitor and deeply influence the residents of the place. Inside the *asram*, too, one feels the touch of nature at almost

every spot. But none has felt it more keenly than Rabindranath Tagore. The moonlight caught up in the foliage of the famous *sal* avenue, the flush of spring in the *madhavi* creeper in the shade of which classes are held every morning and afternoon, the wind sighing in the *venu-kunja* (bamboo-grove) which gives its name to a hut where Dinendranath, "the custodian of my songs", lived for many years, gleam in the vivid imagery and break into the incredible tunes of his poems and songs. For, if the spell of the Poet's personality is the secret of what I have vaguely described as the 'atmosphere' of Santiniketan, Santiniketan, too, has cast her spell on the Poet, the prince of spellbinders.



—Girls heralding the advent of spring in the mango-grove, a typical ceremony at Santiniketan

Photo—H. SANJAL

A POET'S DREAM

By

ADRIENNE MOORE

IMPRESSIONS OF SANTINIKETAN

OF A VISITOR FROM

ABROAD

SANTINIKETAN is an anomaly not only in India but also in the world of to-day. It stands as an island of peace—a poet's dream—amid carnage and terror, travail and turmoil. In India it stands apart from the surging undercurrents. Only in Santiniketan can one freely come and go; one can, in spite of the world, dream dreams, artists can paint and poets can create.

Because of its peculiar character, Santiniketan makes two completely opposite reactions on those who come here. One is either caught into the folds of dreamland or violently repelled. Re-

pelled not by the beauty but by the import. The reaction depends on whether one can leave the outside world behind upon entering the magic portals of Santiniketan. It is a place that either soothes the soul and lulls it into a forgetfulness of the turmoil without the gates, or else tears it to shreds due to the contrast. The mind races like a motor beyond control at 110 miles an hour. There are, accordingly, those who see in it a panacea for the aching world and those who find it superfluous, —the dream of a forgotten, nearly dead existence. What place, their minds demand, is there for such an oasis when, all around, the world bleeds and suffers? In any case, no one can leave Santiniketan without some benefit. Both turmoil and peace are good for the soul.

II

SANTINIKETAN has a personality of its own. It emanates from its core —Rabindranath Tagore. Long ago the father of the Poet built in Santiniketan



—“Syamali”, the famous mud-hut of the Poet into which he moved on his birthday in 1935

Photo—S. SHAHA



The Poet framed in the doorway of "Syamali"

Photo—H. SANYAL

charming retreat. The crumbling masses of its pillars and the shadows of its ample trees still welcome transient guests. The Victorian glasswork pergola of its courtyard is the chapel here, just after dawn, each morning, students can assemble for simple prayers. Small offerings of flowers lie on the low tables of white marble; simple prayers are recited. Sometimes the low moan of Indian music lends its charm.

Around this nucleus the Poet built a school. But Santiniketan has expanded and expanded. The school for the ones has grown into a college, a school of art, of music and dance. There are private homes. One is surprised by the size of Santiniketan. The spirit of intimacy has a hard time surviving amid such expansion. The Poet tends to become a legend. Gone are the days when he wandered around the grounds and spoke to the students and old stories to the little ones. His restless spirit carried him from house to house. It is said there is hardly an

old building on the grounds in which the Poet has not lived. If some spot struck his fancy, there he would reside.



From "Syamali" the Poet went to "Panascha", built mainly of mud reinforced with coal-tar

Photo—H. SANYAL

But the spirit of Rabindranath Tagore dominates Santiniketan, his music, his

poetry, his ideas. The presence of the Poet at any meeting is synonymous with a blessing. It is an event of major importance when the patriarchal Tagore clad in his unique robes and with his majestic appearance lends colour to a scene.

But the personality and appearance of Tagore are not more unique than the world in which he lives—the countryside which is Santiniketan. The high, arid plains of ochre and henna lie flat like a rolled tennis court for miles and miles. One can see the edge of the world in all directions. Standing upon the plain, you feel like the pivotal centre of the universe. The horizon bends to make a cup of the sky. Sometimes one feels as high as the sky. Walking on the open plain, one can reach up and touch the heavens; the mind and soul expand. Other times one is caught like a fish in a bowl. The high curve of heaven is a glass wall

separating you from the infinite. Its weight rests upon you, pressing down upon the heart and mind, until the body cries out in agony.

III

THE EYE is delighted by the red earth, the gracious green of the full-bosomed trees after the rains. There are the lolling cowherds: men burnt black from the sun. And along the paths across the plain from a far point of compass to you comes a line of Santal women in single file. Tall and stately they walk, their hips swaying,—on their heads, earthen or brass pots. Their full breasts point like the chalices of passion flowers under their shabby clothes. Scarlet hibiscus adorn their hair and dramatize their ebony skins.



—From "Panascha" the Poet moved into "Edichi", the house where he resided till his illness last year

Photo—S. SHAHA

Occasionally, in the dusk hours, hurrying home to low, muddy villages, one can see a Santal boy with bow and arrow,—perhaps of the very same pattern used 2500 years ago by his ancestors before the Aryan conquerors came. Certainly, clothes do not bother him. He is content with his short loin cloth, his immaculately swept mud house, perhaps a cow and a string bed. Who should want more? He lives with and is of nature. Two thousand five hundred years have passed as a day. As he races with the setting sun to his village without lights, he notices the swaying of a gaunt palm against the sky and sees the ripple of young rice green in the paddy fields. But no poet he. He thinks of the intoxicating juice he can get from the palm on the morrow and the hours of painful toil ahead of him among the rice buds. He is of the earth. His poetry is life.

Santal villages abound in the neighbourhood of Santiniketan. They are distinguishable from Bengali villages by the fact that the latter often have two-storey houses and are not so clean. But the rhythm of life seems to be practically the same. Their silence is broken by the creaking of the grinding stone and the thud of the grain-beater. Dawn is still the alarm clock, sunset the curfew.

Though these villages are not very close together, there is a feeling of population density. One cannot go for a walk anywhere without meeting people. Santiniketan belongs to the fields around it. It cannot ignore them. The

poverty of the people living in their world of the era of Noah, working, thinking, living as though the institution had never come, is the most appalling thing. And these people the students of Santiniketan—the Rural Reconstruction Centre of Visva-Bharati go and work, a baffling task with the hard clay soil without means of irrigation in one of the driest spots in Bengal.

IV

SUNSET at Santiniketan comes with a rush, but lingers long, for this is the top of the world and just over the edge dawn comes on the other side, at least

that is how one feels. One is content to manage with the few hours of electric light available and go to bed by 10 o'clock unless one sits out under the stars which cobweb the heavens, and listens to the low hum of the electric plant breaking the otherwise noiseless night. But this is a luxury, for life in Santiniketan begins with dawn. The pattern of the peasant is followed with dead silence in midday,—the hours of toil extending from 7 in the morning to 11 and from 2 in the afternoon till 5 o'clock. Then there are games or walks, dinner, a little conversation and bed. However dreamy the locale and spirit there is work to be done at Santiniketan and it is done. A poet's dream is being realized here—slowly but steadily.



—The Poet at a dance-recital given by the girls of Santiniketan on the last Bengali New Year evening (April 14, 1941) when the Visva-Bharati celebrated his Birth-anniversary

Photo—S. SHARMA

SANTINIKETAN SCHOOL SONG

By

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Translated from the original Bengali by the author]

SHE is our own, the darling of our hearts, the Santiniketan.
Our dreams are rocked in her arms.
Her face is a fresh wonder of love every time we see her.
For she is our own, the darling of our heart.

IN the shadows of her trees we meet,
In the freedom of her open sky.
Her mornings come and her evenings
Bringing down heaven's kisses.
Making us feel anew that she is our own, the darling of our heart.

THE stillness of her shades is stirred by the woodland whisper;
Her 'amlaki' groves are aquiver with the rapture of leaves.
She dwells in us and around us however far we may wander.
She weaves our hearts in a song making us one in music.
Turning our strings of love with her own fingers,
And we ever remember that she is our own, the darling of our heart.



—From a photo taken at Santiniketan, 1930

RABINDRANATH as A TEACHER

I

WHEN we talk of education we think of the school, and the word teacher calls up the picture of a somewhat severe gentleman, sitting at a desk and talking to youngsters in the forms.

Yet everybody knows that there is more education than we get at schools and more teachers than we know or acknowledge. All our life from birth to death is in a sense one long-drawn course of education, and teacher are all around us. They are young and old, learned and ignorant, high placed and lowly,—from all men we come across we learn something.

But among all these myriads of teachers who educate us there are some men who stand out above others—men of letters, for instance. The books they write teach us—not merely text-books designed for the purpose of teach-

ing but all books. And among men of letters there are just a few who come only once in a time, and who by their work leave such an impression upon the make-up of the mind of the generations who come after them that they can well be called the makers and teachers of whole generations and some of them of the whole of mankind.

Rabindranath was born to be such a teacher. His long life is in fact a long course of instruction of his people and it would be no exaggeration to say that to more than one generation of Bengalis he stands in the position of a great teacher who has taught them to learn a beautiful language which

he has made and to use it for their own purposes; he has instructed them in the finer shades of poetic art, which, before him, were unknown in Bengali literature and by learning to appreciate which Bengali culture has assuredly taken a big step forward in poetic education; he has opened up to us beauties of nature in a way in which no one else before him did; he has taught us to know life and to laugh and weep at its infinite varieties which he has depicted for us; he has given us a philosophy of life which is sublime and elevating and given us a training in national and individual self-respect which has had a defi-

By

NARESH CHANDRA SEN GUPTA

nite effect in raising the moral stature of the generations who have been nursed on the literature of Rabindranath.

By his voluminous contributions to the literature of Bengal and his great personality standing out against his contemporaries, he has thus had a much greater share in moulding the lives of the Bengalis of to-day than any other single man, so that it may be said with justice that a good part of the intellectual and moral equipment of the mind of Bengal to-day owes its source to him. He has been a teacher in a much bigger sense than the school master can ever aspire to be. But, perhaps at least for a great part of his life he was unconscious of his role as a teacher or of the tremendous success he was destined to have as such. For he started his life as—and for a pretty long time continued to believe himself to be—a mere worshipper of beauty, a singer of songs, whose task would be done if he could only make the life of his reader a little brighter and a little more joyous than it had been before. It was only rather late in life apparently that he assumed the conscious role of a teacher and wielded his influence as such with telling effect.

Reading his earlier poems one feels that he understood himself to be a runaway from life—one who more or less played with his life and merely made merry with his pipe. A time came, however, as indicated in his poem—‘এবার ফিরাও মোরে’—when he turned back from what he thought to be a more or less useless life and definitely undertook the task of teaching men to live a fuller, nobler and a more effective life.

It was, perhaps, in one of those moods—when, unconscious of his great role as a teacher in a fuller sense, he was filled with the idea of the futility of a mere poet's life—that he conceived the idea of standing out as a teacher in a more direct but a far narrower sense. He conceived that he could give the boys of Bengal much better and healthier education on much more improved methods than the education that was given in the schools of those

days and at Santiniketan, where his great father had built an *Asram*, he conceived the idea of the school which would be different from the types of schools in Bengal in those days.

II

RABINDRANATH'S own education was very unorthodox. He never took kindly to the shackles of school discipline but revelled in freedom both in the choice of his reading and in the mode of his life. He loved to be in communion with Nature and imbibed a great deal from such communion which has enriched the literature that he has given us. As a teacher Rabindranath, therefore, naturally preferred the modern ideas of freedom in education and believed more in instruction in intimate contact with Nature rather than in the cribbed school rooms.

Ideals naturally played a far greater part in the conception and development of this school than they do in most educational institutions of this country. Informed by his own experience of the futility and cramping influence of common school education and by his knowledge of educational ideals of the past and present in India and the world, and inspired by the thought of the lessons of ancient India—where young pupils repaired in early youth and spent years in a happy pursuit of learning in healthy and invigorating environments, their whole life in charge of their teacher—and by the life and work of educational idealists like Pestalozzi, Rabindranath's fine poetic imagination wove round these thoughts a great ideal of an institution where a full and complete education would be given to his pupils. The pupils like the *Brahmacharis* of the past would live in the *Asram*, free of the turmoil of busy town life, free of unhealthy environments, and free to develop their character and individuality in an atmosphere of academic, artistic and spiritual life. Their teacher would take charge of their whole life during the years at school and guide and mould it and help to make it grow into a healthy, beautiful and use-

ful one. Instruction would be given to each on most up-to-date methods, and, instead of an atmosphere of gloom and irksome regulation, there would prevail an atmosphere of joy and freedom in which, under the influence of the great personality of their teacher they would imbibe, with knowledge, a fine artistic mind and temper full of joy of life and joy in nature and society of their fellow men.

Ideals like these went to the make-up of the life of the school to which Rabindranath had devoted his life and which he had led to an astonishing degree of success.

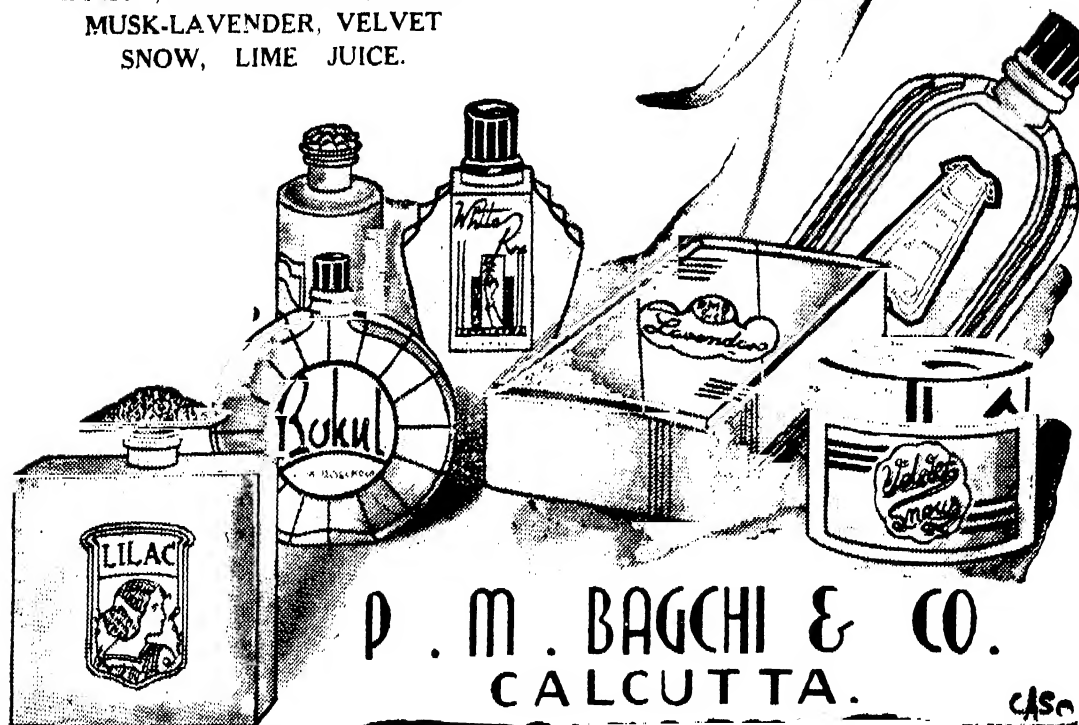
But the actual success he achieved in the instruction given in the school is not a complete measure of the value of his ideas. His idealism was higher than anything he could achieve within the limitations under which he had to work. Besides, education is a whole-time job to the man who wants to be a teacher, and he can hardly afford to be anything else. His pupils have to be, if not the sole, certainly the principal interest in his life. The multifarious activities in which Rabindranath gradually found himself occupied left him comparatively little time for that absolute and single-minded devotion to the work of teaching in the school that was needed to enable him to achieve a fuller realisation of his ideas.

Luckily, however, Rabindranath was blessed with assistants of no mean merit in his great work. Other teachers than Rabindranath himself had outstanding personalities and made a definite mark upon the pupils. Besides, the intimate contact with a man of the genius and calibre of Rabindranath was itself an educative factor of no small value. His school, therefore, was not an inconsiderable success and apart from what results it could show in the sphere of the intellectual development of its pupils, it developed a striking individuality of its own in the domain of Art. The work of the pupils of Santiniketan in various departments of art is well known, and it has not only made a place for itself in the public esteem but has greatly influenced the artistic

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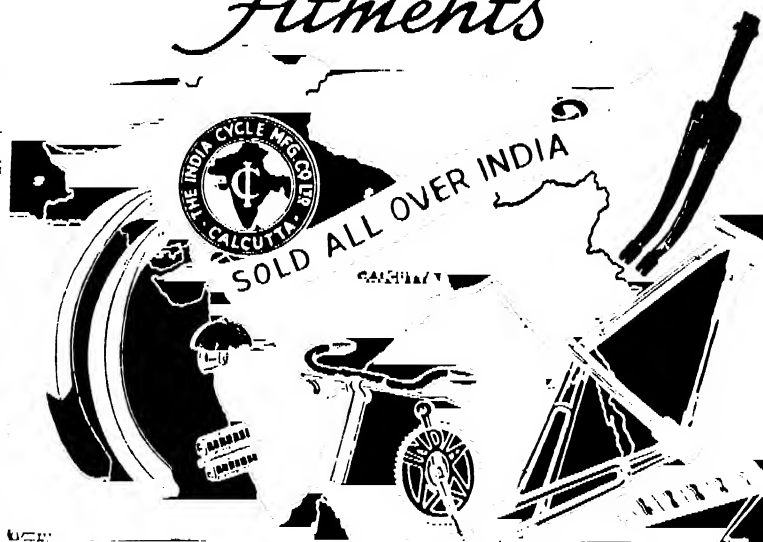
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culture of Bengal and India as a whole.

With the development of the school and partly as a result of the contacts that Rabindranath made in his several tours to the West and the East, Rabindranath conceived the idea of a new type of university, which would be not only a centre of high culture in itself but would be a meeting ground of the cultures of the whole world. This idea he has tried to embody in the Visva-Bharati which has attracted to his provincial sanctum the best talents from all parts of the world.

III

RABINDRANATH'S interest in the education of the people of Bengal and of his discontent with the cramping methods of education followed in schools and colleges was not a sudden growth. It had grown on him from his youth and he had taken more than one occasion in the early years of this century to ventilate his ideas of what education ought to be, notably during the time that he was the editor of the *Banga-Darshan*.

When in 1906 in connection with the agitation against the partition of Bengal a great wave of nationalism passed over the province and showed itself in dissatisfaction with almost everything which the British connection had brought to the country, one of the manifestations of that spirit was a revulsion against Calcutta University. The first movement was one started by the students for the boycott of the Calcutta University. Agitation had carried that idea to a high emotional pitch, and it seemed that the University and its colleges ran a great risk of being abandoned by the students.

Some of the more thoughtful amongst the leaders of those days took in hand this movement, which started as a purely destructive one, and tried to lead it along constructive channels. They conceived the idea of starting a national university—a university which would strike a new path of its own leaving the old rut of the State universities.

With this idea Rabindranath found himself in great sympathy. It seemed to promise to him the fulfilment of his own dreams of university education as it ought to be. He, therefore, readily joined the small band of thinkers who busied themselves in working out the conception of a national university. He addressed meetings and spoke of his own ideals, and by all accounts he was going to take a great active part in the formation and development of a national university.

But an atmosphere of political turmoil is possibly the worst under which a true university can be moulded. The scheme for the national university had not gone very far when heated controversies arose; and, between men each of whom had his own educational or political ideas to forward and those who had control of the financial resources which alone could bring a university into existence, the idea of a national university made its weary way through acrid controversies with results very short of the ideals of a national university, as Rabindranath would conceive it. When the project ultimately took its shape in the form of the National Council of Education, a great deal of the political ferment among the students which had given the first impetus to the idea had died out. Educational ideals of men like Rabindranath Tagore found little

in the finished product to inspire them. Thus, though Rabindranath allowed himself to be associated with the institution at its start, he shortly ceased to take any further interest in it.

After that, his educational ideals and activities were strictly confined to his school at Santiniketan to which he was then able to give more undivided attention than later. Shortly afterwards, however, Rabindranath was dragged out of his seclusion into the open when there was a sudden accession of world-wide appreciation for his work leading ultimately to the Nobel Prize. Great as was the value of this popularity and appreciation to himself and his people and tremendous as was the educative influence which it has enabled him to exercise upon the people of the world as a man of letters, it naturally tended in a certain measure to diminish the volume of his direct educational efforts. Yet, on the other hand, it brought to the institution which he had started at Santiniketan an amount of support, sympathy and inspiration from the whole world that, under the inspiring guidance of his ideas and with such direct assistance that he was able to give to it, it has now grown into a university which has an individuality of its own, very different from that of other educational institutions.

The direct educational efforts of Rabindranath, great as they have been compared with the achievements of lesser men, are however, comparatively insignificant by the side of the far far greater work that he has done in building up the mind and culture of more than one generation of men, primarily in Bengal and indirectly all over the world, by merely being a great poet and a great all-round man of letters.

"HEWERS OF TEXTS AND DRAWERS OF BOOK-LEARNING"

LET me say clearly that I have no distrust of any culture because of its foreign character. On the contrary, I believe that the shock of such extraneous forces is necessary for the vitality of our intellectual nature.

"What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which foreign educa-

tion tends to occupy all the space of our national mind, and thus kills or hampers the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought-power by a new combination of truths. It is this which makes me urge that all the elements in our own culture have to be strengthened, not to resist the

Western culture, but truly to accept and assimilate it; to use for our sustenance, not as our burden; to get mastery over this culture, and not to live on its skirts as the hewers of texts and drawers of book-learning."

—Rabindranath Tagore

Life and Work of RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A

Quest for Selthood

By

NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI

I

OF M. André Maurois's *Ariel* or the Life of Shelley it was said that the cardinal mistake of the book was that it sought to depict Shelley minus his poetry. In regard to Rabindranath Tagore it is the easiest thing to run to the other extreme—to become engrossed in the poet at the expense of the man. That would be a grievous error because—to put the most obvious objection first—he is many things as good or nearly as good as a great poet. He is a great short-story writer, in fact, one of the very greatest of them with world literature as the standard of reference. He is a novelist, if not of the same standard of technique and inspiration as in his short stories, at all events one of the three greatest Bengal has produced, and Bengal's achievement in fiction is not something which can be brushed aside as merely provincial. Then, he is a critic and essayist, journalist, and populariser of knowledge. He is a philosopher, a religious teacher, and a religious practitioner. He is an educationist, a social reformer, a pioneer in practical Swadeshi, a deep political thinker without being one of the official, academic and conventional kind. He is a musician both as composer and virtuoso, and an actor of remarkable powers and imaginative insight. Last of all, in his old age he has shown himself to be a painter, unclassed and unclassable perhaps, but in this field also displaying a bewildering wealth of romantic fancy. Further, it must be recalled that he it was who supplied the inspiration—the seed thought—of the modern Indian school of painting founded by Abanindranath Tagore. All this shows an amazing range of interests and attainments, and even then one is not sure that the list of his significant achievements has been run through.

Naturally, no one could or would claim that all that he has written, done or taught is of equal excellence, but even after the rigidest allowance for unevenness has been made, the lowest common factor of quality remains so high that this alone precludes the idea of considering him as one thing rather than something else. This is the first argument against

appraising him piecemeal, but even more than that any attempt at sampling him or judging him by one set of achievements is bound to be misleading for the simple reason that such a method would take the critic further and further away from the fundamental motive force of his life, that force in truth which makes his life a unity in spite of its manifold facets, a force which not only prevents him from degenerating into a Jack of all trades but on the other hand makes him Jack unfrittered, unified and whole, in spite of an immense and deliberate variety of effort. In reality Rabindranath is Jack realizing and discovering himself in and through all his trades.

That may not be the sort of life-formula which finds favour with the citizens of the highly specialised modern world, but it is the formula which explains Leonardo da Vinci, Goethe, and Leibnitz. Rabindranath is a humanist, the greatest humanist India has produced, and one of the greatest the world has known. Any researcher can discover for himself after a little preliminary wrestling with the material how toughly Rabindranath and his life-work refuse to be sliced up into monographs.

II

THE great driving and unifying power in Rabindranath's life is the quest for personal enrichment. From his individual standpoint all his activities are only part of an undivided and ceaseless quest for self-realization through manifold contact with the world and life. He has never sought individual salvation away from the world;—my salvation will not come through renunciation, I want to live among men, he has himself said. That explains why Rabindranath's faith in life on this earth is as unwavering and strong as his faith in life beyond the gate of death. There have been great men for whom the contemplation of the fact of death has proved too great a deterrent in the way of taking a continued interest in life. For Tolstoy, death posed the final and the most baffling dilemma of life, and it is bound to be more or less so with every man capable of reflexion. Very often the moralist has been led by death to a mere denunciation of the world as an illusion and mockery—an arid and withering philosophy at best—but the mystic, or rather the man with the true spiritual

emper, has almost invariably sought refuge in the contemplation of an eternal beatitude which to him has made even the good things of the world of small worth. "And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exaltation, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the living shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them." Or, again, in the words that have been put in the mouth of St. Thomas Aquinas in explanation of his silence and inactivity after his vision at Mass in Naples:

*"My writing is at end. I have seen such things reveal'd
That what I have written and taught seemeth to me of
small worth
And hence I hope in my God, that, as of doctrin
Ther will be speedily also an end of Life!"*

These are typical mystical reactions to the world. Mystical faith has nothing in common with that other sterile brand of religiosity which makes men live in the Slough of Despond and turn upon life as certain poisonous and fierce snakes are believed to turn upon themselves. It is a joyous creed, seeking to transform the joy of life into another and, what the mystic believes to be, a higher, a purer, and a more enduring form of joy. Nevertheless, it creates a mood of unworldly elation which tends to blunt the keen edge of the more human joy of life, and to blanch its radiance as the sun does that of the moon. It is only necessary to turn to St. Francis to see how not even the most child-like and sincere adoration of Nature could turn away the true mystic from voluntary abnegation of all the gracious, kindly, and consoling things that the physical universe has to offer to us. That, one should say, is the mystic way, the very essence of mysticism. But curious as it may seem, with all his deep and sincere religiousness, all his plain inclination to mystical faith Rabindranath Tagore is an exception to that rule. He is a mystic and a humanist at the same time, certainly a remarkable phenomenon in a man with such staunch faith in the life which is believed to lie beyond death, and looking forward to death for his final liberation from the bonds of human imperfections and worldly transitoriness.

Rabindranath Tagore's philosophy of life seems to have, not one, but two faces. If it has anchored itself in the faith in an eternal existence transcending death, it has not fastened itself less exultantly to the existence which will be cut off inexorably by the unexplained mystery of death. For all the strength of his faith in an after-life, he feels as poignantly as any blind, clinging, trusting child of mother earth could that life, her supreme gift, so far as the individual's memory is concerned, comes but once to man; he is certainly unable to get over the fact that within the bounds of one birth and one death alone are we given the sole unbroken stretch of consciousness in which we can see and feel achievement added to achievement, experience enriching previous experience, tint laid on tint; perhaps he is also not unmoved by the thought that the joy arising out of the expectation of life after death or rebirth could

at the utmost be an achievement in faith but could never be an achievement in experience.

III

MY knowledge of the history of mysticism is too imperfect for me to be able to say whether it has any parallels to offer to Rabindranath's paradox of being a mystic and worshipper of mother earth at the same time. Abbé Prémont, who has written with truth and justice about the similarities and dissimilarities between the poetic and the religious experience, would perhaps have said that there was nothing startling in this inasmuch as it was only an extension of the paradox of Rabindranath's being a poet. Abbé Prémont admits similarity between the mystical and the poetical activity; in fact, he has given one of the best expositions of the inter-connectedness of the two; but at the same time he holds poetic activity to be only a roughly sketched, confused, and imperfect reproduction of mystical activity, so that the poet, according to him, is only a mystic by fits and starts and a mystic who has missed his vocation.

Perhaps the point would become clearer if I were to quote the words of an eminent theologian whom Prémont consulted. "You are right," this theologian wrote to Prémont, "in saying that poetry is a kind of prayer which does not really pray; which imitates prayer; which employing some of the resources of the deep-seated soul in which lies its excellence—which gives at a discount an *ersatz* of the religious solution. Good as a medium and as a bait, in derationalizing *Animus*, poetry awakens and stimulates *Anima* but it remains good only in so far as it gives rise to the nostalgia for an absolute satisfaction of which it remains radically incapable; it becomes even dangerous in proportion as it comes to regard itself as perfect and independent and as attaining the object at once ideal and real which only religion can have a foreboding of, anticipate and give."

Can one extend this diagnosis and say that, not simply as a poet but as a philosopher as well, Rabindranath's universally admitted mysticism is not the real thing, but only a make-believe or a substitute, and that it is nothing more than a projection of his humanism and earth-loving credo? It requires a scholar and an expert in the history of religious thought to answer that question, into which a dabbler in literary criticism had better not allow himself to be trapped unawares. But in the history of Hindu religious creeds, and particularly in certain folk cults which have held sway among the Indian masses in the last three or four centuries, there is evidence of an intense faith in supra-mundane life going hand in hand with a child-like clinging to mortal existence. Even mendicants with their back turned on the world and going about with the beggar's bowl have sung with poignant conviction about the value of life and with equally poignant regret of its transience. In Rabindranath's combined mysticism and humanism one often detects insistent notes of these folk creeds. Anyway, the fact remains that in him the consciousness of the supra-mundane and the mundane life is almost equally balanced, and that the ever present

sense of annihilation, albeit bodily to his thinking, has led him to set a value on life which no epicure could match.

IV

ABOVE everything else, this attitude has cast its indelible stamp on his life and life-work, so that without it one finds no key to the variety of his interests and activities. He values life, and he feels equally strongly its evanescence. Therefore, he has turned to life and the world with all the strength of his immense vitality to garner his harvest while it was day. If he has been selective in this quest, he has been so only in his preferences and not in *a priori* exclusions. He has felt his way forward to each kind of activity that could contribute to the sum-total of his being almost as instinctively as a creeper spreads out its tendrils towards the sun. Or rather, to vary the metaphor, he has gone about much as a dowsing does with his wand and has struck at each source of life-giving water that he has come upon. In all the wide range of his activities extending from poetry to politics he has spread out the tentacles of his consciousness all around him till the whole world seemed to be of the very stuff of his own being.

There is something elemental and stark and even ferocious, in this quest for self-hood. Such a manifestation of individualism reminds one of a cycle of plant life:

*"Consider a plant—its life—how a seed fain to ground
sucketh in moisture for its germinating cells,
and as it sucketh swelleth, til it burst its case
and thrusting its roots downward and spreading them
wide*

*taketh tenure of the soil, and from ev'ry raindrop
on its dribbling passage to replenish the springs
plundereth the freighted salt, while it pricketh upright
with its flagstaff o'erhead for a place in the sun,
anon to disengage buds that in tender leaves
unfolding may inhale provender of the ambient air;
and, tentacles or tendrils, they search not blindly
but each one headeth straightly for its readiest prey;
and haply, if the seed be fain in a place of darkness
roof'd in by men—if ther should be any ray or gleam
how faint soe'er, 'twill crane and reach its pallid stalk
into the crevice, pushing ev'n to disrupt the stones."*

This quotation will recall to the readers of Rabindranath the revealing passage in one of his letters in which he compared himself to a plant on the newly emerging earth.

"I can very well remember, ages ago when the young earth had just raised her head from her sea-bath and was greeting that day's just risen sun, I, coming from where no one knows and carried on the crest of the first wave of life, had shot up as a plant in her virgin soil. Then it was that on this earth I first drank the light of the sun with my entire body under the blue sky; I waved myself like a little child in blind but glad stirrings of life: I hugged my earth mother

with all my roots and took my fill; my flowers blossomed and my shoots came forth in unreasoning delight."

It was not enough for Rabindranath's love of the earthly existence that he should absorb the world into himself through the senses; he wanted a close contiguity. That contiguity, to his thinking, could be realized only through physical contact, and only such physical contact as plants have with the earth. It is not surprising that such passionate attachment to the earth should seek to assimilate all that there is assimilable in this world; it could be also expected to lead Rabindranath to attempt something more ambitious,—to seek to save his individuality from the vast welter of the collective existence of man, to make it an epitome of human life, a perfect microcosm in the macrocosm.

In this again we meet the contradiction noticed above between the mystic and the humanist Rabindranath. The true mystic thinks little of individuality and still less of worldly permanence. His existence is not separative but unitive, his trend is towards generalization and not individualization. Believing himself to be merged in the absolute, he has little use for those particular and relative manifestations which, piled layer on layer, constitute the existence of the individualist. To the mystic "ceaseless quest for the diuturnity of our memories into present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly," not only because it is a contradiction to his beliefs to try to extend an existence whose death he daily prays for but also because for him true duration is not a relative property of matter, but an absolute thing, "which maketh pyramids pillars of snow and all that's past a moment."

V

BE that as it may, we have to take Rabindranath as he is, and cannot cast him into a pre-set mould, and that fact has a profound significance for a proper understanding of his artistic activity. As has already been said, the entire body of his artistic, intellectual, and even social activities is part of his quest for self-hood. He is not one of those magic master-minds in painting, music or poetry, who throw aside gems of art for man's regard or disregard in response to an urge they cannot help and once it is obeyed have no further preoccupation with the result. Cézanne, for example, put away his canvasses once they were finished and never again looked at them. Rabindranath, one should imagine, proceeds on quite another line, and exactly remembers what mile-stone each of his works forms in the growth of his personality. This is not an uncommon happening with men of letters, whose studies go to form a personality no less than a book. In fact, Mark Pattison used to maintain that the most important product of study was not the book but the man. This attitude is, however, rarer among creative artists. But among these relatively rare instances must be included the case of Rabindranath



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A man whose creative and critical activity (with whatever it may be concerned—things of the mind or practical endeavour) merges into the process of creating and forming himself, and whose humanism is as wide as Rabindranath's, is bound to be both versatile and eclectic. Rabindranath's versatility and eclecticism are amazing. Not only do they include activities rarely ever undertaken by a single individual, but they also embrace emotional, ethical, and intellectual shades assumed to be mutually destructive or contradictory. Rabindranath's liberalism has not prevented him from giving one of the best expositions of Hindu conservatism from a philosophical standpoint, although his contempt for Hindu conservatism as popularly practised is well-known. He has felt alternately drawn towards asceticism and sensuous enjoyment of life, towards nationalism and internationalism, towards extreme sophistication as well as folk cultures and beliefs. In certain of his short stories, he has shown himself to be in perfect imaginative contact with certain types of life with which one should least have expected him to be familiar—for example, the life of the urban middle-class, on the one hand when at its most staid and commonplace and on the other when touched with internal corruption and decay.

VI

IF versatility is one side of Rabindranath's quest for self-hood, it has another characteristic aspect in the fact that he has all through his life been a rebel. He has received his share of loyal, and even fanatical, devotion from a small band of followers, but more often he has voyaged alone, in strange silences with his soul. One can go further and say that he has had to fight his way out through an environment stonily unsympathetic when it was not consciously hostile, so that with perfectly good a title he can call his life *My Struggle*. In fairness to his countrymen, let us however add that the bitterness of Rabindranath's struggle is owing as much to his own intractability as to commonplaceness, stupidity and lack of imagination in the society in which he was born and had to work.

*"Qui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail*

* * * *

*Fi du rythme commode
Comme un soulier trop grand,
Du mode
Que tout pied quitte et prend!*

* * * *

*Sculpte, lime, cisèle;
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle*

Dans le bloc résistant!"

I do not know whether Rabindranath has ever thought of these lines of Théophile Gautier in connexion with his poetic craft, but in shaping his life and personality he has certainly proceeded in a manner whose principle the lines sum up with perfect justice. He has not rhymed handily and obviously with his fellows, nor has he put his feet in shoes which were a little too large, so that every foot could get into and get out of them.

Modern psychology tells us that the desire to rise above one's environment and to achieve personal significance is universal, no one is above or below it. But here the difference in degree is as big as the difference in kind, and the common man's search for self-hood bears no proportion, qualitatively and quantitatively, to Rabindranath's. So uncompromising, so idealistic, and so demoniac in a sense has he been that he has not only driven himself hard but has also exasperated, distraughted, and trodden on the toes of the men among whom he has had to work. Naturally, they are almost as sore as he himself is, and as a result at times both malevolent and malicious.

Rabindranath's struggle against his environment started with his school days, and has continued. Any other man would certainly have been left morally scarred by it. It is not that there is not in Rabindranath, too, a strain of disillusioned bitterness. Certain sentences in his prose writings rasp out a lack of charity about his fellow-countrymen, which hurts and rankles. But these rare and passing moods do not mar the permanent serenity, courage, and magnanimity of his nature. That is due above everything else to the internal discipline of the man which has tempered an almost morbidly sensitive nature to an unwavering contemplation of life, and tamed his inherently anti-social philosophy of life, into a recognition of the existence and needs of other men. For one less chastened, a sensibility like Rabindranath's would have been a source of untold agonies. No one can say that Rabindranath has not suffered; it is all too evident in his life and works, but for all that he has gone through he has not succumbed to bitterness or frivolity, the two refuges of weak characters.

Truly, Rabindranath's anger is not for us, however much we have misunderstood him. He will not, like Dante, sleep in far-away Ravenna because Florence, his mother city, has been ungrateful. His indignation, his intolerance, his pen, his sword, are reserved for a higher crusade. Against tyranny and obscurantism of every sort he has nursed and nurses a hatred which resembles the implacability of a child made to suffer humiliation in silent un-understood anguish. It is these that he has hated with all the strength of his masculine hatred. It is only against them that he has all along been the great rebel. But no, that word does him an injustice, he has been more than a rebel, he has been a fighter, and a fighter without fear and without reproach.

My First Impressions of RABINDRANATH

By

PRAMATHA CHAUDHURI

BROWNING in one of his poems asks: "Did you see Shelley plain?" I did see Rabindranath 'plain', for the first time, fifty-five years ago. His name at the time was familiar to me, but not his writings. In the summer of 1886 he came to see my late brother, Ashutosh Chaudhuri, who had just returned from England. We were living in Krishnagar at the time, and it was in our house there, that I first saw him.

My brother and Rabindranath started for England in the same boat in 1881, and it was as fellow-passengers that they came to know each other. Rabindranath was accompanied by his nephew Satyaprasad Ganguly, and they both came back from Madras for some reason or other; while my brother proceeded to England. But in these few days my brother had become an intimate friend of Rabindranath. That is why the Poet came to Krishnagar, and I had the opportunity of seeing him. I was then in my teens, and Rabindranath was twenty-five.

I was immensely impressed by his appearance. From my boyhood I was unusually sensitive to physical beauty. When I saw him, I felt that I had never before set eyes on a handsomer man. He was fair and tall, and had a splendid figure and a remarkably beautiful face. His eyes were large, his nose was straight and his forehead broad and high. Such a combination of strength and beauty I had never seen before. I also noticed that his whole person was informed with exuberant vitality.

On this occasion I had no opportunity of talking to him. I had just recovered from a serious illness, and with my shaven head and emaciated face, I did not like to appear before strangers. Even if I had been my usual self, I would not have dared to engage

his companions from behind the purdah; and I was so deeply impressed by the cleverness and wit of his talk, that I felt myself a pigmy before this gigantic intellect. The coruscations of his spirit were as brilliant as they were effortless. I was overjoyed to find that he never used Calcutta jargon, that his language was as light as it was bright, and as refined as it was captivating. He impressed me from the very first as a superman, both in body and mind. I am not prone to admiration by temperament, but Rabindranath compels one's admiration. His personality is so overwhelmingly superior to that of the average man. We all pass in the crowd, but not he.

II

I AM talking of my original impression, which is still vivid in my memory. And the public has since discovered that my instinctive appreciation of his greatness was not unfounded.

I have known him rather intimately for fifty-five years, and have had no occasion to change my opinion. My impression of Rabindranath's greatness was akin to perception. It was born of half-intuition and half-observation. In a word, it was a revelation.

I have said that at that time I was not familiar with his writings. That does not mean that I had not read a line written by him. I came to Calcutta when I was a little over thirteen and stayed here for nearly three years. I had read his "*Bhagnahridaya*" (Broken-heart) when I was a student of the Hare School, and I must confess that the book did not appeal to me. It struck me as a 'monotonous and sentimental *Kabya* (poetry), although it contained one magnificent passage about the starry heavens. No Bengali poet had hitherto portrayed such a vision

great. I speak from memory, and I hope it has not played me false.

Later in life I met in Leopardi a poem on the same theme, of great beauty and power. But in those days this Italian poet was unknown to me, and I believe Rabindranath was also wholly ignorant of Leopardi's poems.

I mention these facts to show that I first came to know Rabindranath in flesh and blood and not through his writings.

III

TODAY I shall refrain from saying anything about Rabindranath's poetic genius. I began by saying that I saw Rabindranath plain, and I want to confine my mind, as far as possible, to this first impression. People may accuse me of saying more about myself than the Poet. But that cannot be helped. I can only relate my own impressions, and not those of others.

I will mention only one other thing. At that time I also heard Rabindranath sing. In those days I was very fond of music, and used to associate with people who could sing and handle Indian musical instruments; and I knew the names of many *Ragas* and *Raginis*, and could also recognise them when sung or played.

Rabindranath sang a few songs,—a *tuppa* of Nidhoo Babu, one of his own recently-composed songs, and a Hindi song. His voice took me by surprise. It was a powerful tenor voice of extraordinary range. His style of singing was also quite different from that of others. It was practically free from interminable trills, and I felt that he had cultivated the *Dhrupad* style of singing.

Now-a-days his songs are constantly discussed. That he does not care for the classical style of singing *Kheyal* and *Tuppa*, is obvious. Vocal acrobatics are repugnant to him. But if *Dhrupad* and *Thumri* are considered to be classical, then his songs can also be called classical. Remember that I have used the term "classical". That this style is absolutely different from the new-fangled styles of *Kheyal* and *Tuppa*, must be obvious to all lovers of Indian music. *Bhajans* are never sung in the manner of *Kheyal* and *Tuppa*, because in *Bhajan* the words have a value of their own. Rabindranath's songs are full of significant words, and the *Dhrupad* style lends itself to their singing. Like his whole personality, his songs are characterised by indomit-

REQUESTS for reminiscences of the Poet come pouring in from all sides. Every periodical—whether daily, weekly, monthly or quarterly—is having, or has had, its Special Rabindra Number, replete with articles from various writers on various aspects of his genius; and the only fear is lest they should unwittingly repeat themselves in the process. How difficult it must be to say different things at different times on one and the same subject. Though I have heard it said that once when Rabindranath was in Bombay, Sarojini Naidu presided at four meetings held in his honour, and spoke about him from different points of view each time. But then, there is only one Sarojini!

Memory, that fickle maid, (I suppose she is feminine) refuses to be coerced. If you jog her, she jibs; if you woo her, she flies; if you let her go, she browses. It is when you least expect it that scenes from the past live again in your imagination. But print and page wait for no man, -or woman either; so it is either now or never. It would seem in this case that even age is an advantage, as the older you grow the more memories you are supposed to store up.

Unfortunately, all these celebrations and contributions are overcast with the gloom of the Poet's illness, and we can only hope and pray that his splendid constitution and exuberant vitality will once more drag him and us out of the Slough of Despond, which is so foreign to his nature. 'Ananda' has been his watchword throughout his life. May 'Ananda' dwell with him evermore.

II

THIS much is true, that few people are now living, who have been so closely associated with Rabindranath since childhood as we have. He accompanied my parents to England, and some of our earliest memories are connected with those country, though they have become pretty hazy, owing to the distance of time. Where are they gone, the old familiar faces of those who were our constant companions at that time? Some are dead, some are living, but separated by a death-in-life estrangement that is almost worse. Verily, as my uncle says in one of his songs, even in this life we pass through many transmigrations.

All that I can now recollect of England, apart from personal memories, is that we used to sing to

Reminiscences of RABINDRANATH

By

INDIRA-DEVI CHAUDHURI

III

In fact, music runs like a thread of gold through all the past, and it is difficult to keep away from the subject. I remember my uncle accompanied us on the return trip home, after a stay in England of about two-and-a-half years and such a severe storm arose one day, that rails had to be prevented from falling and smashing. But

THOSE who are fond of children have to put up with a lot, as everyone knows; and presumably, the amount of their long-suffering and patience is the standard by which their affection is tested. We must have plagued my uncle a good deal in those days, but I don't remember his ever getting vexed with us. Probably we were not so extraordinarily naughty either, compared to the spoilt children one sees now-a-days!

When in Calcutta, we never stayed for long in the family house at Jorasanko; but when we did, we usually occupied the rooms on the second floor, which now belong to Rabindranath. On one such occasion I remember how cut up he was at the death of my uncle Jyotirindra's wife, of whom he was very fond and who was very fond of us too. The story goes that she was so simple-minded, that when one of her favourite nephews told her he had passed a certain examination in the "fourth division", she believed him implicitly and was about to arrange a feast in his honour, when some kind friend exposed the trick that had been played upon her! They were very fond of pets, and I remember the big cages full of birds that used to stand in the verandah, and the man who brought insects to cater for them, and the little pocket monkey that seemed to have a special aversion for little girls. I recall another occasion when all the ladies of the family were in a high state of excitement because Bankim Babu (Chatterjee) was coming to visit my uncles, and how they made frantic efforts to peep at the great man from behind the shutters; which shows how greedily they must have devoured his novels when they first came out. Has it been possible for the succeeding generation to capture that first fine rapture amidst the plethora of modern



The Poet's second brother the late Satyendranath Tagore and his wife Janadanandini Devi. With them and their children—Indira Devi and Surendranath—Rabindranath spent two-and-a-half years in England

children are supposed to be immune from sea-sickness. I also remember singing "The Last Rose of Summer" to the Captain, when all the other passengers were down,—but whether that was on this occasion or another, I am not quite sure. Fancy remembering that the names of the boats we travelled by were the *Oxus* and *Meinam* (probably belonging to the P. & O. Co.), a minor detail which only serves to illustrate the vagaries of memory. Are those leviathans still in existence, I



The Poet with his niece Indira Devi, Mrs. P. Chaudhuri, and his nephew the late Surendranath Tagore: 1886

As a side issue, I suddenly remember our old *pundit*, Hemchandra Vidyaratna of the *Adi Samaj*, who came to teach us Sanskrit. He was a typical Brahmin *pundit* to look at, though somewhat stout: but as we kept nodding our sleepy heads most of the time, our proficiency in that divine language has remained somewhat limited. Also, his pronunciation (in the intervals of taking snuff) was most atrocious (may his soul rest in peace)! The Tagore brothers have always been great sticklers for correct Sanskrit pronunciation, and their voices also were naturally powerful and well-modulated,—ideal voices for singing, reciting and play-acting, in all of which they, especially Rabindranath, excelled. Hence, together with music, the drama also occupies a large share in our childhood's memories.

IV

MY UNCLE, of course, had his own friends (though not many) and his own literary societies, to some of which I accompanied him. His tall, handsome figure crowned with long curly locks (at about the age of twenty-five), is familiar to the Bengali general public by now, thanks to there being so many pictures of him at all ages. How wonderfully well he takes, and what an exhibition could be held of his photographs alone! And what a cruel fate it is that has now shorn his magnificent head of its splendour, and deprived his glorious senses of their keenness!

He often accompanied us on our annual visits to my father in Bombay, and it was from Karwar, near Goa, that he came back home to get married. We lived mostly in different rented

houses in the southern quarter of Calcutta, and my uncle's family often came and stayed with us. In one such house the opera *Mayar Khela* was composed; in another *Visarjan* was read out to us and *Raja-o-Rani* staged by members of the family. The *Kheyal Khata* was another great institution, in which all and sundry were invited to set down their random thoughts. There are many entries in this *khata* in my uncle's beautiful handwriting, which now alas! has become the shaky ghost of its former self. Another family album which would, I am sure, prove of great general interest is the series of picture-riddles in which correspondence was regularly carried on for a long time between Simla and Calcutta. It is a lasting shame and regret that one book from each set is missing. My uncle always had a taste for drawing, now I come to think of it; but it was overshadowed by the sister arts and has only lately come into its own.

What else is there to say, that has not been said already by others, or by himself in his own inimitable language?—As my mother used to say, the Tagore brothers have written their own autobiographies and left nothing to be added. All that can be added is the fervent wish that his life-long *Sadhana* will not have been in vain, and that his countrymen will not allow his beloved *Visva Bharati* to languish for want of support but will strive to keep alive its traditions and atmosphere and ideals as far as possible, so that the desire of his heart and the ambition of his life may be fulfilled.

আছে মা, তোর মুখে স্বর্গের কিরণ,
হৃদয়েতে উষার আভাস,
খুঁজিছে সরল পথ ব্যাকুল নয়ন
চারিদিকে মর্ত্যের প্রবাস।
আপনার ছায়া ফেলি' আমরা সকলে
পথ তোর অন্ধকারে ঢাকি,
ক্ষুদ্র কথা, ক্ষুদ্র কাজে, ক্ষুদ্র শত ছলে,
কেন তোর ভুলাইয়া রাখি।

অনন্তের মাঝখানে দাঁড়াও মা আসি,
চেয়ে দেখ আকাশের পানে,
পড়ুক বিমল-বিভা, পূর্ণ রূপরাশি
স্বর্গমুখী কমল-নয়ানে।
আনন্দে ফুটিয়া ওঠ শুভ্র স্বর্ষ্যোদয়ে
প্রভাতের কুহুমের মত,
দাঁড়াও সায়াহ্নমাঝে পবিত্র হৃদয়ে
মাথাখানি করিয়া আনত।

—From a poem addressed to Sreemati Indira Devi by his uncle Rabindranath in 1883, published in 'Kadi-o-komal'.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE AT DRESDEN

By

RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE



—From a photo taken in Germany in 1926

IN 1926 the League of Nations had invited me to visit Geneva in order to have direct personal knowledge of its work, including that of its International Labour Organisation, as also to be present at the meetings of the League of Nations Assembly and the League Council that year. After staying at Geneva for as many days in September, 1926, as I thought necessary, I left for Berlin.

It takes about 22 hours to reach Berlin from Geneva. I left the latter town one morning at about 11, and reached Berlin the next morning at about 9. On the day of my arrival, which was a Saturday, Rabindranath Tagore, who was lecturing in various towns of Germany, was not at Berlin. He was to lecture and recite poems at Dresden on the Monday following, and his dramatic piece, *The Post Office*, was also to be played there in its German version. So I started for that town in the morning in the company of Mrs. Rathindranath Tagore and Mr. Arabinda Mohan Bose. Arriving there at about 1 P.M., we did not go at once to the hotel where the Poet was staying. He was to lecture in the evening, and the play was to come off after the lecture. So, we wanted to see the town first. It is an old town, the capital of Saxony,

located in a charming valley on the river, the parts of the town on the left and right banks being connected by several bridges, of which the Albert Bridge is a masterpiece of architecture. On account of its architecture and splendid art collections, its artistic and educational reputation, public squares and gardens, and its charming promenade on the Elbe, Dresden had the reputation of being a pleasant and attractive town.

We finished our lunch at the railway station restaurant, and from there we went to see the famous picture-gallery, which forms part of the famous Dresden museum. When we had almost reached its entrance, a photographer, armed with a camera, suddenly made his appearance and politely asked us to stand in front of him for a short while. I told him that I was not Tagore but only a countryman of his; though the lady in our company was Tagore's daughter-in-law. He snapped us—perhaps because there was a Hindu lady in our company clad in the graceful sari. I asked him to send me a print to my Berlin address with a bill, which he never did.

The picture-gallery is one of the finest collections in Europe out of Italy and then (1926) contained about 2,400 paintings, mainly by Italian and Flemish

considered the gem of the collection. It is kept in a separate room by itself in a sort of shrine, and is visited by large numbers of persons. The appreciation of some of them is purely aesthetic; but many almost adore it. Other masterpieces are Titian's 'Tribute Money' and Corregio's 'Magdalene' and 'Da Notte'. I did not like the fat nude women in some of the large Flemish paintings. I do not speak here as a puritan. The nude figures were not at all even artistic. As Mrs. Rathindranath Tagore is herself an accomplished artist, she would often draw my attention to some particularly fine specimen of painting. While we were going the round of the rooms, a German lady accosted me and said in English: "May I have your permission to speak to you for a few minutes?" I replied at once: "Certainly you may. But you have made a mistake. I am not Rabindranath Tagore, I am only a countryman of his. The Hindu lady with us is Tagore's daughter-in-law and an accomplished artist." Thereupon she said, pointing to her companions, who also were persons of her sex: "I thought so, but they insisted that you were Tagore." No one who has seen Rabindranath Tagore can mistake anybody else for him. The reason why this aged Indian with a long grey beard was mistaken for the Poet by some persons at the Venice railway station, then in Geneva at the

first meeting of the League of Nations Assembly in September, 1926, next twice at Dresden and, lastly, in the dining car of the railway train by which we were going from Prague to Vienna in the company of Tagore, who, being then indisposed, was resting in his compartment, was that it had become known all over the Continent that he was touring in Europe, and so it was thought by people who had never seen him or his portraits, now in this country or place, now in some other, that he was there. Owing to these mistakes the Poet once humorously proposed in Berlin that I should go to a certain town which he was to visit the next day and personate him and read out his lecture there!

From the picture-gallery we went to see the palace, an imposing building. But we were too late, it was then closed. But one part of it was open. It was the 'Green Vault', containing a valuable collection of precious stones, pearls and curios, and articles in gold, silver, ivory, etc. One of the caretakers pointed out to us some of the gems which had come from India. India has enriched many a country and town, but herself remains poor. The Public Library, the churches, the factories, etc., for which Dresden is famous, I had no time to see. I, however, saw an international exhibition of modern paintings which was then being held there. Artists from all countries of Europe and from America had sent their works there. I do not now remember whether Japan was represented, but India was not. The collection was very large. The paintings were, however, too modern for an old-fashioned man like myself, who, moreover, cannot pretend to be an art critic or connoisseur. Though Mrs. Tagore and I could appreciate a few works of art, I could not make out what real or imaginary objects or ideas many of them represented. I could only see that their colour scheme was striking. Within the same extensive area, there was also an international exhibition of gardening and of flowers. Models of many famous historical gardens, including at least one—I forget which—belonging to India, were kept there. And there were other models suggesting how gardens might be planned. As for the flowers, they were one mass of colour. From the exhibition grounds we went by tramcar to the hotel where the Poet was putting up. The car was overcrowded; many could have only standing room. But when I got into it, some of the passengers, including some girls, seeing an old man standing, stood up to make room for me.

II

WE went to the big hall where the Poet was to lecture, a few minutes before the time fixed. It could accommodate some three or four thousand persons. There was not a single unoccupied seat. Some persons had to remain standing. A large section of the audience consisted of women. Many men and women could understand what the Poet said in English. Others, the majority, understood the lecture from the translation in German delivered fluently in a sonorous voice by Pandit Tarachand Roy, Professor of Hindi in Berlin University. Each paragraph delivered by the Poet in English was followed by its German translation by the Pandit—a Punjabi gentleman. There were many reporters, about half being women. The reporter who was obviously taking down the whole lecture verbatim was a woman. After the lecture, the Poet recited many of his English and Bengali poems. The lecture and the recitations were frequently applauded. His poems, particularly those from *The Crescent Moon*, were highly appreciated, so much so that he had to recite more poems than he had originally intended to do. I remember that he had to recite "Defamation", quoted below from *The Crescent Moon*, at least twice, if not thrice:

"Why are those tears in your eyes, my child?

How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing?

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty?

O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink?

For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are ready to find fault for nothing.

You tore your clothes while playing is that why they call you untidy?

O, fie; What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds?

Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.

They make a long list of your misdeeds.

Everybody knows how you love sweet things—is that why they call you greedy?

III

WHEN the lecture and recitations were over, we made our way with difficulty through crowds of people to the theatre. On coming out of the hall where the Poet had lectured, we found the footpath so crowded that it took him and his companions some minutes to get into their cars, which had to move slowly through the streets thronged with crowds eager to have a look at him. When the conveyances reached the theatre, there was again some delay in entering it on account of the road and footpath in front of it being choked with jostling crowds. In the theatre also there was not an inch of space left unoccupied. Considering the unfamiliarity of the subject and of the *dramatis personae*, the acting was creditable. Some of the dresses were rather funny. I do not, as I should not, say this in a fault-finding spirit; for Bengali male and female costumes are unfamiliar to Germans. I should rather congratulate the management of the theatre on having procured a palm-leaf umbrella for the Morol মোড়ল Bengali ornaments for Sudha, the bamboo carrier of curds for the curd-seller, etc. The part of Amal, the sick boy, was played by a young actress. At Prague also, both in the Czech and German theatres, actresses played that part. Everywhere, the parts of the boys also who came to play with Amal, were played by actresses. Both in Germany and Czechoslovakia the Poet asked why actresses played these parts. He was told that boys could not be had there to play these parts. Boys of Amal's age could not enter into his feelings and sentiments. It is different in Bengal and with Bengalis living outside Bengal. Some Bengali boys have played the part of Amal to perfection. I do not know whether *The Post Office* has been staged anywhere in India by non-Bengalis. So I cannot say whether non-Bengalis boys have played the part of Amal, and, if so, how. When the play was over, the proprietor or manager of the theatre read out a highly respectful and appreciative address to the Poet who received an ovation also from the audience.

IV

IN the hotel where the Poet stayed, I found him, morning and evening calmly and patiently autographing score of some work or other of his, translate into German, and brought to him by strangers. The waiters and waitresses of the hotel were not behindhand in

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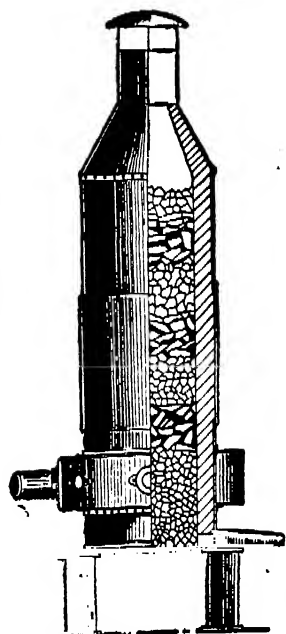
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for his signature—so cultured were even they. He had also to autograph packs of visiting cards of people quite unknown to him. So I suggested humorously that if he had fixed a fee for his autograph, he could have made some money: In reply he simply smiled and referred to the lack of business instinct in his mental make-up and to his failure to win the grace of the goddess Lakshmi.

It was not merely autograph-hunters who sought his favour. Artists of sorts were also in evidence. He yielded to the importunities of a portrait-painter who wanted only fifteen minutes' sitting to execute a pencil or crayon sketch of him. The first attempt of this artist was a failure. So, too, the second. The Poet gave him a third chance. When the man had finished, Rabindranath asked me, "Does it not look like Michael Madhusudan Dutt?" With that he autographed the portrait, which did indeed bear more resemblance to Madhusudan than to Rabindranath. Did

the Poet's question imply, one wonders, that there was no harm in admitting a portrait to be his own *provided it was that of some poet!*

V

FROM Dresden the Poet came back to Berlin. His daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Prasanta Mahalanobis, Prof. Tarachand Roy, Mr. P. C. Lal and myself accompanied him. In the train, Mrs. Mahalanobis (Rani Devi) regaled the Poet with chocolates, which he enjoyed like a child. I must admit that I, too, had my share. During the journey the Poet said many things, grave and gay, worth recording in permanent form; but I am sorry I did not take any notes. Their flavour would be lost, if I attempted to give their mere substance from memory in English translation. Nevertheless, I venture to record two observations of the Poet.

The epithets "*sujalam, suphalam, shasyashyamalam*", in the "*Bande Mataram*" song, said he, could not be so appropriately applied to Bengal or all other parts of India in all seasons as to many parts of Europe. I had seen only a few regions of that continent. Of them the Poet's remark appeared to me to be correct. We have to compete with the people of those parts so favoured by Nature. It is a difficult but not a hopeless task.

Another thing which the Poet told us was that a European editor of note, a friend of his, had told him that the people of Europe were generally ignorant of things Indian and Indian affairs. So if he could get some reliable and well-informed Indian writer to write on contemporary Indian events and problems with the world situation as their context, his contribution would be published, and European readers would be able easily to understand the state of things in India.

TAGORE IN BERLIN: 1921

BERLIN, June 3, 1921—Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian Poet, was here today. A beautiful specimen of the apostle, with flowing hair and beard. More impressive in appearance than most of the conceptions of Christ. A slow, smooth, quiet voice, which rather charmed me. He has had a tremendous reception in Scandinavia and Germany. Helen [Lady D'Abernon, a daughter of Lord Rosebery, a former British Premier] went to one of his

readings yesterday, but not only could not get into the room but could hardly get into the street, so great was the crowd.

TAGORE says, he has talked with most of the intellectuals here and finds the German mind looking about for some new philosophy. . . . He had been greatly impressed by the depth of hatred against the French. . . . He gave it as his opinion that the result

of the war had been a great coarsening of feeling throughout Europe, a great indifference to disorder and human suffering. To him all Europe is alike; one European is like another European; our culture and our characteristics are similar; no European realises how much identity there is nor how small are the divergencies between countries whose main stock-in-trade consists of nationalistic antipathies.

—From *'The Diary of Viscount D'Abernon', British Ambassador in Berlin from 1920-26, Vol. I, pp. 179-80.*

EUCKEN AND TAGORE: TWO LETTERS

The following letters were exchanged between Rudolf Eucken, the great German philosopher and Rabindranath Tagore, when the latter visited Germany in 1921 and was staying with his friend Count Keyserling in Darmstadt:—

[EUCKEN'S LETTER]

Jena,
June 11, 1921.

DEAR SIR AND MASTER,

As I so greatly regret not to have had the chance of meeting you in Germany being hard pressed with work, I must send you hearty greetings and tell you how sorry I am. All the more so as I should like to assure you of my great sympathy towards your personality as well as for your noble work. We are both united through having the same aim: a thorough deepening and raising of mankind: this unavoidable mission may form itself differently in India and Germany but we shall agree in the chief aim. German life carries in itself a great lesson: a close combination of work and soul; the deepest characteristic feature of German mankind is, to put soul into work so as to be able to give the soul an aim of its own and then unite all in all therewith to raise work to such a high standard, which carries in itself a world of its own.

Now in this modern world, soul and work have gone asunder; our culture has become a one-sided culture of labour, and the soul has not sufficient power to put the whole of life into harmony.

At the same time we experienced the national and ethnic defeat, also the worry for the existence of our heavily pressed people. May the aspect of our life be ever so dim, we need not despair as misfortune shall not break our courage. In our German life there is an unfathomable deepness and a great capability of devotion; even after heavy blows the German nation has always found herself again and gained an ascent in spite of pain or sorrow; we trust in the power and love of the creating will-power of the world. This will-power of the world—

sense and value and develop it to the best of our ability. This living faith pierces the depth of German life; but now is the moment that one must exert all one's power for the great work, the saving of mankind and one's own people. Amidst these dangers and distresses it is a great pleasure and help to us to hear the voice of the noble Indian philosopher, thinker and artist and to be furthered thereby. Certainly there will be many things in the present German life which may not please you; the exterior often predominates; at the same time the surface of life is often dreadfully split up and the multitudinous movements often cross each other to the greatest opposition. All that however does not concern the last depth of German living. I, therefore, beg you heartily not to lose your faith in the German people and its labouring power. The mere ideal of power as it especially penetrates in English life does not suffice German species but demands a life's content and at the same time a firm connection with the intellectual totality and does not think psychologically but metaphysically and demands an inner revolution, a regeneration; and in this striving, German and Indian mode of thinking, can help and complete each other.

For us it is however a real pleasure, and we owe you much gratitude, that you came to us and gave us such a valuable sign of your sympathy.

May you kindly keep this sympathy for our German people and may I also have a personal share therein?

This is what I beg of you and with the hearty wish that Germany be present to you at heart,

I remain,

In devotion and hearty sentiment,

Truly yours

RUDOLF EUCKEN.

[THE POET'S REPLY]

Nrurs Palais,
Darmstadt,
June 13, 1921.

DEAR MASTER,

It has given me great delight to read your kind letter addressed to me. I had a desire to visit Jena and meet you there, but my engagement at Darmstadt has unfortunately upset my plan, and it grieves my heart to leave Germany without seeing you.

It has been said in our scriptures that there are three ways of realising the Infinite according to the temperaments of individuals. These are through knowledge, through love, and through action. Their respective paths are philosophy, religion, and science. But owing to the distraction of selfish passions and want of detachment of spirit, men almost everywhere have missed their chance; and philosophy wrongly pursued, religion wrongly practised and science wrongly applied have brought upon us continual series of disasters. It was the mission of Europe to inaugurate the era of *Karma-Yoga*, the fulfilment of self through action. And therefore the vehicle on which she was to travel to her goal she is made to carry on her head. She has suffered and the world eagerly is waiting to see how she takes the lessons of her sufferings. If it be the destiny of Germany to go through the penance for the sin of the modern age and come out purified and strong, if she can know how to make use of the fire that has scorched her for lighting up the path to a great future, to the aspiration of soul for its true freedom, she will be blessed in the history of humanity.

I carry with me the most generous hospitality of heart offered to me by the people of this country and I leave behind me my love and sympathy for them.

Very sincerely yours,
RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



THE VISIBLE DREAMS *of* RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By

COMTESSE DE NOAILLES

IT is now ten years since I had the rare good fortune, which touched me to the heart, of taking a walk with Rabindranath Tagore on a cool evening, in a magnificent garden laid out in imitation of the East, on the banks of the Seine. The tall stature of the Poet clad in linen, his velvet tread on the golden gravel, his face of a prophet (who is not exasperated by, but accepts and shapes his destiny), his peaceful hands which appeared to have the power of enriching and consoling mankind, seemed a sufficient explanation of the rose-trees of Bengal lifting themselves proudly on the two sides of his regal walk!

How noble he was and unstinted, this wise man, in communion with himself, enigmatical and yet transparent, like the silver sea!

To-day, Tagore presents to our admiring gaze that immense part of his dream of which he had spoken already in his famous stanzas: "I comprehend the voice of the stars and the silence of the trees. One day, I would meet, outside myself, the joy which resides behind the screen of





The Poet painting

up the whole future! Man takes time to attain to a clear knowledge of himself. Suddenly he knows, and then, again, he does not know. Tagore, the magician, who, with his fingers raised, without fear of any check, had attempted to pacify the furious winds, and who declares to have cured, with his intense will-power, the mortal sting of the scorpion, is timid before his creations, to the fineness and brilliance of which each one of us is a witness. We praise him quite naturally; as for him, he doubts, questions, hesitates and smiles.

*
* *

WHILE he had been writing his books interspersed with invisible stars, the pictorial work of Tagore crowded around him like a dancing multitude, not known to his reason, coming from all parts of the world to his happy island. Socrates taught the famous principle: "Know thyself". No doubt, daughter of the Greeks that I am, I would not repudiate this great precept which urges intelligence to be on its guard, to take its stand on logic, to put away from itself splendid dreams

created forms. But there is not one single commandment for the spirit. He, Tagore, has suffered the eyelids of his universal soul to grow heavy and dull, has not used up his efforts to be nothing

but himself, has consented to see the break-up of the elements of which his dreams are formed,—and suddenly is presented to us a prodigious work, making him multiple and diverse. Behold his



intimate people, his secret inmates, his surprising multitude! Praised be the destiny which has caused brilliant new fruits to spring up on the tree whose roots had stretched out for a long time!

*
* *

IT IS highly interesting to know how Tagore, an intelligent dreamer, had been led to his startling creations which charm the eye and make it travel in countries where the plausible is affirmed to be more true than the real! With his beautiful hand, of the colour of white dove, he wrote his poems, and in the margins of the manuscript, intoxicated suddenly by an ineffable elixir, he felt himself carried away far from the narrow and rigorous labour and handed over to the ungovernable forces of the imagination. He sketched, then developed, perfected the treasures of the unknown, a pupil obedient to a celestial guide. It is thus that he who possesses the gift of tears and weeps without knowing the cause of his regret, feels the mysterious dew forming on his face an

inexplicable network of liquid lace, gazed on by the angels.

*
* *



THE PICTURES of Tagore which begin like the cut the spirit into sleep by di and vague spirals, define selves in the course of remarkable execution, and stupefied before this ma creativeness which reveals as much in the trifling as i vast. The gloomy stain, snowy white, the reds, the g the violets issue from limbs reconstruct a living uni Tagore, whose charming have whispered to us so subtle affirmations, now pr to us the mystery of the plicity of man, of the ple ancestral influence, hasteni the feet of phantoms, with laughter of the magicians!

We read in William Ja "We do not possess the k our reservoirs." Ah! How sigh contains much more o tainties than of regrets.

Why has Tagore, the mystic, suddenly, without ing, set at liberty that whi him scoffs, banter and pe despises? Certainly, beauty the greatest part in the d and colours of the poet; the

grace of the world of waters, and such deep blue night where, it would seem, the happiest lovers of Shakespeare are gathered together, transport us to a paradise so substantial that it does away with the notion of death. But how are we not to dread those profiles of corpulent gluttons and sensualists with whom Cervantes made us acquainted? How are we not to have an unquiet heart before those satanic masques, lean, crimson, ghastly,—seen obliquely, sharp like the knife, appearing like incarnations of craftiness and joyful treachery? But, also, how charming it is to discover the cunning poise, cleverly obtained, of the two pigeons! How funny, illusive, in its posture of the coquette who drives desire to despair, is the antelope, suspended as it were, and how one would think it to be flying

—I love you and have more admiration for you, Tagore,



since when you made to us such rich and sometimes such cruel confidences ; but, would I ever find again the great ingenuous angel that you were, when your silent feet

on the garden gravel, made me think of my sins, imaginary perhaps, and of your sublime innocence?

[Translated from French]

—Foreword to the catalogue of an exhibition of Tagore's drawings and paintings held at Galerie Pigalle, Paris in May, 1930.

MY PICTURES

By

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

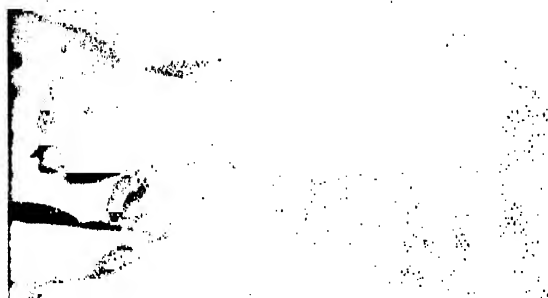
AN apology is due from me for my intrusion into the world of pictures and thus offerings a perfect instance to the saying that those who do not know that they know not are apt to be rash where angels are timidly careful. I, as an artist, cannot claim any merit for my courage ; for it is the unconscious courage of the unsophisticated, like that of one who walks in dream on perilous path, who is saved only because he is blind to the risk.

THE only training which I had from my young days was the training in rhythm, the rhythm in thought, the rhythm in sound. I had come to know that rhythm gives reality to that which is desultory, which is insignificant in itself. And therefore, when the scratches in my manuscript cried, like sinners, for salvation, and assailed my eyes with the ugliness of their irrelevance, I often took more time in rescuing them into a merciful finality of rhythm than in carrying on what was my obvious task.

IN the process of this salvage work I came to discover one fact, that in the universe of forms there is a perpetual activity of natural selection in lines, and only the fittest survives which has in itself the fitness of cadence, and I felt that to solve the unemployment problem of the homeless heterogeneous into an interrelated balance of fulfilment, is creation itself.

MY pictures are my versification in lines. If by chance they are entitled to claim recognition it must be primarily for some rhythmic significance of form which is ultimate, and not for any interpretation of an idea, or representation of a fact.

Tagore's Letters



By

DHURJATI PRASAD MUKERJI

VOLTAIRE is reputed to have flooded his world with letters. We marvel at this busy man's voluminous correspondence. Kings and Princes were proud to receive them and replied in their own hands. They were flattered by the fulsome praise in which Voltaire excelled and wrote back in honeyed words of their great debt and gratitude. Probably, another pen was used to kindle those who were ready to catch the flame that glowing brain. Those were glorious days when leisure called for the goose-quill and, therefore, epistles in the form of essays. Even a young man wasted two sheaves to get a guinea from an old aunt. Ideas required elaboration and style flourished in the process. In our own younger days, village kinsmen sent their Bijoya greetings in two pages of note sheets. We manage them now in set telegram-forms. The fact is that we have become slaves of time and lost our leisure. But there is a more important reason. Letter writing flourishes as an art in the hands of detached people during courtly but critical periods in history. In the days of conformity exegesis is the order; when values are being re-valued, letters release the surplus irresponsible energies involved in experiments and creation. Poetic tradition was being recast as a backwash of the French Revolution, when that supremely isolated individual, Keats, was privately maturing; and he poured himself out in that great series of letters which are as much a claim to his greatness as his Odes. Dr. H. Lawrence could not accept the mechanical and sophisticated civilisation of the day and scattered pell mell the seeds of new life. Even the delicate, shy, Katherine Mansfield gave in the pages of her letters the minutest reactions of her extraordinarily sensitive mind.

India, too, has had her reputed critical phases. In Bengal, the transformation of values was brisk. Nor was

letter-writer. Next to him comes Pramatha Chowdhury whose sparkling letters are a treasure to their recipients. Vivekananda's correspondence is full of vigour and honesty and seriousness. But there the list ends. Surely, it is not a fault of the language. After Tagore, it is foolish to say that the language is not tractable for epistolary purposes. As for "Birbal", you cannot say that wit, clarity and precision are barred out by our philology. The lapse is due to deeper causes than the absence of leisure. There is something wrong with our mental habits. We may be keen in intelligence but we are uncritical in intelligence. We are not sensitive or observant enough. Or is it that our phrases have not become critical enough?

II

LOOK at Tagore's letters. Their first characteristic is that most of them are written from abroad to friends in India. Europe, Russia, Persia, Java, Japan, America are the venues. Excepting the famous Bhanu Singha's letters to a young friend, the majority of the letters written from India also are written from outside Bengal. This proves that even Tagore needed distance for detachment. The second feature is equally striking. Nearly all the travel-epistles are evaluating in terms of Indian culture. The poet learns the best in foreign cultures and simultaneously appraises them. English customs, Japanese manners, Japanese dance, Persian national endeavours, Russian collective faith and enterprises—the inwardness of all is intuitively comprehended along with their deficiencies. Originally, Tagore's travel-diaries were also letters. They betray a mind that is willing to accept and to reject on the basis of a standard which is Indian culture as he would like it to be in the light of its ancient heritage and modern contacts. The wider canvas makes his foreign letters impersonal and philosophical; in his letters they remain in their intimate sensibilities, in the spirit of quick give and take, in the dynamics of the panorama which he observes, in the humour of the details that do not escape his eyes.

again. This volume, in my opinion, is unique. Tagore's capacity to enter into the minds of the child and the adolescent is unrivalled. Only a few months ago he has once more proved it beyond doubt by his *Chhele Bela*—a book that is even superior to Tolstoy's similar work. That capacity is in full play in Bhanu Singha's letters. Of course, the child who was the fortunate other party was herself a genius for her age. She had suggested amendments to the Poet's poems and tables! And the Poet bloomed out in response in all the glory of his wit, in the utmost delicacy of his sensibility. Subtlety in the simplest words and syntaxes makes a muslin of these letters. A shot *muslin* again, if that were possible, for colours chase each other with every change in the light-fall. No, these letters are not trifles. They are only the gods' play at the foot of Olympus on beds of asphodel.

III

I KNOW of an opinion that holds that Bhanu Singha's letters are the only genuine letters that the Poet has written. The reason for such a view is a supposition, which has been recently fostered by certain English critics, *viz.*, that epistolary expression should be of the writer off his duties. A letter-writer, true to his genus, it is held, is an artist in *mufti*. A presumption like this is neither historically or aesthetically

valid. Abelard's letters are as grave as Henry James's or Flaubert's. The aesthetic point involved here is whether or no there is a difference between seriousness and heaviness. It is not simply a question of taste. By these comments I do not suggest that it is not possible to produce beautiful letters without a philosophical approach and serious view. But such letters do not survive. They please the passing moments. Letters need not be personal to be charming. If the personal element comes in, human relationship is easily established—thar's all.

But I have not so despaired of human nature as to think that it is constantly seeking physical contacts. Who does not know that personal, private, light touches have been recently held to be the tests of good essays? I wonder that Bacon and Emerson would have thought of this opinion that takes E. V. Lucas and Robert Lynd as master-essayists. *The Essays of Elia* are not exhausted by the Roast Pig. Similarly, Keats did not exhaust himself in his letters to Fanny Browne. Cowper will be quoted. But I have always looked away from the sight of the Stricken Deer. So Tagore's letters are great, because they are serious without being heavy; because they show the inner working of a great mind. They are an integral part of his genius. They have been generously bestowed on all sorts of people, including a Viceroy, and they are all treasured. From them have evolved his paintings—but that is, as Kipling would say, another story.

"THE POET'S REPUBLIC": A TYPICAL TAGORE LETTER

PLATO threatened to banish all poets from his Republic. Was it in pity or in anger, I wonder? Will our Indian Swaraj, when it comes to exist, pass a deportation order against all feckless creatures who are pursuers of phantoms and fashioners of dreams, who neither dig nor sow, bake nor boil, spin nor darn, neither move nor support resolutions?

"I have often tried to imagine the banished hordes of poets establishing their own Republic in the near neighbourhood of that of Plato. Naturally, as an act of reprisal, His Excellency the Poet-President is sure to banish from the Rhymers' Republic all philosophers and politicians. Just think of the endless possibilities arising from feuds and truces of these rival Republics—peace conferences, deputations of representatives, institutions of busy secretaries and permanent funds having for their object the bridging of the gulf between the two adversaries. Then think of the trivial accident, through which a hapless young man and a melancholy maiden, coming from the opposite territories, meet at the frontier, and owing to the influence of the conjunction of their respective planets fall in love with each other.

"There is no harm in supposing that the young man is the son of the President of the Philosophers' Republic, while the maiden is the daughter of that of the Poets. The immediate consequence is the secret smuggling of forbidden love-lyrics by the desperate youth into the very heart of the com-

mentaries and controversies of the two contradictory schools of Philosophy—the one professed by the yellow-turbaned sages, proclaiming that *one* is truth and *two* is an illusion, and the other, which is the doctrine of the green-turbaned sages, asserting that *two* is truth and *one* is an illusion.

"Then came the day of the great meeting, presided over by the Philosopher-President, when the pandits of the two factions met to fight their dialectic duels finally to decide the truth. The din of debates grew into a tumultuous hubbub; the supporters of both parties threatened violence and the throne of truth was usurped by shouts. When these shouts were about to be transmuted into blows, there appeared in the arena the pair of lovers who, on the night of the full moon of April, were secretly wedded, though such intermarriage was against the law. When they stood in the open partition between the two parties, a sudden hush fell upon the assembly.

"How this unexpected and yet ever-to-be-expected event, mixed with texts liberally quoted from the proscribed love-lyrics, ultimately helped to reconcile the hopeless contradiction in logic is a long story. It is well known to those who have had the privilege to pursue the subsequent verdict of the judges that both doctrines are held to be undoubtedly true: that *one* is in *two*, and therefore *two* must find itself in *one*. The acknowledgement of this principle helped to make the intermarriage valid, and since then the two

Republics have successfully carried out their disarmament, having discovered for the first time that the gulf between them was imaginary.

"Such a simple and happy ending of this drama has caused wide-spread unemployment and consequent feeling of disgust among the vast number of secretaries and missionaries belonging to the institutions maintained, with the help of permanent funds, for the preaching of Union those organizations which were so enormously perfect in their machinery that they could well afford to ignore the insignificant fact of their barrenness of result. A large number of these individuals gifted with an ineradicable passion for doing good are joining the opposite organizations, which have their permanent funds, in order to help them to prove and to preach that two is two and never the twain shall meet.

"That the above story is a true one will, I am sure, be borne out by the testimony of even the august shade of Plato himself. This episode of the game of hide-and-seek of one in two should be sung by some poet; and therefore I request you to give it, with my blessing to Satyendranath Datta [the famous Bengali poet, greatly loved and admired by Rabindranath Tagore. He has since, unfortunately, died] that he may set it in those inimitable verse forms of which he is a master, and make it ring with the music of his happy laughter."

—From "Letters To A friend".

A LETTER TO WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

Ramgarh, Kumaon Hills,
June 2, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter gave me great joy, because it is your letter and because I got it when I had regained my peace of mind under the kindly care of the Father Himalaya. I have been wishing every day since I came here that you were here. This is just the place that you were here. My house here will in the world for you. If it is in vain, I can-

lonely sandbanks of the Padma. But, my friend, if you fail to come to share with us this feast of colour and light and love, you will have to pay for it in your next birth. I do not know what your punishment will be—possibly you will have the heart of a Yogi and yet be born again and again in London. I know you and your own atmosphere. I have seen you alone and in crowds, I have sat with you at your dinner table and sat to you in your studio. I have walked

I have shared with you the silence of the sunset sky in that beautiful terrace at Oakhill Park, but I came to you like an apparition blurred and out of focus at best like a statue, somewhat unreal, because bereft of all atmosphere. Do you not think it is unfair to me, and that you should bring me out of the casket where my fate carefully placed me while sending me overseas—that you should hold me in the light turning me round to have a fair valuation of my



SILLIDAH IN SUMMER AT THE PERIOD
WHEN THE POET RESIDED THERE

Redrawn for the "Gazette" from
sketches made then by the writer

"MY RABINDRANATH"

— AN INTROSPECTION —

IT was many years ago. To the Jorasanko residence of the Poet came a joyous lad, humming an indistinct tune, his upper lip, adorned with the faint dawn of a moustache, quivering with emotion. The lad was an enthusiastic autograph-hunter. He had come with certain hopes and with a sprinkling of the ego so natural at his age. The Poet had no time to see him; instead, he wrote his name on a piece of notepaper and sent it down to the lad. That was only half success. The lad's vanity was hurt, for he had come with the idea of holding an intimate conversation with the Poet, incidentally to display his wisdom, another name for ignorance. But he was glad to possess the signature, although not in his cloth-bound little book.

Circumstances, a few years later, brought this lad, grown then to youth, into close contact with the poet and with his family.

IT was a summer's day. The projecting stones on the Calcutta streets, for tar macadam was then unknown, were throwing back the burning rays of the sun mercilessly into the eyes of pedestrians, coachmen, and half-hooded horses dragging heavy iron-tired hackney carriages. Such a carriage stopped at

By

J. N. BOSE

alighting gently, came in. Entering the room he was surrounded instantly by the members of the young man's family, who welcomed him with cordial greetings. On every face was an inexplicably expectant smile. But on the face of Rabindranath, the consummate actor, there was a look of consternation. In a vibrant, but almost hushed voice, he asked the young man, "When did I borrow this money from you? If I did I must repay." The young man looked aside with a mysterious grunt. Some of the young audience chuckled. Then, slowly, Rabindranath produced from a capacious recess in his beautiful flowing robe, a note of hand in which the Poet promised to pay a thousand rupees on demand! It was a clever piece of forgery, for the young man was a bit of an artist. The note was on the autograph-sheet gathered some years ago, and the signature, therefore, was genuine. It bore a date of the last month of the Bengali year. Neatly, in pencil, Rabindranath had written the words, "First April", under that date.

only when Rabindranath said, "Well, I knew the joke, but I also knew that was an invitation, and, behold, I am here! I will repay you all, in due course." Then followed his music with interludes of cold *sharbet*. The songs he sang were his own, of course, and sung in that gloriously sweet and virile style, which was his unique gift. The old harmonium, euphemistically called an organ, remained unopened in its corner, for the poet never could stand its unresponsive categorical notes. His own voice created the music, created the atmosphere, and what an atmosphere!

The sun had gone down. The pleasant south breeze was sweeping over the broad street, bringing peace and comfort with it. But the greater atmosphere was in that musical atmosphere. After the Poet had left, the members of the young man's family remained silent a while, engrossed in beauty and melody. This was the story with which the "young man", now mature in years, opened the conversation when he approached him to tell me something about Rabindranath.

"RABINDRANATH", he said, was a stupendous personality composed of countless complexes, and

a poet; then you hasten to add that he is a story-teller, a composer and singer of songs, a teacher and educationist of uncommon patience and discernment, a director of fundamental thoughts, a creator of language and styles, a something or other. In reality, you can only see him from a single angle for the moment, realising instantly that there are many other angles of which you must take cognisance. You multiply substantives and adjectives, you go on elaborating one aspect or another, till you are either baffled or self-satisfied. Indeed you can perceive him only to the extent of your own projected consciousness, limited by the scope of your knowledge. And many a person, under such a condition, have tried to judge him, criticise him, or praise him. In most such cases they have ended in failure, even often without knowing that they have. I have seen others who were hide-bound in 'isms' trying to put him in a category. Their failure was ignominious,—only their anger expressed itself in calling Rabindranath futile, contradictory, even worthless. Rabindranath is such an intricate product of synthesis, created by both his inheritance and self-culture, that he defies analysis. Yet, without the help of the analytical process, minds like yours and mine can hardly expect to realise Rabindranath. And all the while the real Rabindranath is perhaps eluding us, smiling in the crimson dawn or the orange-brown dusk of Santiniketan.

"Well, then, I'll tell you something about my Rabindranath. You need not take the slightest pain to ascertain whether the touches in my portrait conform to the reality of the subject, for my picture is entirely my own. It is an introspection.

"About the time of the autograph-note-of-hand incident, Rabindranath came to our house one morning, radiant, yet reserved, as usual then. It was a time of his extreme mental concentration, as I shall tell you presently. In his hand was a book. I was engaged, at the moment, in giving a final polish to my shoes, a habit I maintained for many years for the sake of an aesthetic appreciation of cleanliness. I got up and bowed, shoe in hand. He smiled and said, "Now, leave that shoe; there may be meanings other than respect when one bows with a shoe in hand. Instead, take this book and give yourself a mental polish." The book was Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. 'Read the book,' he said, 'as an index to the end of things, to an end.

"SOON after this, one day, I was accompanying him down the Gorai river. We were coming from Shelidah, where, as you know, the Poet resided for several years in almost perfect seclusion. We were coming to Kustia to catch the train. The little white painted 'green boat' glided like a swan on the crystal clear blue-green summer waters of the Gorai. The air was still, the light was brilliant. The almost imperceptible ripples reflected tiny diamonds from patches on the water where the sun struck them at the proper angle. The atmosphere was ethereal, and one practically forgot the boat, the train, and even Calcutta, the destination. I was really taking a journey more intellectual than physical. I told him that

"THE POET smiled. It was the same smile, conceivable at fleeting moments, which illuminated the benign faces of the *Rishis*, the seers of our ancient world, when they sat down to enlighten their pupils in the shades of their *Asram* groves.

"All this happened at the commencement of the century. Modern atomic physics had not even been seriously thought of. Yet I heard a discourse on the gigantic powers stored up in, and frequently released from, the kernel of the minutest particle of matter. The biggest conglomeration of them behaved also in harmony, not in divergence. That not mere force, but consciousness as well, might dwell in all things. That quality itself might be the foundation of



RABINDRANATH AS HE LOOKED WHEN THE WRITER FIRST MET HIM

I had read Spencer, and it had left me with a void. It had made me realise that I knew so little of facts themselves not to speak of the principles. My mind was in a state of turmoil. Yet, almost childishly, I wanted to know the fundamental realities of the universe, and that too in double quick time. Could he explain, for instance, how I could joint the inanimate nature with

everything conceivable. That even beyond quality there might be an entity of unification, perhaps bereft of all attributes.

"If Herbert Spencer was one of the foretellers of the process of Evolution, which Lamarck and Darwin later made perfect, Rabindranath was the foreteller of modern physics. Indeed he was more. He was the foreteller of the

which only a faint glimpse is being perceived today. He was still greater, for he signified the ultimate spiritual reality, call it the inexplicable symbolical value of the unknown quantity, if you like.

"That discourse in the little green-boat on the Gorai opened the golden gate for me. Don't you see, my Rabindranath is ever the *guru*, the teacher pre-eminent?"

"I WAS telling you of the period of utmost concentration in his life. Such it was as I saw it. It was at Shelidah that he retired for quiet contemplation. That, perhaps, is the process through which every genius must pass, a genius who has to give a message to humanity, who has to bring hope to the forlorn. Thus did Buddha and Christ retire, thus does the modern scientist shut himself up in his laboratory. Such a period is one of discipline, or organising thoughts, of deciding upon a course of action. Rabindranath had decided to take action. We see the effect in the great institution, the Visva-Bharati, of to-day. It had a slender beginning, you know, but the idea and the ideal have always been there. They had their genesis at Shelidah.

"He was staying for a few days, during this period, at Giridih, with his friend the late Mr. Srischandra Majumdar, himself a literary man. It was in the evening, and the sun had just gone down beyond the distant hills. The dust in the air was tinged blood-red. He came out of his room looking agitated. The red glow caught his flowing curls and beard. His eyes had a far look. We were on the lawn, a rather noisy crew, including his son Rathindranath and Maharaj-Kumar Brajendra Kishore Deb Barman of Tripura, trying to convince Mr. Majumdar that he looked ten times better after I had trimmed his beard in the French style that morning. As the Poet arrived we became silent. He declared that he had settled about the school at Santiniketan, and he was going to Calcutta that instant to consult a few educationist friends on certain points. He was off, catching the out-bound train by almost a fraction of a minute. When he returned a few days later, we read the signs of contentment and relief in his beaming countenance.

"It was a dynamic action, this sudden departure for Calcutta for consultation. It was induced by the concentration through which he had passing during this period. It was not a whimsical

He took it because nothing that he has done has ever been a halfway measure. He is thorough, and he apparently takes infinite pains to achieve a result. Only in his case he is unconscious of the effort or of the pain, for he has not to grope about as we do. His almost superhuman intellect gives him a discernment, which, in the absence of any other adequate expression, I would describe as akin to clairvoyance.

"And when the decision about the establishment of the institution at Santiniketan was taken, a lady, whose interest in the Poet was great, asked him if he had considered the matter well, at any rate its financial aspect. The Poet replied that such an affair as he was embarking upon, was not like a commercial undertaking. There was no question of making profits, unless the dissemination of knowledge and the formation of character of children were by themselves considered profits. Again, no such venture as he was contemplating was ever brought to success by calculations. I came to know, however, that this lack of calculation had made the Poet give practically his all for the cherished cause. It had also made that gentle and benevolent lady, his wife, contribute her all as well for the cause of her husband. Will Bengal be ever grateful and remember this?

"His concentrative days at Shelidah, were, to my mind, also the days of virile expression of his genius. Almost speechless, he would devote himself to ceaseless work, from dawn to dusk and often far into the night. Occasionally he would relax and give us a reading of his poems and prose writings. He would sing us his wonderful songs of those days, the cadence and melody of which would make us dumb with admiration and joy. And sometimes he would explain to us the significance, the underlying facts and principles, of his own writings, of those of the great poets and authors, of scientists and philosophers. That was real teaching. Not only the matter, but the mode also, was illuminating and inspiring. The analogies and imageries, the precise facts and inevitable logical conclusions, kept us spell-bound.

"WELL, I have seen Rabindranath in other aspects, but always as a teacher.

"A young man whom he befriended, stole his books. He was excused. A servant pilfered his clothes, his services

period of absence, reappeared to throw again. Their request was granted. Numberless persons vilified him in the name of criticism. They were never unwelcome. Unthinking men often trod on his toes. The pain was borne with a smile. Never did I hear him decry the culprit. The man did not matter. Indeed he was an object to be redeemed if possible. But in no instance did I ever find him making a compromise with the crime, sin, lapse or even negligence. There his wrath expressed itself in terrible fury. The iniquity was condemned without mercy. It was a repetition of this same phenomenon when he wrote to the Viceroy relinquishing his Knighthood, after the Jalianwallabag incident. The letter had no reference to men, but the condemnation of the act was terrible. On occasions like this I returned home with an object lesson, but my silent sympathy went to the Poet who suffered so much on account of such iniquities. Yet at times I thought that perhaps those sufferings were inevitable for teachers, for their object was to make men better.

"I have seen Rabindranath under the shadow of calamities. It pains me to recall the occasions even at this distance of time for the sores in my heart are still raw. Every man is natural, and either at his maximum or minimum, in the presence of death. Rabindranath has suffered the loss of some of his near and dear ones. Saturated with grief he undoubtedly was, but indomitably firm in outward expression. How his mind worked, nobody can now tell, not even perhaps he, but there was the sign of resignation, born out of a living faith in his Providence. His minimum in the presence of death was always great, his maximum great beyond the range of any yard stick of yours or mine. Sitting silent by his side in sympathy and humility, I realised on these occasions what superhuman strength of endurance worked in his bosom. Rabindranath is as brave as he is great.

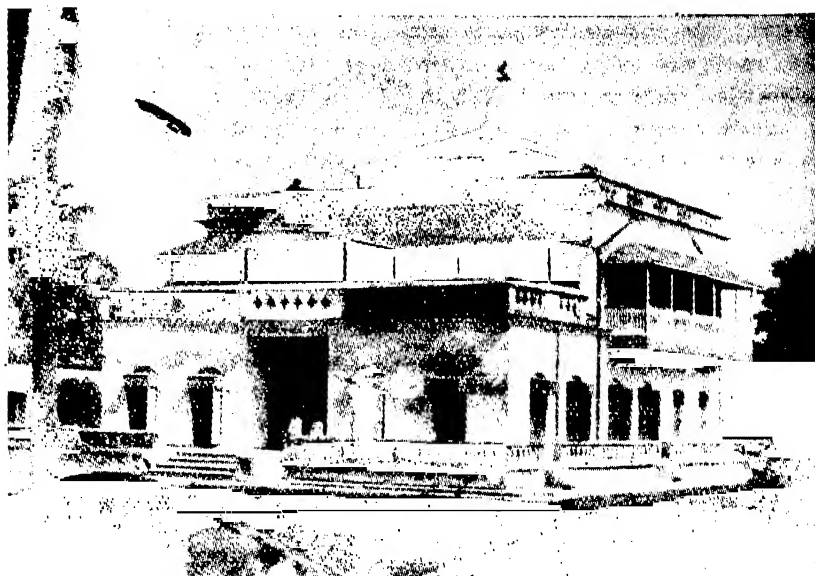
"YOU, who have studied the Poet's writings threadbare, have heard his speeches, listened to his songs, followed his career to the minutest details as under a microscope, you realise, perhaps fractionally even then, the multiple personality of this unique great man of this age. You call him the inspirer of the modern thoughtful humanity, you call him a great balancing factor in an unequal weighing scale, you call him

right. But, to me it appears that you still leave important factors out.

"You have seen Rabindranath marching in glory over the world, in the veritable manner of an Emperor, not as a conquering tyrant, but as a great teacher, the bearer of a new message and the prophet of a new culture. You have stared in wonder when this same Emperor blended his perceptions in the realisation of the little pleasures and pains of the humble peasant.

"You are struck dumb by the versatile knowledge of this self-made man. From astronomy to biology, from the intricacies of the linguistic structure of Sanskrit to the almost inconceivable refinements of the teachings of the Upanishads, you find him perfectly at home anywhere and at any time. In poetry and in prose, in Bengali and in English, in all his writings, you discover this versatility, that is to say, if you have the clue to such knowledge. The vibrations of his music reach the uttermost regions of even the unknown nebula, as they stir up the innermost recesses of your individual soul. Time and space seem to vanish, they retain no meaning. Only you are full of a kind of inexplicable and intense joy. I tell you, even if everything is forgotten in the unknown future, the Poet's songs will still continue to inspire, chasten and soothe our great-grand-children removed a thousand generations forward. Rabindranath has achieved immortality.

"I read the accounts of a traveller in distant Iceland. Walking all day and worn out with fatigue, he arrived at the door of a clergyman in a remote village, a village consisting of a few huts at the furthest limit of the world, where com-



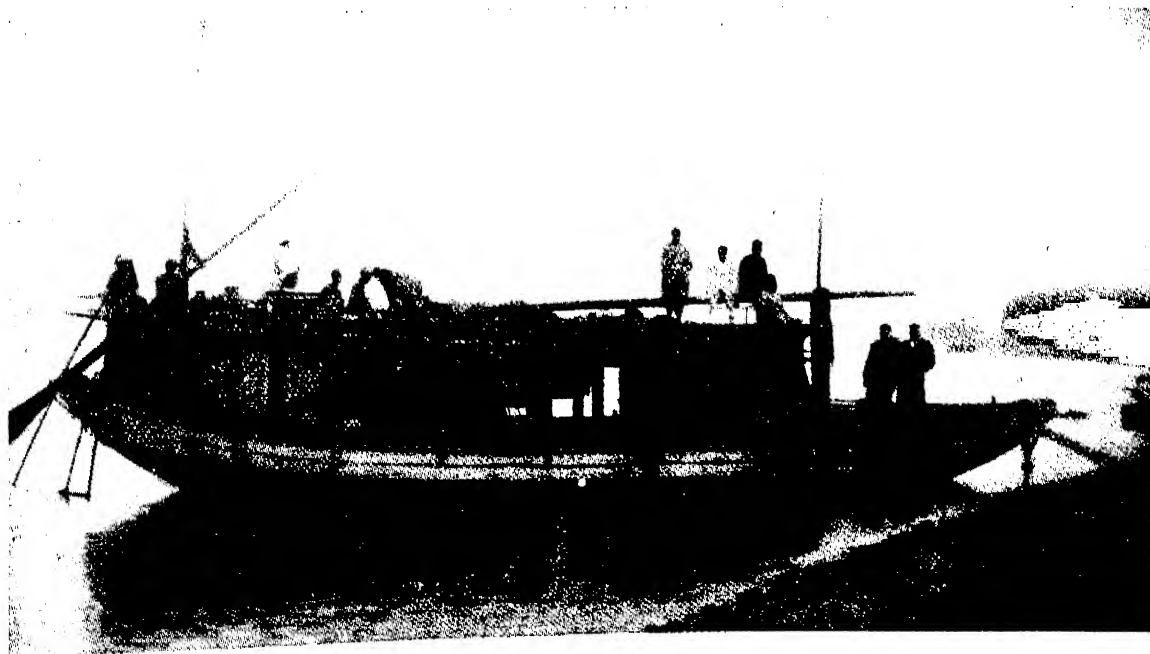
THE 'KUTHI-BARI' AT SHELDIAH—THE POET'S RESIDENCE

munication was almost absent. After being welcomed and fed on frugal fare, the traveller was astonished to find in the 'library' of the clergyman a set of Rabindranath's works. I was astonished to learn that the words of the Poet had broken down geographical and racial boundaries even where man is scarce. They had touched the fundamental chords of humanity. It was a queer sensation, for I felt that both the clergyman and I were reading Rabindranath and thinking of him together. Through such an agency man can become a friend of man even when strife is unbridled.

"MANY more years elapsed. After over three decades I found myself at Santiniketan, on an almost accidental visit. I was practically compelled to accompany a friend, loved and honour-

ed by me, and who is also a friend of the Poet and his family. The Poet was sitting on the verandah of 'Udayan' (the residence). His Secretary announced the arrival of my friend and of a certain person (here he pronounced my name in a little distorted way, unfamiliar to the Poet). I was behind my friend, on purpose, and outside the Poet's direct view. As he greeted my friend, I appeared and, bowing down, took the dust of his feet. The instant he saw me, he cried out, without restraint, without study, without the least trace of any assumed formality, 'Oh, is that you,' and called out to me by my old familiar name. The rest was an emotional breakdown on my part, and you need not hear of it. Perhaps the Poet too was not unmoved. He is so intensely human.

"Two days later we were at lunch. The Poet's daughter-in-law had procured some *hilsa* fish, knowing my weak-



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RABINDRANATH

and

THE POLITICAL AWAKENING

in

INDIA

By

SURESH CHANDRA DEB

I

RABINDRANATH TAGORE has completed eighty years of life in this world. In an address delivered on the Bengalee New Year's Day (14th of April last) he indicated the change that had taken place both in his own attitude and in the psychology of his people during these years. Our poet has struck a note of pessimism, and well he might when he surveyed the betrayal of human hopes and the disruption of the order of things that for about two centuries had been holding together the various elements in this country. He has been a witness to this vast transformation in our country, to the various ways in which forces, conscious and unconscious, influences, personal and impersonal, alien State policy and national policy, have acted and reacted on one another, and sought to remake this country of four hundred millions of people in the pattern of their own imaginings.

Only three years before Rabindranath opened his eyes to the light of day in this land "gleaming with the golden glory of the sun", had been defeated the attempt of "the supporters of the lost cause of the Marhattas and the Moghuls" to regain control over the machinery of State from the hands of the British. That attempt gave notice to the new rulers that they needed to be particularly careful in handling people who appeared to be as clay in the potter's hand. The generation of educated men, English-educated men, which preceded Rabindranath had begun

of administration and enlightenment introduced into India.

From certain points of view this class appeared to fulfil Macaulay's hopes that the system of education he was inaugurating would produce a race of men "Indian in blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinions, in morals and in intellect", prepared to do battle on behalf of "Anglicism" as against the norms and forms of Eastern life. They rebelled against the traditional life and conduct of their countrymen, and appeared to concentrate all their criticism and condemnation on the crudities and morbidities in India's social and religious institutions. But this habit once acquired soon learns to spare no authority, sacred or profane. The socio-religious revolt in the Indian *intelligentsia*, encouraged so enthusiastically by the members of the ruling race, presaged an order and quality of mind that soon showed itself to be less disposed to regard an executive order as a decree of Providence, and appeared to be more conscious of positive rights secured by statutes and enforceable in law. As in other fields of activity and development so in this Raja Ram Mohun Roy was the pioneer in helping the evolution of a watchful and openly organised political life in India. Around him gathered men who fought for justice and equity in society and State, organised themselves for the redress of the grievances of their people and the assertion of their rights as citizens. At that time and for a long time these rights were spoken of as

inhering in British citizenship. But soon they came to be claimed as "rights of men." Raja Ram Mohun Roy accepted British rule as a period of tutelage. But he could foresee a time when Britain would prefer or ought to prefer to have India "as a willing province, an ally of the British Empire" than "troublesome and annoying as a determined enemy."

Among the co-workers and followers of Raja Ram Mohun Roy are to be found names which belonged to the Tagore family. Rabindranath's grandfather, Dwarka Nath Tagore, was one of them. His father, Devendra Nath Tagore who is known as "the Maharshi", was the first Secretary of the British Indian Association, an organization of the landlords in Bengal who were "notoriously outspoken and independent in their utterances", to quote the testimony of Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal during the seventies of the last century. Raj Narayan Basu, maternal grandfather of Aurobindo Ghosh, refers in his autobiography to a characteristic of Rabindranath's father his avoidance of Europeans which represented a phase in the evolution of Indian Nationalism:

"Devendra Babu is . . . averse to intimate relation with Europeans, because there existed a difference between him and Europeans in relations to the matters pertaining to India . . . Principal Lobb of Krishnagore once wrote to a paper: 'The proud old man does not condescend to accept the praise of Europeans'."

It was into this inheritance in things material and things spiritual that Rabindranath was born. And as he grew in years he grew up in an atmosphere of returning self-respect that had begun to vibrate in the Indian air, as the principles and practices of British administration stood revealed in their racial arrogance. By that time leaders of Indian Society had been able to throw off a part of their apologetic attitude with regard to their social and religious institutions. By the middle of the 19th century the "discovery of Sanskrit" by the West enabled her scholars to reconstruct Indian history and throw over the life and conduct of the Indian people a halo of dignity and wisdom in painful contrast to that of their present life. As an instance the founder of the Communist philosophy can be quoted as

স্বদেশী সমাজ

[পাঠক দয়া করিয়া নিজের অভিপ্রায়মত এই নিয়মাবলী পরিবর্তন, পরিবর্জন ও পরিবর্জন করিয়া ছোড়াসাঁকোর ৬নং দ্বারকানাথ ঠাকুরের গলিতে শ্রীযুক্ত বাবু গগনেন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুরের নিকট পাঠাইয়া দিবেন। ইহা সর্বসাধারণের নিকট প্রকাশ্য নহে। বন্ধুবান্ধবদের মধ্যে তাহার এই কার্যে যোগ দিতে ইচ্ছুক আছেন তাহাদের নাম ও ঠিকানা এই সঙ্গে পাঠাইলে বাধিত হইবে।]

আমরা স্থির করিয়াছি আমরা কয়েকজনে মিলিয়া একটি সমাজ স্থাপন করিব।

আমাদের নিজের সম্মিলিত চেষ্টায় যথাসাধ্য আমাদের অভাব মোচন ও কর্তব্যসাধন আমরা নিজে করিব, আমাদের শাসন ভার নিজে গ্রহণ করিব, যে সকল কর্ম আমাদের স্বদেশীয়ের দ্বারা সাধ্য তাহার জন্য অগ্নোর সাহায্য লইব না। এই অভিপ্রায়ে আমাদের সমাজের বিধি আমাদের প্রত্যেককে একান্ত বাধ্যভাবে পালন করিতে হইবে। অগ্রাধা করিলে সমাজবিধি দণ্ড স্বীকার করিব।

সমাজের অধিনায়ক ও তাহার সহায়কারী সচিবগণকে তাহাদের সমাজনির্দিষ্ট অধিকার অনুসারে নিষ্কিচারে যথাযোগ্য সম্মান করিব।

বাঙালীমাত্রই এ সমাজে যোগ দিতে পারিবেন।

সাধারণতঃ ২১ বৎসর বয়সের নীচে কাছাকেও গ্রহণ করা হইবে না।

এ সভার সভ্যগণের নিম্নলিখিত বিষয়ে সম্মতি থাকা আবশ্যিক।

- ১। আমাদের সমাজের ও সাধারণতঃ ভারতবর্ষীয় সমাজের কোনো প্রকার সামাজিক বিধিব্যবহার উক্ত আমরা গবর্ণমেন্টের শরণাপন্ন হইব না।
- ২। ইচ্ছাপূর্বক আমরা বিলাতি পরিচ্ছদ ও বিলাতি দ্রব্যাদি ব্যবহার করিব না।
- ৩। কর্মের অনুরোধ ব্যতীত বাঙালিকে ইংরেজিতে পত্র লিখিব না।
- ৪। ক্রিয়াকর্মের ইংরেজি থানা, ইংরেজি সাজ, ইংরেজি বাথ, মজ সেবন, এবং আড়ম্বরের উদ্দেশ্যে ইংরেজ নিমন্ত্রণ বন্ধ করিব। যদি বন্ধু বা অন্য বিশেষ কারণে ইংরেজ নিমন্ত্রণ করি তবে তাহাকে বাংলা-রীতিতে খাওয়াইব।
- ৫। যতদিন না আমরা নিজে স্বদেশী বিদ্যালয় স্থাপন করিতে পারি ততদিন যথাসাধ্য স্বদেশীচালিত বিদ্যালয়ে সন্তানদিগকে পড়াইব।
- ৬। সমাজস্থ ব্যক্তিগণের মধ্যে যদি কোনো প্রকার বিরোধ উপস্থিত হয় তবে আদালতে না গিয়া সর্বাগ্রে সমাজ-নির্দিষ্ট বিচারব্যবস্থা গ্রহণ করিবার চেষ্টা করিব।
- ৭। স্বদেশী দোকান হইতে আমাদের ব্যবহায্য দ্রব্য ক্রয় করিব।
- ৮। পরস্পরের মধ্যে মতান্তর ঘটিলেও বাহিরের লোকের নিকট সমাজের বা সামাজিকের নিন্দাজনক কোনো কথা বলিব না।

Opening lines of a comprehensive scheme of socio-political reconstruction of Indian society drafted by Rabindranath in 1904 following his famous address on 'Swadeshi Samaj'. The scheme, which envisaged the organisation of the forces and resources of the country independent of all associations with the bureaucratic administration and Britishers, was privately circulated.

IT was Rabindranath who had first preached the duty of eschewing all voluntary associations with official activities, and of applying ourselves to the organisation of our economic, social and educational life, independently of official help and control.

THOUGH the boycott of British goods, as a protest against the partition of Bengal, originated with others, and was adopted by the political leaders of the country, in public meeting assembled, in the Town Hall of Calcutta, it was Rabindranath who first propounded an elaborate scheme for the practical boycott of the administration to the farthest limits that the laws of the land allow us to do.

THE idea of the Rakhm Celebrations, first inaugurated on the 16th of October, 1905, the day when the partition was formally effected, as a standing protest against the official attempt to divided the Bengalee race, originated with Rabindranath.

BIPIN CHANDRA PAL

in his "Indian Nationalism :
Its Principles and Personalities"

acknowledging the world's debt to ancient India when he spoke of her as "the source" of Europe's languages and religions, whose people represented "the type of the ancient German in the Jat and the type of the ancient Greek in the Brahmin". Karl Marx promised the "regeneration" of that country whose "gentle natives" were "even in the most inferior classes, *plus fins et adroits que les Italiens* (subtler and cleverer than the Italians) who, notwithstanding their langour, have astonished the British officers by their bravery."

II

AS RABINDRANATH was growing into youth there appeared the *Bangadarshana* with Bankim Chandra as its guide and philosopher Bankim Chandra who, as Bhagiratha, brought, by the strength of his *tapasya*, the flood of ideas and sentiments that made for strength and beauty in our national character. This was the imagery that Rabindranath himself used in paying a tribute of tears to the memory of this "morning star" of renaissance in Bengal. The estimate has been confirmed by history. The miracle of awakening during the seventies of the last century was not, however, confined to Bengal alone. In Western India, at Poona, almost at the same time was started the *Nibandha-Mala* which did in Maharashtra what the *Bangadarshana* did in Bengal. Vishnu Sastri Chiplunkar was the power behind this institution—he who has been called "the father of Nationalism in Maharashtra" by Narasimha Chintamon Kelkar in his biography of Balwan Gangadhar Tilak. It is a curious phenomenon that "literary men" in India should have been the first to challenge the ruling ideas of politics in India. These ideas may be summarised as follows. Britain had rescued India from anarchy, from social atrophy, from intellectual torpidity. India must accept Britain's tutelage if she hoped to have a fuller and more self-respectful life: her people must put themselves into the British Kindergarten out of which they would emerge better men, capable of ensuring ordered and civilized existence. Against this belief the "literary men" raised the first standard of revolt: they appeared to be more sensitive to the insult of this arrangement than the politicians.

The story related thus far has brought us to the years when Rabindranath was stirring his wings for the flight. The Jorasanko house of the Tagores has been one of the nurseries of the new sense of self-respect, of the new spirit of self-respect, of the

try. Rabindranath's elder brothers—Dwijendra Nath, Jyotirindra Nath—and Rai Narain Basu were the priests of this new dispensation. The sensitive and retiring youth that Rabindranath was at that time quickened under their influence into the organ voice of a "new departure" in the political thought and conduct of the country. The first intimations of this change were given in two papers read at meetings of the elite of Calcutta. The first paper was read in the month of Chaitra of the Bengalee year 1290, that is fifty-seven years back when Rabindranath was 23 years old: the second was read a year and a half later. Extracts from these will reveal the mind that Rabindranath brought to the consideration of the political problems of the country.

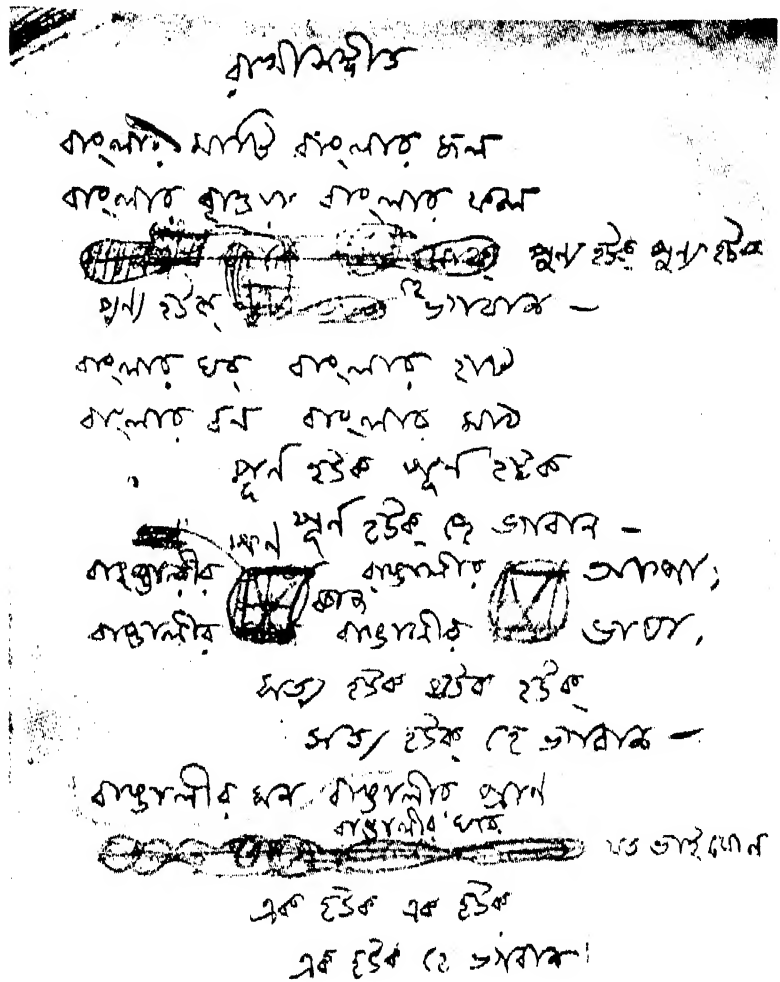
"We may appear to be gaining as Government granted us one privilege after another. But who cared to enquire after the injury that unknown to us occurred? Do we not as often cry out "victory to the profession of begging!"

Carry on agitation by all means but direct it to your own people; . . . educate yourselves, educate your people."

"If you desire to instil into your fellow-countrymen the virtues of citizenship, do one thing. Save one Indian at least from the oppression of the Englishmen; let him feel and understand that the Englishman and Fate are not convertible terms: let him for once feel the joy of victory; let him for once see just revenge overtake the oppressor. Then will national self-respect sprout in the heart of the commonalty of the land."

* * *

"The peasant stood or sat gaping as the lecturer from the town was speaking passionate words of patriotism and singing national songs; then did he yawn, close his eyes, and drowse. When he returned home he told his wife that the Babu from Calcutta had sung very well the songs of Satya Peer. But when this insensitive man caught in the immensity of danger found while drowning that his fellow-country-men were coming forward with hands outstretched to save him, then will he learn the lesson of patriotism that will last as long as he lived. When our children found that on all sides our country-men were eager to help one another, then it would not be necessary for them to learn the meaning of patriotism from an English book. . . . They would learn from work not



—Facsimile of the great "Rakhi-song" composed by the Poet initiating the "Rakhi-bandhan" ceremony to symbolise the unity of Bengal on October 16, 1905, the day the "partition" of the province was given effect to by Lord Curzon

III

SINCE THEN, from 1883 to the present day, in everything that he has written, on every occasion that he has spoken, Rabindranath has made self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control the corner-stones of our national regeneration. On every string of the mind—love, passion, pathos, raillery, humour, anger—did this master craftsman strike to break the charm that held us captive to the belief that national salvation could be secured by the lustiness of tongue and voice. It was an uphill task; till 1900 it appeared to be a cry in the wilderness when Providence sent us a genius for Governor-General and Viceroy of India. Then were heard rumblings of a change in the spirit of our dreams which showed that the seeds sown by the "literary men" had fallen on soil that had not been as sterile as our politicians had believed. Only those who had the bliss of responding to the message of these "literary men" could say how life had meant different to them because these men had lived and worked. Because we had looked into the eyes of Surendra Nath Banerjea, of Balwant Gangadhar Tilak, of Rabindranath

Tagore, of Bipin Chandra Pal, of Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav, and of Aurobinda Ghosh, had come within the range of their spacious eyes, we have been different from our immediate ancestors. This became possible because "literary men" in Bengal, in India, had prepared the ground for them, had sown the seed that appeared of a sudden to have sprouted into a generous harvest of noble thoughts, of far-reaching aspirations, of high audacity, and of reckless sacrifice. Of the "literary men" who had worked for this miracle of awakening Rabindranath had the rare good fortune to have played an active part in affairs during the opening years of this century. From a singer of songs he shaped himself into the prophet who could utter flaming words to the assembly—words that burnt out all that was mean and weak within us. It is this prophetic fervour that we saw burning as we sat, one among many students, in the hall of the Metropolitan Institution (now the Vidyasagar College) where he invoked before our eyes the glory and the grandeur and the tenderness of the Mother, risen from the heart of Bengal, to whose service he had dedicated himself in 1888. In the *Parityakta*

(Forsaken) the poet has spoken of this initiation :

"As I stood under the canopy of
heaven,
disappeared all fear and shame;
I could feel that in this world
Even for me there was some work.
So I stood in my country one morn
and prayed with folded hands :
Accept, O Mother, all my life
that I consecrate to Thee !"

IV

WE FELT this fervour enveloping us in the Minerva Theatre as the Poet drew for us the lineaments of the *Swadeshi Samaj* that had maintained the autonomy of Indian social life under any number of foreign rulers. We were uplifted by this fervour at the Town Hall of Calcutta where he read his paper *Abastha O Bybastha* at a meeting organised by the conductors of the *New India* (Bipin Chandra Pal's Weekly). Out of this emotionalism and idealism in Bengal sprang up "the new Nationalism of India.* The memory of those days abides with many of us, giving a new shape to our thoughts and actions, a new purpose to lift, imparting a new beauty to the "patient, submissive, family-loving, family-clinging" life of the villages of Bengal.

Rabindranath was the singer and prophet of the new nationalism. He was the maker of its sacraments. The

* Dr. Zacharia's "Renascent India".

idea of the *Rakhi-Bandhan* celebration on the 16th of October, 1905, the day on which the partition of Bengal was sought to be effected, was his. There was stoppage of all work; there was a *randhan*, non-cooking, which enlisted our women in the service of the religion of patriotism. This discipline of self-control prepared us for the evening ceremony when we met one another in our thousands and tens of thousands, and tied round one another's wrist the ochre-coloured thread as a symbol of brotherhood that would stand guard over the honour of our people, over the interest and honour of the least and poorest amongst us.

As law-giver of the new dispensation he drew up a scheme of self-organisation of the forces and resources of the country, independent of all voluntary association with the bureaucratic administration. This *Swadeshi Samaj* of ours had enabled our ancestors to save the graces and accomplishments of our social life from the "repeated floods of new sovereignty which swept over the land." And the renovation of this *Swadeshi Samaj* has been the theme of all that Rabindranath has written and spoken during more than half a century. The material and spiritual poverty that afflicted our country was principally due to the "absentecism" of the natural leaders of Indian society lured away from our villages to the towns. To this seat of disease Rabindranath has been one of the first to direct the people's attention. He has also

prescribed the needed medicine, and attempted to organise its distribution. Blinded by a "school-taught obsession" we have not co-operated with this noble work. The consequences of that failure confront us to-day.

V

AS A HEALER of these distempers the poet has sorrowed with the poor and the lowly, the nation that dwelt in the cottage. He has striven to put into the tongues of the dumb, of the pale, of the ignorant masses amongst us the language of protest and grim purpose. For their relief, for their education in manhood he has laid out at Santiniketan and Sriniketan seed-plots for a healthier, simpler and humaner life—self-reliant but unaggressive, rooted in honest labour but disdaining to exploit the labour of others, unafraid because knowledge illumined the path and wisdom guided the journey. These seed-plots have become patterns of constructive nationalism in India. It has taken Indian politicians more than a quarter of a century to realise the value of Rabindranath's work, to realise that this *Sadhana* they must undertake if they meant to renew their strength and recover their heritage—the heritage of India, described by Will Durant, as

"the tolerance and gentleness of a mature mind, the quiet content of the unacquisitive soul, the calm of the understanding spirit, and a unifying love for all living things."

RABINDRANATH AND THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT

RABINDRANATH'S worship of Motherland did not exhaust itself in mere sentimental effusions over her natural beauties or her glorious past—his patriotism had a more virile and constructive aspect. And this explains why when there surged over Bengal in 1905 the waves of an awakened self-consciousness and nationalism, he was found in the very forefront of the national movement, inspiring it with the soul-stirring national songs, stabilizing the emotional excitement with his thoughtful discourses, instinct with the spirit of constructive nationalism, elevating the movement out of the rut of sordid materialism and blind race-hatred by the momentum of his Catholic idealism. When the beautiful *Rakhi-bandhan* ceremony was instituted to affirm the unity of Bengal inspite of official fiat, it was Rabindranath who pronounced its *mantra*.

"If Surendranath Banerjee represented the practical side, and Bipin Chandra Pal and Aravinda Ghosh the passionate side, Rabindranath Tagore incarnated the idealistic side of the new Indian nationalism. When in course of a few years out of the fumes of the *Swadeshi* movement emerged the spectre of terrorism, Rabindranath

uttered his solemn voice of warning, pointing out that this new phenomenon was alien to the spirit of Indian culture and would lead the country to a morass from which it would be difficult to emerge unscathed. It was in those stirring days that the masculine prose of Rabindranath's pen burst forth in its splendid virility, and almost eclipsed the Poet himself. And I can say with the deepest conviction that the patriotic young man of the present day cannot do better than study the magnificent discourses of Rabindranath of a quarter of a century ago, his *Swadeshi Samaj*, his *Desha-nayak*, his *Samasya*, his *Path O Pathiya* and other pieces now published in the collections *Raja-Praja*, *Swadeshi Samaj* and *Samuha*; if the young man does it he will equip himself far more effectively for political life than by idly imbibing the inane froth that issues out of the daily press to-day."

—MR P. C. RAY
in 'The Golden Book of Tagore'

TAGORE gave Bengal a great ideal to transfer her allegiance to—one that soon struck music out of the chords so long silent in her race-consciousness, and started an upheaval

of her national spirit. How that spirit grew and gathered invincible strength within the span of a decade was demonstrated by the way it reacted to Lord Curzon's unwitting effort to drive the point of his sword into it. How one's memory rushes back to the stupendous Town Hall gathering, vibrant and quickening with a new hope, hungrily drinking in Tagore's singing of *Sonar Bangla*, and joining in the chorus with him! How the wonderful songs of freedom flowed from his pen one after another to intensify the new-found patriotism of the Bengali, to nerve him for the struggle in which he would be inevitably involved in seeking and insuring his new freedom! And the speeches that he delivered in quick succession in the same year appeared to be the direct revelation of his seer's madness. Bengal bowed to Tagore. And his soul seemed to be floating in among Bengal's men and women, like his *Sonar Tari*, with beauty in the prow and truth at the helm, and its precious load of golden corn, his gathered and garnered love for the motherland. Not an avenue of our reawakened life but reaches back to Tagore."

—B. C. CHATTERJEE
in 'The Golden Book of Tagore'

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Abindranath Tagore



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CAMEOS

By

VANGUARD

IT was a wet September evening in 1936. We were driving back home after an interview with Tagore, then staying in a suburb of Calcutta. My companion was an Englishman a young professor of literature, who had just had his first glimpse of Tagore. He was impressed with the Poet's personality. But he had so many things to ask about him. There was still something that he had yet to figure out about Tagore. After a pause, he asked me how the people, the common people, regarded Tagore. I replied: "Well, we consider him as our national poet. But he is a votary of no narrow nationalism: he has condemned in no unmistakable terms the system that is dominating our country, but he has sought refuge in a broad humanism". "Yes, but," he asked once again, "would you call him a People's Poet, a poet who portrays the life, the struggle and the aspirations of the common man—the toiler in the field and the factory?" I do not remember what answer I could mumble out then, but it was not something that fully satisfied either him or me at the time. As I returned home, the question came back over and over again: Is Tagore a People's Poet?

II

TWO years later, the scene shifts.

This time my friend is an Indian in London, who at one time was a student at Santiniketan. He had settled in England after a struggling academic career. We were discussing André Gide who had just come back from the Soviet Union and had started a tirade against that country. It was a shock to the progressive circles and was broadcast all over the world by the reactionary press. What a depressing feeling it was to find the great French writer in the camp of the enemies of the U. S. S. R.! Little by little our discussion veered round to the favourite topics as to whether it was possible for the intellectuals to be above the battle and retreat into the Ivory Tower like the Eyeless in Gaza: while the world

was being enveloped in a desperate struggle of power-politics, and culture stifled all around, no body could remain neutral without helping the cause of reaction. Particularly was it true in a dependent country like ours, and, I asked, if our intellectuals were alive to their responsibility. Many were not, but how was Tagore? Was he socially conscious? Did he realise the issue at stake? Profit versus the People does he really know on which side he should stand? My friend kept quiet for a moment, and then, from under a huge pile of books, he drew out a dusty file of type-written pages. It was an English translation of Tagore's *Letters from Russia*, and he told me the story behind it.

Years back when this youngman was absorbed in his research, there came to him a copy of Tagore's *Letters from Russia*. He started translating it and he did it at a time when he was nearly stranded. But he felt a sense of responsibility towards his *Gurudeva* and was anxious that Europe should know where Tagore stood in this crisis of progress. The impression that the West retained about Tagore with "the lotus and the crescent moon" was out of date. It was time that they should know him again as the realist who had reacted to the sufferings of exploited humanity. With this end in view, he translated the book, and Bertrand Russell willingly wrote a foreword to the proposed English edition. From the Poet himself came glad consent and everything was arranged but, at the eleventh hour, unexpected circumstances came in the way, and the book was never published.

As I listened to his reading of the manuscript till midnight I realised what an unbelievable loss it was that the book never saw the light of day, for it might have given Tagore a new recognition in the West, more impressive and more significant than what he had received on the publication of *Gitanjali*. This time he would have received more coveted laurels than the Nobel Prize, the gratitude of struggling

millions from Spain to China. With what clear understanding he could delineate the ruthless working of Imperialism in his own country and compare it with the tremendous material and moral progress in the Soviet Union. Here was Tagore as something more than a poet and philosopher. Though not one of them, he had felt with his own heart the misery and starvation of the common people, and he had the courage to admit the great social advance made under a system which destroys the propertied class to which he himself belongs. Here was the great humanist who would never hesitate to condemn exploitation to welcome a better order of things.

III

SUMMER 1939. An international students' delegation was visiting a concentration camp of the Spanish refugees in the south of France. It was a small party but comprised many nationalities from the Chinese and the Indian to the Yugoslav and the American. The visit was intended to demonstrate the youth's common front against Fascism and Imperialism, and for the purpose of conveying the greetings of the world students to the youth of Spain as the vanguard of the People's struggle against Fascism. The camp was situated right at the foot of the Pyrenees, near the frontier, and had a population of 18,000,—mostly from the Army of the Ebro, which included men from all walks of life—writers, artists, doctors, workers, peasants, clerks and shopkeepers,—men from all parts of Spain and beyond,—men of the famous International Brigade who came and fought shoulder to shoulder with the Spanish people because they realised that the front of Peace, Freedom and Democracy was indivisible and could be defended against not by rival imperialisms, but by toiling millions out to build a new world.

The French commandant did not allow us to enter the camp which was under military control and was surrounded by barbed wire for miles around. He was polite but would not let us go in, lest the French Government should be exposed by the appalling treatment that had been meted out to the sons of the sister democracy of Spain. Daladier and Bonnet, the Chamberlains of France, who with their gang, had abetted the Fascist attack on Spain, were now, by imprisoning these valiant

fighters, acting as the gaol-warders of Hitler and Mussolini. The alternative that was offered to these brave soldiers of democracy was either work in the labour-gangs in France or a passage back to Spain to face Franco's firing squads.

We were allowed to interview about 20 people called out of the camp. There were Brazilians, Poles and Chinese in the International Brigade. Of the Spaniards, most of them in that particular camp were students from Colleges and Universities. One of them had been working in the University of Madrid on a thesis on literature for his doctorate, before the Fascist rising in 1936. We talked to each other in broken French, and he asked me a number of questions about India. He had heard a lot about Gandhi, Tagore and Nehru. Of these, he ruled out the first, for, as he said, "Gandhi wanted to put the hands on the clock back, while we are out to create a new and better world." But Tagore and Nehru, he continued, were different, though they might be under the personal spell of Gandhi. He had read the works of Tagore in French, and had listened to portions of Nehru's Autobiography read out by his comrades at the front. He wanted to know what Tagore's attitude was towards Fascism. Fortunately I had then just read the Poet's reply to Noguchi, and I told him about that. He was happy and remarked: "He might not be coming from the ranks of the people, but he is sensitive and he is honest. He is on the side of progress and justice."

And he added after a pause: "You know Fascism can never be effectively fought by imperialist governments—that is why to-day we are in prison in the so-called democracy of France. These governments might one day stand up against Hitler and Mussolini when their own interests will be touched, but Fascism will never die so long as Imperialism survives; and it is for the common people to rise and smash up the present system of exploitation. In that struggle, the intellectuals will be called upon to make their choice. Many would be frightened and go over to the side of the bosses. But the better type, men like Malraux, Fox, Cornford and Lorca who fought along with the peasants and the workers and men like Tagore and Rolland, Toller and Sinclair, who have sent their greetings from a distance,—these will all be on our side. Many of them might not take part in the actual fighting, many might abhor the violence that will show itself in the process, but they will at least be honest when, moved by the agonies of suffering humanity

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

*A snow-capped volcano in undulating plain
Lifts up its proud head : near its foot
Cluster the vine and the soft streams flow.
Men come and go and build their homes
And pass their days in homely joys and fears.
The mountain keeps them company, sends to them
Its love in flowing streams and gentle rain.
And yet the mountain lives alone
In distant splendour. Lightnings flash,
The thunder shoots up tongues of flame—
Tries to reach the snowy heights in vain.
The fire of fourscore summers in your heart,
Fourscore winters' wisdom on your crest
Shine in forms of beauty in deathless verse.*

Barcelly,
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HUMAYUN KABIR

to-day, they will welcome the birth of the new world of peace, freedom and happiness. By themselves they will not be able to build such a world, but they will welcome its construction when the toiling man will be enthroned. They are no doubt individualists and their reactions will be entirely emotional. Yet they will be our valuable allies in the struggle. Would you regard Tagore as one of them?" I did not have to hesitate to give him the proud answer: "Yes, we regard him so" and was reminded of the foggy night in London when he had read the translation of the *Letters from Russia*, and of the monsoon evening in Calcutta when the Englishman had asked me, "Would you call him a People's Poet?"

IV

THINGS have moved since then and moved rapidly. I do not know what has happened to the young Spanish student. Perhaps he went back to the Spain that is Franco's prison, or fell into the hands of the Gestapo after the betrayal of France, or if he is one of the few

lucky ones, has escaped to some other part of the world, ever ready to carry on the real People's struggle against Fascism. But Tagore has not belied our hopes, he has reacted magnificently to the sufferings of toiling humanity trying to sever the bonds that bind them. Even in this evening of his life, he has shown the alertness of youth in tearing off the mask from the face of Fascism and Imperialism alike. As I read and re-read his New Year's Message, "CRISIS IN CIVILISATION", there came back to my mind the face of the young comrade from Spain behind the barbed wire in the concentration camp, and I remembered the ringing words of Rolland, written on May Day 1934 on the advent of German Fascism: "The decisive conflict has begun. It is no longer permissible to keep aloof Appeal to life against death, against that which kills, against these ravages of humanity: the forces of money, drunk with gold, the Imperialisms drunk with power, the dictatorships of the great companies, and the various forms of Fascism, drunk with blood. Working man, here are our hands. We are yours. Let us unite. Let us close up our ranks. Humanity is in danger!"

ALL-EMBRACING COSMOPOLITANISM

TWO sons of Mother India, more than any others, have raised her dignity and status in the eyes of the world, Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi. The British connexion may have brought railways and telegraphs to this ancient land but the impression left abroad was that India was a land of cobras and semi-savages and hot as Turkish Bath. Those who affected a higher pose inquired about *takirs* and talked of the mango tree or rope tricks. Jagadish Bose, Prafulla Ray and Raman attained fame in the limited sphere of science but Tagore the Poet and Gandhi the Mystic, carried India forward at one bound and placed her along with others in the vanguard of world culture and civilization.

MANY better qualified than myself will speak of the contributions Tagore has made to art and literature. There is, however, an aspect of his philosophy of life which has not re-

ceived that attention from his countrymen which it deserves in the present days of our misery and political degradation. A child of the East and the West, Tagore is, in my view, pre-eminently indebted to Kabir for his special and peculiar ideology. Generations yet unborn will go on discussing whether Kabir was a Hindu or a Muslim or an offspring and an outcome of the contact of Islam with Hinduism. Howsoever his poetic love may have been influenced by the Hindu Bard of Maghar, Kabir made of Tagore the man who set the whole of Asia thinking. Was it worth-while worshipping the demon of Nationalism as created by the warring peoples of the West, whose loyalty to the teachings of the Asian Prince of Peace had become an exploded myth? Brotherhood of man and an altogether humanitarian international outlook, the pillars on which the structure of Muslim Society has been reared, must have been inspired into Tagore vicariously by Kabir, or directly by his own study of the

Bulbul of Shiraz and other masters of Iranian poetry.

I HAD the privilege of visiting the Poet, with Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in 1917, when I visited Calcutta as a Congress delegate. During the course of the conversation the Poet told us that no man, and especially an Oriental, could write real poetry unless and until he had read Hafiz and that he had himself begun to learn Persian. It is this wider vision and all-embracing cosmopolitanism that has made Tagore transcend the boundaries which circumscribe the mental outlook of the ordinary man. Tagore is an Indian to the core of his heart and yet he is no less International. He will live through his works for generations to come. China has benefited out of his teachings. Let us emulate him while he lives and let us immortalise him by our efforts to realise his ideals.

—Abdur Rahman Siddiqi

RABINDRANATH AND INDIAN NATIONALISM

WHAT Goethe was to Germany, what Wordsworth was to England, what Walt Whitman was to America, that Tagore is to India.

The whole of India has united in the grateful appreciation of the supreme contribution which Rabindranath Tagore has made in every sphere of India's cultural existence for more than half-a-century. In particular, Bengal has expressed her eternal gratitude for the fold services which Tagore has rendered to the Indian national cause. Tagore is admired not only in his literary accomplishments but also in the hearts of his people. He has captured the imagination of young Bengal and of young India, not simply because he is the Enlightened One, but because he has been the finest Interpreter of the spirit of India and the spirit of Asia to the Western World.

He is one of the greatest makers of New Asia and has been instrumental in transforming the Indian cultural movement from an Idyl into a Force. His poems and songs were chanted by the champions and supporters of the new Renaissance movement which

synchronised with the Swadeshi movement in the beginning of twentieth century. They still furnish the joy and the inspiration to every worker in the national cause. Generations yet unborn will point their fingers to this Venerable Seer as the *Rishi* of modern India, who had shown the way to the Final Beatitude to every Indian who suffered and toiled for the emancipation of our Motherland.

Tagore preached a new Ideal—possibly the grandest conception of Truth and Beauty when the greatest minds of the East and the West met a decade back at the residence of Professor Einstein. Tagore told the great Scientist that Truth is realised through Man. Einstein attempted to argue that if there would be no human being, the Apollo Belvedere would still be beautiful. Tagore in his inimitable poetical prose impressed upon the great Scientist his twin doctrines of Truth and Beauty in the following words:—

"Beauty is in the ideal of perfect harmony which is in the Universal Being, truth the perfect comprehension of the Universal Mind."

IN the present distracted world, when the intoxicated Imperialist nations are indulging in a blood-bath, Tagore has preached a new Religion—the Religion of Man which was his thesis for a series of fine discourses he addressed to the Western World. What is Tagore's Religion? It transcends the limitations of Country and Community, the frontiers of States and Nations, the artificial boundaries created and imposed by the modern machine civilization. Tagore has preached and is preaching his Religion not merely as an Idealist, as a recluse, but as a practical Philosopher who has practised in his own life and in his own actions the principles he has preached. Tagore has expounded his own Religion in the following words:—

"My religion is in the reconciliation of the Super-personal Man, the Universal human spirit, in my own individual being".

It is the great glory of Tagore that like a true Prophet he warned his countrymen not to mistake the convulsions of hysteria as the symptoms of power. He has preached the grand old Indian doctrine that one man should

not covet another man's property or wealth. He had exposed the true nature of the exploitation which is carried on in the name of India's salvation. He has pointed out to the British people that their policy would bring ruin not merely to India but also to Britain. In one of his stirring addresses Tagore has exclaimed—"By robbing India of her strength, her masters have invited disaster on themselves".

IT has been the pride of Bengal that our greatest Poet had been the foremost Musician and Singer as also a

constructive National Worker. The musical words of Tagore not merely gave us verses of enchanting beauty but also sounded a clarion call to the weak in spirit who suffered from a sense of defeatism. In his great song Tagore invoked the Dispenser of India's Destiny in the following words:—

*"Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
victory Victory, Victory to thee.
Eternal Charioteer, thou drivest
man's history
Along the road rugged with
rises and falls of Nations.
Amidst all tribulations and terror*

*Thy trumpet sounds to hearten
those that despair and droop
And guide all people in their
paths of peril and pilgrimage.
Thou Dispenser of India's destiny,
Victory, Victory, Victory
to thee"*

Tagore's trumpet was sounded, and that will for ever hearten those in India who despair and droop. The Victory of Tagore will be the Victory of India and would mean the triumph of Spirit in the truest sense of the term.

—N. C. Chatterjee

THE QUINTESSENCE OF OUR CULTURE

THE earliest day of my life that I can remember, there came floating a song into my ears which penetrated deep into my soul and has held me in thrall ever since. It was a strange, simple song, a song that the young Bengali cowherd breathed through his frail, bamboo flageolet,—a song that had the fragrance of Bengal's paddy fields and rain-swept mango groves,—the coolness of her moon-blanchéd nights and the soft melody of her noble Ganges! Yes, that phantom-song was Rabindranath Tagore's! To millions of Bengali hearts, that song came floating likewise. Its joys and lamentations, its philosophy and wisdom, its passion and pathos, its message and call had the same abiding influence on the lives of every one of us in every walk of life. We cannot weep without humming a note of it; we cannot love without chanting a line from it; we cannot pride without giving a thought to it; we feel no inspiration without its vibrations in our bosom!

RABINDRANATH is a seer and a sage, born to rule the hearts of men and lead them from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge. In a world of ever-changing tastes, ever-tumbling values and ever-fleeting forms, the intellectual truth and moral beauty of Tagore's poetry remain bright and untarnished: the very quintessence of our culture and civilisation! His message has universal appeal; his fame is international. And yet, there is an undercurrent of all that is typically Bengali in his themes. What my youth and the youth of the rest of my countrymen owe to Tagore's poetry is impossible to describe. Think what the skies would look without the stars or the garden without the flowers! It would all have been bleak and arid without this comforting oasis. It is in the Poet's wonderful writings that we come into touch with the more permanent values of life, such as Death, Love and all that which, whether of Nature or of Art, breathes the sublime essence of Truth and Human-

ity. The supreme and infallible test of our love and devotion for Tagore lies in the fact that we delight to imitate his handwriting; we freely steal from his works; we try eagerly to borrow his manner and speech,—in fact, we have an uncontrollable urge to feel, suffer, laugh, weep, love and hate with this unique and super-sensitive soul, for most assuredly do these form the synthesis of Bengali life and culture.

IT is the eighty-first birthday of such a beloved personality that we are celebrating today. Millions of prayers will mingle with millions of joyous tear-drops at the thought that he is still among us, that we live in the age of Rabindranath Tagore and that we belong to his race!

Rabindranath shall not die, for the monument of his glory is

'more lasting far

Than bronze, and loftier than

the royal site
Of pyramids.

—B. N. Ray Chowdhury

আজি হতে শত বর্ষ পরে
এখন করিছে গান সে কোন নুতন কবি
তোমাদের ঘরে।
আজিকার বসন্তের আনন্দ অভিবাধন
পাঠায়ে দিলাম তাঁর করে।

আমার বসন্তগান তোমার বসন্ত দিনে
ধ্বনিত হউক ক্ষণতরে
হৃদয়স্পন্দনে তব, ভ্রমরগুঞ্জে নব,
পল্লব মর্দারে,
আজি হতে শত বর্ষ পরে ॥

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ

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The universal beverage



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And the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up
into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms
towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way
into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee
into ever widening thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father,
let my country awake.

Robinm Nath Agor



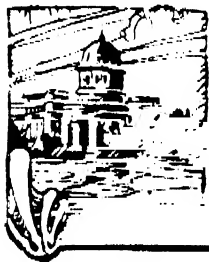
"Uttarayan"
Santiniketan, Bengal

November 14, 1934.

It was a sceptical world that ten years ago first welcomed the advent of the "Calcutta Municipal Gazette" with more curiosity than enthusiasm. People were not wanting who even looked upon it as nothing more than a clever piece of political propaganda by a popular leader. But time has amply vindicated Chittaranjan's great idea and his practical wisdom in entrusting Sriji Amal Home with complete control of the new enterprise. For, by common consent, the "Gazette" is today the most practical instrument in training of enlightened citizenship in India. It is indeed a remarkable achievement for the Editor, and all praise to him and his band of faithful - - colleagues. May they lead it on to greater glory!

Chindurath Tagore

THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CORPORATION OF CALCUTTA

Saturday, 13th September, 1941

Published Every Saturday

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Annual Subscription Rs. 4 including postage.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE OUTRAGE

THE cowardly attack on Councillor Bejoy Kumar Banerjee and Councillor Satis Chandra Bose by some hoodligan rightly formed the subject matter of a resolution at a meeting of the Corporation on Wednesday immediately after the assault on Mr. Bose condemning the outrage. A Committee was also appointed to enquire into the matter.

It is a matter of deep regret that such things should happen. It cannot be condemned too strongly or severely. It gives Calcutta and the Corporation an unenviable reputation. Must Councillors be made to think or feel or vote at the point of a dagger? We raise a hue and cry when personal liberty or the freedom of expression is curtailed by the Government. Yet in the largest self-governing institution of the land one dare not act according to one's conscience. It is, indeed, a great shame.

The attention of the Corporation has been rightly drawn to the fact that strangers and loiterers frequent every part of the Central Municipal Office at all hours of the day. We can personally bear witness to the fact that undesirables crowd its courtyard and corridors in a manner which is open to serious objection. Steps have to be taken to prevent this if such outrages are to be prevented in future.

We send out our sympathy to Councillor Banerjee, who, we grieve to note, is still confined to bed and also to Councillor Bose, who, we are glad to note, escaped with

THE WEEK IN THE CORPORATION

A SHORT RECORD OF THE MORE IMPORTANT DECISIONS OF AND DISCUSSIONS
AT THE CORPORATION MEETING FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 12, 1941

THE CORPORATION MEETING HELD ON WEDNESDAY, THE 10TH
SEPTEMBER, 1941

Dastardly Assaults On Councillors

Corporation Condemns The Outrages

Committee Of Enquiry Appointed

WE deeply regret to record that following the cowardly assault on Councillor Bejoy Kumar Banerjee on the 1st September, in front of the Central Municipal Office Buildings reported in the last issue of the *Calcutta Municipal Gazette*, another outrage took place on Wednesday, the 10th September, inside the Corporation Buildings, when Councillor Satis Chandra Bose was set upon by two men and assaulted as he was getting down from his car under the porch facing the staircase reserved for the use of the Mayor, Councillors and the Chief Executive Officer. Mr. Bose sustained injuries on the temple and had to be carried upstairs where first-aid was rendered. Both the men, two Bengali youths were immediately got hold of by the 'durwans' at the gate and later handed over to the police. They gave their names as Indrajit Das and Susil Chandra Ghosh.

The Corporation which met on the same day was to consider a resolution tabled by a number of Councillors condemning the outrage on Councillor Bejoy Kumar Banerjee. The House met in a tense atmosphere, and after emphatically condemning the outrages, appointed a Committee to enquire into the incidents and devise ways and means to prevent the recurrence of such deplorable happenings in future. The resolution ran thus:—

That the Corporation expresses its emphatic condemnation of the cowardly assault on Councillor Bejoy Kumar Banerjee by a gang of hooligans immediately after the Corporation meeting on Monday, the 1st September, in front of the Municipal Buildings and on Mr. Satis Chandra Bose this afternoon inside the Corporation.

That a Committee of Enquiry be appointed consisting of seven members of the House to enquire into the incident and to devise suitable steps to guard the Municipal Buildings, the approaches and streets in front of the said buildings, and to prevent the recurrence of such a deplorable incident in future and the invasion of the Corporation Buildings by unruly mobs and noisy demonstrators. The said Committee be authorised to engage any agency or to do any act they may feel necessary for the purpose.

The Committee of Enquiry was formed with the Mayor, the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Debendra Nath Mukherjee, Mr. Debabrata Mookerjee, Mr. N. C. Chatterjee, Mr. Abdur Rahman Siddiqi and Mr. J.

MAJOR S. E. TEE

Drawing the attention of the Mayor, Mr. P. N. Brahmachari to the incident Major S. E. Tee remarked that one of the respected Councillors had been grossly insulted while entering the Municipal Buildings. Major Tee would request the Mayor to issue instructions to the Chief Executive Officer so that when the Councillors would meet in the Corporation Buildings all entrances were closed and no outsiders allowed in the Corporation premises. All outside gates were to be closed and guarded.

The Mayor informed Major Tee that the Chief Executive Officer knew it and he would also remind Mr. Chatterji about that.

MR. D. N. MUKHERJEE

Moving the resolution Mr. Debendra Nath Mukherjee reminded the House that the incident which took place on the 1st September last and the incident, which took place only a few minutes ago were not only shameful and disgraceful but these incidents were such as would endanger freedom of expression on the part of the Councillors. It might not be fair for him to trace a connection between the assault on that day on Mr. Bejoy Kumar Banerjee and that which had now occurred but Mr. Mukherjee was certain that he echoed the feelings and sentiments of all members of the House that their freedom of expression could not be allowed to be muzzled in the way it was sought to be done by brute force by hooligans.

Mr. Bejoy Kumar Banerjee was well-known to every member of the House, and his simple disposition, his honesty of purpose and his keen sense of duty had endeared him to the whole House. It was very sad that when on that day after finishing his duty in the Corporation he was getting out of the Municipal Buildings Mr. Banerjee was assaulted by a number of hooligans. The Councillors had, perhaps, been informed that his condition was not as yet out of danger.

If that state of things was allowed to go on, Mr. Mukherjee submitted, it would be a disgrace to the entire city. It was really very sad to see to what depth public life and public standard of decency had gone down in this city. Therefore, if the dignity of the House was to be vindicated, if the dignity of the House was to be maintained,—and, in his opinion, the dignity of the House did not exist apart from the dignity of the individual members of it—Mr. Mukherjee must say that such

The House must unite and find out suitable means for prevention of recurrence of such incidents. Let the hooligans feel that the House would not tolerate any such assault on the Councillors, nor any attempt at muzzling their freedom of expression.

Mr. Mukherjee hoped that the members would unite and appoint a Committee to go into this matter which would have full power to devise means so that these things might not be repeated and engage, if necessary, any outside agencies for finding out the culprits.

Mr. P. K. DUTT

Mr. Prafulla Kumar Dutt thought that the language was sufficient to condemn the shameful and disgraceful action of the hooligans. If there was any difference of opinion that was no reason why brutal force should be resorted to. Strong measures, in the opinion of Mr. Dutt, should be adopted so that such incidents might be things of the past. The Councillors, he urged, should, for the time being, forget on this occasion their differences and take courage in both hands in devising measures to check the evil.

Mr. N. N. DALAL

Mr. Narendra Nath Dalal expressed surprise that no precaution had been taken by the Chief Executive Officer to prevent the repetition of the incident which took place on the 1st September last, when Mr. Banerjee was assaulted just in front of the Corporation Buildings. He thought that the Chief Executive Officer would take adequate steps this time to protect not only the Councillors but the Officers of the Corporation as well. Mr. Dalal failed to understand why police help was not requisitioned on this occasion. The news spread all over the city that some persons had been spotted out for such assault and, Mr. Dalal thought, that the Corporation Executive did know of this fact long ago.

The Mayor: Can you disclose some source of information?

Replying Mr. Dalal said that he was informed by his fellow Councillor Mr. Bijoy Singh Nahar that he (Mr. Dalal) had been spotted out by a particular person and some people were actually loitering in front of the Corporation Buildings. Therefore, in going out of the Central Municipal Office he took the help of some sergeants and 'durwans' of the Corporation.

It was deplorable and if things went on that way no Councillor with a sense of self-respect in him would come here to attend the proceedings. There might have been differences among Councillors but Mr. Dalal had not come across such happenings in the Corporation committed by hired hooligans. Mr. Dalal condemned the acts emphatically and also the people, who were behind the screen.

Mr. M. RAFIQUE

Extending his sympathies to the victims of the outrage Mr. M. Rafique opined that arrangements should have been made by the Chief Executive Officer for the safety of the Councillors, who came here as representatives of the rate-payers.

Mr. Rafique did not find any necessity for taking police help for protecting the Councillors. The

they were responsible for the arrest of the two men. Nor it was possible, as Major Tee had suggested to close all the gates. One gate should be kept open to provide entrance to those people, who wanted to watch the proceedings. About five or six years ago, Mr. Rafique recalled, incidents of a similar nature, had happened and certain rules were made. People, who wanted to watch the proceedings were to get themselves equipped with passes granted by Councillors over their signature. He hoped that the Committee proposed to be set up would take this matter into consideration.

Mr. A. R. SIDDIQI

Mr. Abdur Rahman Siddiqi thought that there was no justification for what had happened last week and what had happened to-day. If certain people, who had been treating the Councillors in this manner because the latter took certain attitude in regard to certain problems, wanted to have a fight, the Corporation were ready to accept the challenge. Mr. Siddiqi was doubtful in his mind whether the Corporation would take cognisance of the assault on Mr. Bijoy Kumar Banerjee, which took place outside the Corporation Buildings but now the mischief had entered the House itself. They had now to take steps to protect themselves and protect the honour of the House.

Mr. Dalal, Mr. Siddiqi preceeded, had given a very serious turn to the incident that happened last week. If it was known that certain members of the House had been marked, and if this information was communicated by Mr. Nahar to the executive of the Corporation, they should have found out what these people were and how they managed, to get into the buildings. The Corporation building, he knew, was always crowded, and Mr. Siddiqi had always felt that that brought the rate-payers and the citizens into touch with the work the Councillors were doing. But if this privilege was being abused they must take steps to prevent recurrence of similar occurrences.

His group, Mr. Siddiqi said, was quite in accord with the resolution. He hoped that the House would be able to find out ways and means to protect the Councillors and maintain its dignity.

Mr. SUDHIR K. CHATTERJEE

Mr. Sudhir Kumar Chatterjee did not think that there was any political purpose behind the commission of the crime since no political question was concerned with the elevation of a particular official to the office of the Chief Executive Officer. This was an experiment on the part of the instigators to see if by threat or by means of such terrorisation they could control the votes of the Councillors. It was imperatively necessary that those people must be found out.

Mr. SUDHIR C. RAY CHAUDHURI

Although he did not oppose the motion, Mr. Sudhir Chandra Ray Chaudhuri did not find any necessity for the appointment of a Committee by the Corporation to enquire into the incidents. He wanted that there should be an enquiry into the affair but he thought that it should better be left for the present at the hands of the police to whom the arrested persons had been delivered. If the

police failed to achieve anything the Corporation would take up the matter at that stage. The Committee proposed to be formed, Mr. Ray Chaudhuri supposed, would have no evidence before them on which they might conduct the enquiry. There were no witnesses before them. They might have certain sittings but the result, he feared, would not be much. Mr. Ray Chaudhuri suggested that Mr. Mukherjee, the mover, should withdraw the resolution.

MR. SATIS C. BOSE

Mr. Satis Chandra Bose, who appeared at the House about forty-five minutes after the proceedings started, said that on the 31st August last he had information that he was going to be assaulted along with certain other members of the Corporation, who voted in a certain way. Mr. Bose had also that information that he was to be the chief target.

But, unluckily, Mr. Bijoy Kumar Banerjee was made the victim of the outrage. As soon as after the conclusion of the Corporation meeting, Mr. Banerjee emerged out of the building he was set upon by some men. Mr. Banerjee was pushed down and the hooligans gave some kicks on the ribs. Mr. Banerjee was still confined to bed.

The whole thing, in the opinion of Mr. Bose, proceeded according to plan. He supposed that some people in the visitors' gallery came to know how certain Councillors had voted. They watched the movements of Mr. Banerjee and followed him outside. No outsider could within this short time possibly know how a particular member had exercised his vote.

What connecting link was there? Mr. Bose asked, with the outsiders and the appointment they made on that day. He would say that it was the connecting link of silver or currency notes. He had no hesitation to say that he believed that some of the employees of the Corporation were in the know and were in the conspiracy to assault people, who had the courage of conviction to vote in a certain way.

IF CALCUTTA IS AIR-ATTACKED

Problem Of Disposal Of Refuse

The question of incinerating 13,500 tons to 14,000 tons of refuse, collected daily in the city and its suburbs, in case the present conservancy service of the Corporation of Calcutta fails to function as a result of enemy air raid is, it is learnt, now being considered by the Government of Bengal. The Government are also trying to find out a solution of the problem that might face the metropolis with regard to the question of disposal of night-soil of the city if the present sewerage system is dislocated by enemy action.

The Government have suggested to the Corporation two proposals in this connection, inviting its opinion about the practicability of each of them. For the first problem, they have recommended that all the 5,000 dustbins in the city and suburbs be replaced by incinerators; and as regards the other, they have advised the Corporation that one bore-hole latrine be provided in each of the 1,71,448 occupied houses.

Mr. Bose supported the motion that the matter should be entrusted for enquiry into the hands of a Committee. He expected that in course of their enquiry many disclosures would be made.

MR. B. S. NAHAR

Mr. Bijoy Singh Nahar repudiated the suggestion that any Congressman should be a party to this cowardly assault. That was definitely against the creed of the Congress. He would also request the Committee to frame certain rules in this connection as to how the public might have access to Corporation authorities, and officials of the different departments.

MR. S. BADRUDDUJA

Mr. Syed Badrudduja said that they must do something to protect their life and property which were at stake.

At this stage closure being put to the debate the resolution was placed before the House and unanimously carried.

THE BALLYGUNGE TRAGEDY

Council Questions On The Electrocution Accident

The recent fatal accident due to electrocution involving the death of husband and wife at Kankulha Road, Ballygunge, and the question how such accidents could be stopped in future figured prominently during question time in the Bengal Council, on Friday, the 12th September.

The number of persons, according to Hon. Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, reported to have been electrocuted in South Calcutta since the introduction of Alternating Current is 37.

Mr. Suhrawardy stated that mere lowering of voltage (230 volts) would not minimise the accidents. He did not think that full shock at 230 volts was fatal, if a man stood on dry ground. The fatality did not depend so much, he added, upon the voltage as upon the quantity of current passing through the man's body.

Mr. Suhrawardy added distribution of electricity in Bengal had been standardized at 220 volts (A. C.)

Probably, he said, distribution of electricity at 220 or 230 volts would be more economic than at 110 volts.

Mr. Suhrawardy answered in the negative when asked if he proposed to call a Conference of experts, officials and non-officials to advise him as to the action to be taken in order to stop or minimise such accidents in the future. He pointed out at the same time that the Indian Electricity Rules, 1937, were framed for the prevention of accidents and were revised and amended from time to time as occasion arose. These were dealt with by the Central Electricity Board. Mr. Suhrawardy stated that if the rules were observed and the advice given by Government heeded, electrical accidents would be greatly minimised.

In this connexion Mr. Suhrawardy pointed out that in order that public might have their electric installation tested periodically an order was issued by Government providing for inspection or test of installations by Electric Inspectors appointed by Government. The minimum fee for an inspection, examination or test of a low pressure installation of 230 volts is Rs. 2 only. Application for this purpose may be made to the Electric Inspector to the Government of Bengal at No. 1, Harish Mukherji Road, P. O. Elgin Road, Calcutta.

**A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE CORPORATION HELD ON FRIDAY,
THE 12TH SEPTEMBER, 1941**

The Late Mr. S. K. Sen

The House on assembling condoled the death of Mr. S. K. Sen, Barrister-at-Law, which occurred at Calcutta on Sunday last.

The Deputy Mayor, who presided, referred to Mr. Sen as an amiable gentleman, a first class sportsman and one of the leaders of the Calcutta bar. His loss would be acutely felt in the city.

The House accepted the condolence resolution.

A Letter From A Hotel

In reply to questions by Councillor Hamoodur Rahman regarding a letter received by the Corporation of Calcutta from the management of the Great Eastern Hotel, Mr. Sailapati Chatterji, Acting Chief Executive Officer said that Mr. J. C. Mukerjee, the then Chief Executive Officer, received a letter from the Great Eastern Hotel authorities stating that the Assessor came to inspect their premises on March 26 last, and an officer of the Health Department on the following day, and inquiring why this inspection had been started so suddenly and in such an organized fashion. In that letter, which was laid on the table, hotel authorities inquired whether the inspection and examination made by these two Departments had any connection with their inability to oblige a certain insurance agent, who was also connected with the Corporation.

The Chief Executive Officer continuing remarked that he made an inquiry. "The Assessor", he said, "received a telephone message to the effect that there have been some additions and alterations in the Great Eastern Hotel. He with the Assessing Inspector concerned went to the hotel on March 28, for inspection. He found that the alterations made were nothing of importance and they left the place. On receipt of a telephone message from a Councillor, who said that he suspected the quality of cooked and preserved foodstuffs served in the hotel the Health Officer sent the Analyst, who together with the Assistant Analyst went to the place for the collection of necessary samples of foodstuffs for bacteriological examination. The results of the analysis made showed that all the samples were good and fit for human consumption.

"It appears that the Assessor and the Health Officer arranged for the necessary inspections at the request of the same person, who happens to be a Councillor of the Corporation, as will appear from the papers laid on the table.

"Two of the representatives of the hotel, he added, came and saw me and stated that the complainant—a Councillor—was the person referred to in their letter as the insurance agent. As will appear from the answers given above, the results of inspection and examination made did not justify the complaint."

Mr. A. R. Siddiqi said that this matter raised a rather serious problem in the shape of a reflection on a colleague of theirs. He did not know the actual facts but before any supplementary questions were asked, he suggested that a Committee consisting of the Mayor, the Deputy Mayor and leaders of the Corporation be appointed to investigate the

The Deputy Mayor, Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani, who presided, said that he could not put that suggestion before the House now.

Mr. D. J. Cohen: Is it a fact that Mr. J. C. Mukerjee left a letter explaining the circumstances before he went away? If so, will that letter be produced?

The Chief Executive Officer: Before he left he made an inquiry and left a statement.

Mr. D. J. Cohen: Will you read that statement?

The Chief Executive Officer: I would request the House not to ask me to read it because the name of a Councillor is mentioned in it.

Mr. J. H. Methold: I would ask whether the Councillor and the insurance agent referred to are the same person?

The Chief Executive Officer: The statement of Mr. J. C. Mukerjee will give all the facts of the case.

Mr. B. C. Chatterjee: The reply says that the letter is laid on the table. Where is that letter?

The Deputy Mayor: Here is the statement of Mr. J. C. Mukerjee, and I place it on the table.

Mr. B. C. Chatterjee: Will you kindly read it out?

Mr. A. R. Siddiqi: Which is the letter placed on the table?

The Deputy Mayor: The letter is on the table and any member, who cares may read it and ask supplementary questions. I think the best way to solve the difficulty will be to pass over these supplementary questions till the next meeting and ask the Secretary to place the complete file on the table including Mr. J. C. Mukerjee's statement ten minutes before the beginning of the meeting so that members may look into the file and base their supplementary questions on the result of their perusal.

Mr. D. J. Cohen: There are 98 Councillors and if each takes ten minutes what will happen.

The Deputy Mayor: I will place the file on the table one hour before the beginning of the next meeting.

Mr. B. C. Chatterjee: Copies of the letter of complaint and Mr. J. C. Mukerjee's statement should be circulated to members.

Mr. D. J. Cohen: Would it not be better for us to have a report from the Chief Executive Officer as to the circumstances under which the Assessor and the Chief Health Officer were asked to go there?

The Chief Executive Officer: Mr. J. C. Mukerjee's statement answers the points raised by Mr. Cohen.

Mr. B. C. Chatterjee: It would be better to circulate the Chief Executive Officer's statement.

The Deputy Mayor: If the majority feel that it should be circulated it will be done and marked "confidential."

The questions asked by Mr. Hamoodur Rahman were as follows:—

(1) Has the Chief Executive Officer received a letter from the Great Eastern Hotel authorities stating that the Assessor came to inspect their premises on the 26th

the 27th March last enquiring why this inspection had been started so suddenly and in such an organised fashion?

(2) If the answer is in the affirmative will he kindly place the letter on the table?

(3) Will the Chief Executive Officer kindly state if the Great Eastern Hotel authorities enquired in the letter whether the inspection and examination made by the two departments mentioned above had any connection with their inability to oblige a certain Insurance Agent, who was also connected with the Corporation?

(4) Has the Chief Executive Officer made any enquiry into the statement made and if so, will he kindly state the result of his enquiry?

(5) Did the Assessor and the Officer of the Health Department come to the Great Eastern Hotel on the days mentioned for the purpose of making any inspection and examination?

(6) If they did, did they do so in consequence of any complaint received?

(7) If so, will the Chief Executive Officer kindly state the name of the person who made the complaint?

(8) Will the Chief Executive Officer kindly state if he has made any enquiries from the Great Eastern Hotel to ascertain whether the complainant was the person referred to by them?

(9) Will the Chief Executive Officer kindly state if as a result of inspection and examination made, the complaint was justified?

Petrol Rationing And City Streets

Mr. Madan Mohan Burman drew the attention of the Deputy Mayor (Mr. M. A. H. Isphani, who presided at the meeting) to the deplorable state to which the streets of the city had fallen for want of proper cleansing. The District Engineers and other officers concerned, it was reported, were unable to cope with the situation for want of petrol necessary for motor lorries. The existing lorries were being loaded more heavily with refuse but that had not proved sufficient. The refuse in consequence was being piled up at street corners. Unless something was done immediately epidemics, Mr. Burman feared, would break out in the city.

Mr. Isphani informed the House that they had already been carrying on negotiation with the petrol rationing authorities. He realised that without additional amount of petrol the conservancy services of the city would be greatly hampered and it might perhaps lead to outbreak of epidemic diseases. He would once again draw the attention of the Chief Executive Officer to the necessity of securing additional petrol from the authorities concerned.

Councillor Watson Resigns

The resignation of Mr. F. G. Watson, Leader of the European Group, of his seat on the Corporation was accepted by the House with regret.

Executive Engineer, Water Works

The Corporation appointed Mr. P. C. Gupta, Deputy Executive Engineer, Water Works, to the post of Executive Engineer, Water Works, on an initial salary of Rs. 1,000 per month plus Rs. 100 Motor Car Allowance per month in the revised grade of Rs. 800—40—1,200 in the vacancy to be caused by the retirement of Mr. S. C. Chakravarti with effect from the 1st November next.

Superintendent, Corporation Press

The grade of the post of the Superintendent, Corporation Press, was changed from Rs. 400—20—600 to Rs. 300—20—500.

Puja Advance For Employees

It was decided that permanent employees of the Corporation drawing a salary of Rs. 300 per month or under would be paid in advance before the Puja their full salary for the month of September, and half for the month of October next. The temporary menial and the labour staff would get salary for the half of September.

Court Fees (Bengal Amendment) Bill 1941

The Court Fees (Bengal Amendment) Bill, 1941, introduced by Mr. Nur Ahmed in the Bengal Legislative Council, which has been forwarded by the Local Government, was referred, for consideration, to a Special Committee consisting of (1) Mr. N. C. Chatterjee, (2) Mr. Naresch Nath Mookerjee, (3) Mr. Debendra Nath Mukherjee, (4) Mr. Debarata Mukherjee and (5) Mr. S. K. Ghosh.

Pujahs And Id In Corporation Properties

The following resolution was adopted on the recommendation of the Estates and General Purposes Standing Committee:—

That in view of the fact that there is hardly any time to deal with individual applications seeking permission for celebrating the *Durga*, *Lakshmi* and *Kali Pujahs* and *Id* in Corporation properties, — the schools, parks, squares, roads and road-side lands which were permitted to be used in connection with such celebrations — *Pujahs* in past years, as also other similar places for which applications for such permission may be received this year, be allowed to be used in connection with the said celebrations this year, and that the Chief Executive Officer be authorised to deal with individual applications seeking such permissions, and grant permissions subject to the following usual terms and conditions:—

(1) That no undue inconvenience is caused to the members of the public resorting to the park.

(2) That no structural alterations are made in the park without the previous sanction of the District Engineer.

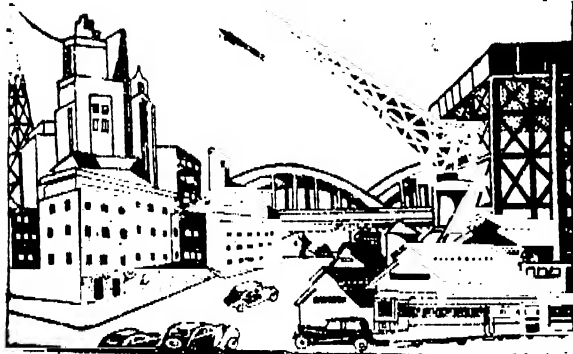
(3) That no animal is sacrificed.

(4) That the sheds, *Shamianas* or temporary structures, etc., of any kind erected within the park or square etc., are removed by the organisers immediately after the period of permission is over.

(5) That sanitary arrangements are made to the satisfaction of the District Health Officer.

(6) That any damage caused to the park or square is made good by the organizers and that a minimum sum of Rs. 50 is deposited with the District Engineer as security against any damages that may be caused to the park or square.

(7) That the organisers obtain the necessary permission for relaxation of the lighting restriction from the proper authority.



ENGINEERING MUNICIPAL & GENERAL

Goods Transport By Road

IN a paper on the development of goods transport by road, before the Royal Society of Arts by Mr. J. S. Nicholl, C.B.E., M.Inst.T., Director and Chief Executive Officer of McNamara & Co., Ltd., he pointed out that it was the improvement in roads, about 120 years ago, which opened up a new vista of transport and enabled the time taken from London to Exeter by coach to be cut from two days to 17 hours; now, with mechanical transport, it occupies about seven hours, and with a modern motorway might be reduced to four.

One of the problems has been the question of the contribution mechanical transport should provide towards the cost and upkeep of the roads. Prewar, the annual cost was about £60,000,000. Taxation on vehicles and fuel then produced over £88,000,000 (about one-ninth of the national revenue). Goods vehicles contributed over one-third of that—a sum equivalent to about half of the total cost.

Much trouble has arisen through the Government appropriating large sums from motor taxation, leaving the rate-payer to provide two-thirds of the cost. The problems lie in the equitable division of road costs between the general rate-payer and the road user, whether the motor vehicle should be the only type to contribute, and whether it be sound to tax the commercial motor in excess of its contribution to road costs, and so discriminate against it as compared with other forms of transport.

Apart from general improvement in motor vehicles since 1920, the items most affecting the

carriage of goods have been the development of the pneumatic tyre and improved suspension.

These have reduced damage to roads and noise while running. Improved braking. Scientific tyre treads and better road surfaces have increased safety at greater speeds. Progress in materials and design have produced a ratio of unladen weight to payload which would have astonished the engineer of 1914.

Another advance is in the design of specialised bodies and types, such as tankers, machinery carriers, low loaders, etc.

Next comes the sphere of road transport. Freights carried include practically everything that one can think of. Approximate figures applying for 1936, were:—

Public passenger road transport, £93,600,000.

Goods transport by road (by A and B-licensed vehicles only), £48,000,000, or about 31 per cent, as compared with the railways 63 per cent.

Ancillary operators' vehicles gave a turnover of £117,600,000.

An important advantage of road transport is speed between time of despatch and delivery, and, unless the distance be great, the lower travelling speed can be more than offset by railway handling or shunting.

Road transport has been more subject to legal regulation than, perhaps, any other form of industry. The very existence of the carrier's business is subject to a network of legislation.

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He dealt with the control of the industry following the Road and Rail Traffic Act of 1933, and the matter of licensing, referring particularly to the folly of the original two-year period under the Act, which meant a carrier facing an expensive and often protracted fight for each area in which he operated—and every two years—to preserve his business existence. Even the five-year license does not overcome these points.

Finally, he dealt with developments of organisation in the industry and said, incidentally, that it could claim to have responded well to the present need, though few could feel that the transport of the nation has been planned as it deserved to be.

This is the time for the road development advocates to press their point—whilst inland transport is at low tide of ineffectiveness and now that the whole country is alive to the fact that the Government's inland transport policy has not only caused inconvenience, but down-right suffering, as well as having placed a definite brake on the war effort.

All too little notice is taken of the last point, which amounts to a first class catastrophe, invaluable to our enemies.

It is common knowledge that armament production is on a chain system—a chain of factories each responsible for the production of some vital component or accessory.

If one fails to play its part, the whole chain concerned is held up, and it is no exaggeration to state that more stoppages have been, and are being, caused by transport bottlenecks than from any other cause.

Vast stores of goods and supplies of every description also lie at ports of entry because there is no transport to move them, and there they remain deteriorating, rotting if perishable, also they provide an easy target for enemy bombers.

Not only that. Congestion at the ports holds up shipping, one of the worst things that can happen.

Thus the shocking state of inland transport is as much responsible for the shortage of imported supplies of every description as any other factor, and perhaps more so.

The shortage of shipping is frequently referred to by Ministers and Government spokesmen, and explained as being due to enemy action, but never are port delays mentioned as a contributory cause.

It is our opinion that this aspect of our difficulties is being hushed up by the powers that be. The catastrophe is not the result of a blunder—a blunder, which might be excusable but the result of the deliberate policy of responsible persons still taking an active part in transport matters.

No wonder they desire to hide the irreparable damage they have done irreparable because the damage is already done as effectively as a death caused by a bomb.

It remains now for active steps to be taken to prevent similar catastrophes—a continuance of them; and one of the first things is to get rid of the culprits, whoever they may be.

The culprits are those who have used their power for the advancement of their own interests, completely ignoring national interests. Harpies, no less. Who are they? May be too many are involved. Anyhow, it is not for us to say.

"Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Likewise there are many of our transport dictators who, as bungs for barrels, will be doing their country better service than ever they did in their lifetime.

We use strong language, but not strong enough to condemn a policy which is having such tragic results—results foreshadowed in the pages of this journal when the possibility of war was but a rumour.

In waging war mobility is of paramount importance. The slogan is "roads, roads, and even more roads."

More than anything, the mechanised armies require them, and, when all the paraphernalia of war is intermixed with the requirements of the civil population, then the roads become of dual importance.

(Continued on page 651)

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CALCUTTA NEWS & VIEWS • A Digest

FELICITATIONS TO MR. P. CHAUDHURI

Hearty felicitations were offered to Mr. Pramatha Chaudhuri the well-known writer in Bengali, at the Ashutosh Hall, Calcutta University, on Saturday last on the occasion of his completing the 73rd birthday.

The distinguished gathering that was present on the occasion included many well-known litterateurs of the province. Mr. Hirendranath Dutta presided and Dr. Shyamaprasad Mookerjee inaugurated the function.

Mr. Chaudhuri was presented on behalf of the Reception Committee with a purse of Rs. 1,000, a copy of a volume containing a collection of his short stories and an ivory casket. The casket contained an address on behalf of the Reception Committee printed on a copper plate in letters of copper.

Addresses were also presented to him on behalf of various literary associations, including Bangiya Sahitya Parishad.

In his reply, which was read by Mrs. Chaudhuri (Indira Devi) Mr. Chaudhuri expressed satisfaction at the fact that his efforts at raising spoken language to the status of a written language had met with success. He deeply mourned the loss of Poet Tagore who, he said, was his friend, philosopher and guide in all his literary ventures.

DOCTORS AND PETROL RATIONING

A deputation on behalf of medical practitioners in Calcutta and suburbs, led by Dr. Bidhan Chandra Roy, waited upon Mr. A. D. Khan I.C.S., Provincial Rationing Authority and discussed with him the inconveniences caused to the medical profession by the introduction of petrol rationing in the city.

Mr. Khan gave a patient and sympathetic hearing to the deputationists and promised to investigate the matter with a view to maintaining the efficiency of medical aid to the public.

The Medical Sub-Committee on petrol rationing, appointed at a recent meeting of the members of the medical profession in the city and suburbs, are now collecting information regarding qualifications, the nature of practice, places of practice, the distance between residences and places of practices, etc., of medical practitioners in order that a revision may be made by the Rationing Authorities and an adequate supply of petrol may be made available to them from next month.

CALCUTTA PORT TRUST

The view that the time has now come when the Calcutta Port Trust Act should be amended without delay and due representation to Indian commercial interests should be given is expressed in a communication addressed to the Government of India by the Committee of the Marwari Association, Calcutta.

The Committee understand that the Government of India are contemplating measures for the amendment of the various Port Trusts in India. A Bill has recently been sponsored with a view to amending the constitution of the Madras Port Trust. The Committee feel that the proposals of Government, as embodied in the Bill, are halting.

MR. S. K. SEN DEAD

The death took place on Saturday last of Mr. S. K. Sen, a leading Barrister of the Calcutta High Court and a popular figure in the city's social circles.

Son of Dr. Hari Charan Sen, retired Civil Surgeon, Mr. Sen was educated at Calcutta and Cambridge. He was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in May, 1908 and returning to India joined the Calcutta High Court Bar in July of the same year. He rapidly rose in his profession and was one of the best lawyers on the criminal side. He also enjoyed a large mofussil practice.

Mr. Sen became a member of the Committee of the Automobile Association, Bengal, in 1926 and had been its President, the first Indian to occupy that position, for the past five years. He took a great interest in social and educational matters and was actively associated with the Daulatpur Hindu Academy and Agricultural College and various other institutions and societies at his village home, Senhati, Khulna, in Calcutta and elsewhere.

He is survived by his widow, a son, who is in the Army and is now on active service, and three daughters.

The cremation took place at Keoratala, Kali-ghat, on Sunday and was largely attended.

DEPUTY MAYOR OPENS ART EXHIBITION

An exhibition of some oil paintings and water colours by Mr. Dilip Das Gupta held under the organisation of the Society of Artists was opened by Mr. M. A. H. Isphani, the Deputy Mayor of Calcutta at the Society's Hall at 49, Chowringhee. Maharajkumar Robin Roy of Santosh welcomed the Deputy Mayor on behalf of the Society and formally requested Mr. Isphani to open the exhibition. The Deputy Mayor, in response to the welcome, heartily congratulated the Society for its activities. Miss Devjani Jadav, an artist of the Bombay School of Art, garlanded the Deputy Mayor after which Mr. Kanwal Krishna and Mr. Rathin Maitra, the Joint-Honorary Secretaries of the Society, formally introduced the Deputy Mayor to the various types of works of Mr. Dilip Das Gupta.

It will be interesting to recall that in the open World Poster Competition conducted by the East Indian Railways in 1937, Dilip Das's poster entitled "Calcutta" won first place. In the open competition held by the University Institute of Calcutta in 1938

Dilip Das was awarded a gold medal for the best poster entitled "Tibet" and a certificate of honour for the best commercial design. He also won H. E. H. the Nizam's gold medal for the best work of art by an Indian artist in the Academy of Fine Arts in 1939.

ABANINDRANATH TAGORE FELICITATED

Students and workers of the Government Fine Art School assembled at the premises of the School in Chowringhee Road on Saturday morning to celebrate the 71st birthday of Dr. Abanindranath Tagore.

Dr. Tagore was presented with a gold brush and silver colour box on behalf of the teachers and students of the School. He was also presented by them with a pair of silk cloth as a token of their respect to him whom they all regarded as their 'Guru'.

The function took place in the Library Hall on the ground floor of the School which was decorated with various portraits drawn by the teachers and students of the School.

Dr. Tagore was led to an elevated seat in the middle of the Hall. The seat was covered with velvet and decorated with flowers and foliage. Dr. Tagore sat there for some time but subsequently he came down and sat below along with the rest of the audience.

Proceedings commenced with a song sung by the girl students of the School.

Mr. Mukul De, Principal of the School, offered his tribute to Dr. Tagore on behalf of the School. Dr. Tagore in his reply advised Indian artists to concentrate their attention on Oriental Art.

BANGIYA SAHITYA PARISHAD: TRIBUTE TO RABINDRANATH

A portrait of Rabindranath was unveiled on Saturday last at 'Ramesh Bhavan' on the occasion of his memorial meeting held under the auspices of the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad.

There was a large and distinguished gathering. Acharyya Profulla Chandra Ray, unveiled the portrait, the work of the artist, Mr. Atul Chandra Bose.

Sir Jadunath Sarkar, who presided at the meeting announced that the authorities of the Parishad were grateful to artist S. J. Bose for having made a gift of the beautiful portrait to them.

In unveiling the portrait Acharyya Profulla Chandra Ray said that the Bangiya Sahitya Parishad owed a deep debt of gratitude to Rabindranath for what he had done towards enrichment of the Bengali literature. The Parishad itself, he observed, would be honouring itself, by paying its tributes to the Poet and having a portrait of his in its hall.

In paying his tribute, Acharyya Ray said that Rabindranath had secured for the Bengali language and literature a place of honour in the languages and literatures of the world. His literary creations, he could say would be appreciated in all ages and climes.

In his speech, Sir Jadunath Sarkar referred to what Rabindranath had done through his songs and literature during the anti-partition days and

even before that towards rousing the political consciousness of the people and also towards raising his countrymen from the depth of the moral degradation to which they had fallen. The Poet, he said, was born at a time when the entire nation was seized with a sense of helplessness and hopelessness. He gave the nation a message of hope and inspiration. Rabindranath, the speaker would like to say, was the saviour of Bengal. His contributions towards formation of a virile and self-confident people were immense. If Bengalees could derive strength and courage from the message which he had left behind they would be paying a fitting tribute to him. Rabindranath needed no memorial from them.

SCHOOL TIFFIN SCHEME

There is a provision of Rs. 45,000 as a recurring grant for a tiffin scheme for boys and girls of aided high schools and senior madrasahs in the budget for the current year, says a Press Note issued by the Government of Bengal.

The following method of distribution of the grant have been laid down by the Government:—

In every aided high school and senior madrasah a grant of As. 4 per month for ten months for 10 per cent, of the pupils will be given.

The Head Master in consultation with the Managing Committee will select 10 per cent, of the poorest pupils and award them free tiffin.

The grant will be given to any school or madrasah on condition that a compulsory tiffin scheme is introduced and a tiffin fee of annas four per month per student is revived on the remaining 90 per cent, pupils in the institution. The Physical Director has also been authorized to give extra grants when, in special circumstances, deserving cases in excess of the 10 per cent, may be found.

TRIBUTE TO MOTILAL GHOSH

The nineteenth anniversary of the death of Mr. Motilal Ghosh was observed under the auspices of the Indian Journalists' Association on Saturday last.

Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, who presided, said that when his brother Motilal started the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, newspapers in this country were few and far between. But they had a particular advantage which their successors in journalism to-day did not enjoy. In those days one possessing intellect, earnestness and a desire to serve the motherland could despise paucity of sufficient funds start and maintain a newspaper.

Circumstances, however, had radically changed to-day. Launching such a venture was by no means a practicable proposition unless one had a capitalist to finance the business adequately. And as could be expected the financier must have some say in the shaping of the policy the paper would represent. The Ghosh brothers, Mr. Chatterjee believed, could not have brought out the paper if circumstances were identical seven decades ago.

The country was acquainted with the history of the rise and growth of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*: many perhaps knew of the story how to counter Lord Lytton's Vernacular Press Act, which was

pecially aimed against the *Patrika*, which at the time was a bi-lingual paper the Ghosh brothers changed their paper overnight into a complete English weekly. Even in the present age of scientific progress the repetition of that feat was hardly possible.

Readers of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* in those days knew of and some of them remembered till to-day the ability with which he conducted the paper and the style of his writing, simple, easy and impressive. Motilal used to express his ideals quite clearly in the English language, although some of the idioms and phrases he used on occasion might not have been strictly appropriate. With the help of homely anecdotes and parables, in simple and terse language, he expressed his ideas to his countrymen, which no other journalist had been able to achieve. In the opinion of Mr. Chatterjee the present-day journalists should do well if they followed the example of their great forbear instead of seeking to use in their writings set and choice phrases and idioms in the English language.

THE HON. MR. FAZLUL HUQ

The *Associated Press* is authoritatively informed that the Hon'ble Mr. A. K. Fazlul Huq, Chief Minister of Bengal has resigned his membership of the National Defence Council, recently constituted by the Viceroy, as also his membership of the Working Committee and the Council of the All-India Muslim League.

Mr. Huq has addressed a long letter to the Secretary of the All-India Muslim League in this connection.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATION: TRIBUTE TO TAGORE

The National Council of Education, Bengal, passed at its annual general meeting held on September 7 last, the following resolution:

"The National Council of Education places on record its deep sense of sorrow and irreparable loss to the country at the passing away of Rabindranath Tagore. As one of the greatest poets of the age and as a man possessing extraordinary talents of a versatile character he won the esteem and admiration of the whole civilised world. He was inspired by the best ideals of the East and the West and while infused with a lofty spirit of nationalism he always maintained a broad international outlook of the affairs of man.

"His contribution to Bengali literature will remain as the everlasting monument of his fame. He took a leading part in the foundation of the National Council of Education and his ideas and writings had greatly influenced the National Movement of 1905, which gave birth to the Council. He will shine as a beacon light to the present and future generations of his countrymen, who will find in his writings a source of inspiration for their activities in life."

BAN ON TAGORE'S BOOK

Dr. Bhupendra Nath Dutta, Chairman, Organising Committee of the Friends of the Soviet Union, has issued the following statement to the Press:—

"It is a pity that in the many meetings held in memory of Rabindranath Tagore, there has

hardly been a reference to the ban which the Government has chosen to continue on the English translation of his "Letters from Russia". One wonders why even to-day, when the Soviet and British Governments are acting jointly in so many spheres, our people are deprived of the chance of reading what our greatest poet and humanist thought of the Soviet experiment".

"Perhaps it is still pretty nearly a crime in this country to express oneself enthusiastically in admiration of Soviet achievement, and even a man of the supreme eminence of Tagore must be penalised for the folly of discovering in the Soviets the land of hope and glory.

"Apart from everything else, it is imperative that all Tagore's works must, without exception, be available in an English version for the sake of those who cannot read Bengalee. The ban on "Letters from Russia" must go, and our writers must move in this matter at once. We are in communication with literary organisations in different provinces in regard to this point, and we hope that before long the Government will see its way to lift a ban which can only be characterised as infamous".

—Goods Transport By Road

Continued from page 648

All we have is a mass of twisting lanes, and even on these there is an insufficiency of vehicles to make the best use of them. What a catastrophe!

Town and regional planners, engineers and architects, industrial representatives and all those now actively engaged in planning post-war reconstruction should organise, forming one powerful organisation, and draw up a comprehensive transport scheme for the whole country.

Whilst the existing system of railways must necessarily be taken into consideration, a railway dictated scheme should be avoided as the devil.

The railways, which have done such good service in the past, have led us into the present chaos.

A country compact as ours, densely populated, with no part more than a hundred miles from a port, should have the most perfect transport system in the world, and, with the vast amount of goods and passengers to be carried, transport rates and fares should be the cheapest, instead of more expensive than in any other comparable country.

Unless this ghastly war drags on for years, as a military aid a new road system is not practicable, but for the recovery of prosperity after the war it will be indispensable, and now is the time to start to develop it, always remembering that the first purpose of roads and road transport is not that of serving the railways, any more than the comparatively new electric light and power should have been developed as the gas industry's handmaiden.

One of the greatest mistakes Parliament made in our domestic affairs was that of granting the railways roadcarrying powers—*Highways and Bridges*.

Calcutta Associations Institutions

ENTALLY INSTITUTE

FOUNDATION DAY CEREMONY

The twenty-fourth "Foundation Day" of the Entally Institute was celebrated at the Kailash Chandra Hindu Girls' School, 25, Ananda Palit Road. Mr. S. Wazed Ali, the Third Presidency Magistrate, Calcutta, hoisted the flag of the Institute and a salute was given by playing band by the National Athletic Club. Mr. Nirmal Kumar Bose presided and Mrs. S. Wazed Ali, Prof. Benoy K. Sarker, Messrs. Sajani Kanfa Das, Jagadis Bhattacharjee, Sanjaya Bhattacharjee, Manick Ch. Banerjee, Jogesh Ch. Bhattacharjee spoke highly on the works of the immortal poet late Rabindranath Tagore. The gentlemen present were entertained with music and songs by Messrs. Badal Dhar, Mohit Mukherjee, Ajay Mitter, Decent Orchestra Club and others, and at last with light refreshments.

CHARITABLE HOMOEOPATHIC DISPENSARY

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Charitable Homoeopathic Dispensary was held on the 17th August, 1941, at 5, Commissariat Road, Hastings, under the presidency of Mr. Mohammed Ali Khan, Bar-at-law, *ex Councillor*, Corporation of Calcutta, at which the following members and office-bearers of the Executive Committee of the Dispensary for the year 1941-42, were elected:

President: Mr. Amarendra Nath Mookerjee, (Councillor); *Vice-Presidents*: Mr. S. A. Habib, (Councillor); Mr. G. P. Agarwalla; Mr. Ram Baran Shai; Mr. Noor Mohammed; and Mr. Ushanath Sen, *Hon. Secretary* Mr. Deb Narayan Chakravarty, *Hon. Asst. Secretaries* Mr. Raj Kishore Prosad; and Mr. K. M. Lal, *Hon. Treasurer* Mr. B. D. Agarwala. *Members* Lala Ram Kisen Das, Messrs. R. C. Agarwalla; Haran Chandra Chunder; H. K. Nandi; Amar Nath Mukherjee; S. N. Sarker; Ram Kewal Singh, Krishna Murary Prosad; A. F. M. Shaukat Ali and Dr. Umamunda Banerjee.

DARIDRA BANDHAB BHANDAR

AN APPEAL

Councillor Sudhir Chandra Ray Chaudhuri, Secretary, Daridra Bandhab Bhandar has issued the following appeal:

The Durga Puja is near at hand. The Daridra Bandhab Bhandar, which has been ministering to the sick in large numbers, has made the Durga Puja occasion for free distribution amongst the poor and their children of new clothes which they have not the means to provide for themselves. For this purpose the Bhandar has hitherto counted upon public support. This year also the Bhandar ventures to appeal to the kind-hearted public in general and the benefactors of the Bhandar in particular to help it with money or clothes to enable it to carry out its avowed charitable object. The authorities of the Bhandar fervently hope that the response to this appeal will be great.

Any contribution, however small, will be thankfully received at the office of the Bhandar at No. 65/2B, Beadon Street, Calcutta, and duly acknowledged.

THE SARASWATI SAMITY

GENERAL MEETING

At the General Meeting of the Samity held under the chairmanship of Sir H. S. Paul, the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1941-42:

President: Sir Hari Sanker Paul, K.C., (Councillor), *Vice-Presidents*: Mr. N. N. Bhose, Mr. J. N. De, Mr. N. K. Goswami, Mr. P. K. Mitra; Mr. Jiten De; Dr. M. M. Saha; Mr. Jadav Sil, Mr. Panchanan Paul, Mr. Narendra Dey; Mr. Pashupati Dhar and Dr. Manick Chandra.—*Hon. Secretary*: Mr. Panna Lal Chandra, *Asst. Secretary*: Mr. Atanu Chandra Ganguli, *Night School Secretary*: Mr. Gour Chand Dutt.—*Social Secretary*: Mr. Beni Madhav Chatterji, *Sporting Secretary*: Mr. Jamini Mohan Mukherjee, *Captain*: Mr. Mahadev Kumar Sen, *Drill O. C.* Mr. Radha Nath Chandra, *ex Havilder* (49th Bengali Regiment), *Treasurer*: Mr. N. K. Goswami, *Auditor*: Mr. Anil Kumar Chatterji, *Executive Committee*: Dr. Bankim Sett; Messrs. Nanda Lal Goswami, Upamunda Goswami, Atul Kunda, Dulal Bhadra; Madan Sen; Sachin Mukherji, Pasupati Dutt; Nanda Mukherji; Madan Chandra; Dhiren Bose and Sambhu Chatterji.

INDIAN INSURANCE INSTITUTE

DEPUTATION TO PETROL RATIONING AUTHORITY

Mr. A. D. Khan, I.C.S., Provincial Petrol Rationing Authority, Bengal, met the representatives of the Indian Insurance Institute on Tuesday, the 2nd September, 1941, in the Committee Room of the Bengal National Chamber of Commerce to hear the grievances of the Insurance people with regard to Petrol rationing. The Institute was represented by Messrs. S. C. Roy (President), I. B. Sen, J. C. Ghosh Dastidar, K. C. Banerjee, S. Bagchi and S. N. Roy Chowdhuri. They explained the great hardship caused to Insurance business owing to the Petrol rationing scheme and complained that in spite of assurances of the Government for sympathetic considerations of applicants for supplementary grant the affairs are being managed by the area authority in a very unsatisfactory manner. They emphasised that Insurance people are very useful to the Government in allaying war panic and therefore assistance given to the Insurance people in continuing their business will indirectly benefit the Government itself.

Mr. Khan in course of discussion stated that a certain quantity of Petrol has been allotted to Bengal for consumption and this allotment has been made on the basis of figures supplied to the Government by the Oil Companies. The basic rations absorbed 865 of the allotment and as such only remaining 14 per cent. was available for distribution as supplementary grants. If the basic ration is to be doubled in any particular case it would mean that 1 (one) in every 8 (eight) would get a supplementary grant. Replying to the point that inadequate allotment has been made for Bengal, Mr. Khan remarked that there were two explanations—that transport system was not properly co-ordinated in Bengal or that some persons were getting Petrol under the basic rations in excess of what they were actually consuming formerly. He agreed to the request made by the deputationists to report to the Government of India the necessity of further allotment for Bengal but advised them to adjust their requirements within the quota available at present. He asked the Insurance people to combine together for the purpose of formulating their minimum requirements regarding Petrol and assured them that he would sympathise

really consider the question of supplementary grant to insurance men if they could evolve a scheme under which the uses of Motor Cars could be coordinated according to standard set up by the Government. Replying to an enquiry Mr. Khan stated that the Petrol Ration Coupons by which every area authority issued will be valid throughout British India.

HUSAIN COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE

INAUGURAL MEETING

The inaugural meeting of the Husain Commemoration Committee of Bengal was held in the Muslim Institute, Calcutta on Saturday, the 30th August. In the unavoidable absence of the President of the Committee, Hon. Mr. A. K. Fazlul Haq, the meeting was presided over by the Vice-President, Hon. Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy.

Speeches were made amongst others by Sir Azizul Haque, Speaker of the Bengal Assembly and Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, Mr. Santosh Kumar Basu, ex-Mayor of the Corporation, Maulana Abdul Rauf Danapur, President of the Calcutta Muslim League. Significance of the martyrdom of Imam Husain was explained and the need for commemorating it was stressed especially at a time when the Moharram next, full 1,500 years will have been completed after the tragedy of Karbala.

Mr. Hozat Alam Siddiqui, the Honorary General Secretary, narrated the steps that had already been taken in this respect, and suggested the line for future. Amongst the office-bearers of the Committee, besides those already mentioned, are the Nawab Sahib Bahadur of Murshidabad (Patron), Maharaja Bahadur Sir P. K. Tagore and Mr. W. C. Wordsworth, Chief Editor of the *Statesman*, (Vice-Presidents); Sir Abdul Halim Ghaznavi (Chairman of Finance), Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani, Deputy Mayor of the Corporation, (Chairman of Processions), Khan Bahadur Shamsul Ullah, Dr. Hidayat Hussain, Ph.D. (Chairman of Literature), and Khan Bahadur Dossan, Treasurer.

THE JAUNBAZAR INSTITUTE

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 18th Annual General Meeting of the Institute was held on Sunday, the 24th August, 1941, in the Institute premises. The following were duly elected for the year 1941-42:

President: Dr. B. Mitra. *Vice-Presidents*: Mr. T. T. Beed, S. C. Varma, Mr. A. R. Siddiqui, Mr. R. Pandey, Mr. G. N. Das, Mr. N. B. Ghose, Mr. J. L. Saha and Mr. P. C. Ghose. *Hon. General Secretary*: Mr. A. T. Ghosh. *Assistant General Secretary*: Mr. A. R. Choudhury. *Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary (Gifts)*: Mr. A. G. Hazra. *Hon. Jt. Secretaries, (Library)*: Mr. A. C. Sae and Mr. K. K. Ghose. *Hon. Librarian*: Mr. P. G. Hazra. *Hon.*

KIRANSASHI SEBAYATAN

The Hon. Secretary Paridisa Bandhab Bhandar acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a donation of Rs. 51 (Rupees Fifty-one) only to the fund of the Kiransashi Sebayatan from S. J. Ajit Kumar Banerjee of Kona (Howrah) on the occasion of the death of his revered mother Sm. Radharani Debi.

Assistant Librarians: Mr. M. Chait and Mr. S. K. Ghose. *Members*: Dr. J. N. Paul, Messrs. B. B. Sadkhan, S. K. Das, N. N. Ghose, N. K. Shaw, P. N. Ghosh, S. G. Pandit, S. C. Mallick, N. C. Ghosh, T. N. Ghosh, B. K. Shaw, S. K. San, S. R. San, K. N. Seal, B. N. Sircar, B. B. Kukur, M. M. Mandal and T. P. Ghosh.

DROWNING FATALITIES IN CITY TANKS

CORPORATION'S MOVE FOR PREVENTION

The question of drowning fatalities in the various tanks of the Corporation, particularly the Wellesley Square Tank, the *United Press* understands, is now engaging the attention of the City Fathers.

At a meeting of the Estates and General Purposes Committee of the Corporation of Calcutta, it was discussed that in the morning boys were called up to learn swimming and teachers were supposed to be in attendance. But in actual practice the trainees either arrived too late or did not arrive at all. It was also mentioned at the meeting that a young student was drowned while he was supposed to be learning swimming under the guidance of teachers. This was not the first instance of its kind. There had been other drowning fatalities in the past.

The District Engineer III in submitting his report said *inter alia*: "The Wellesley Square Tank under its present condition is in my opinion, unsuitable for swimming activities as a peculiar type of weeds like ropes with length of about 15 ft. grow and fill up the tank very frequently. Although there has been no accident so far due to the presence of the weeds, but if one strand of swimming is allowed under the present circumstances, there may be fatal accidents. This unhealthy atmosphere inside the tank can be removed by dewatering and re-excavating the tank as a whole, in which case it will cost us not less than Rs. 10,000."

It was suggested that Corporation should frame rules with a view to ensuring a certain amount of control and supervision over various clubs.

The matter will again come up for discussion by the Estates and General Purposes Committee.

CITY TUBE WELL WATER

TO UNDERGO ANALYTICAL TEST TO ASCERTAIN PURITY

The water pumped out of the 2,500 tube wells constructed in the city and suburbs as an air and precautionary measure, having been found unsatisfactory, the Government of Bengal have, it is learnt, decided to subject it to an analytical test in order to ascertain its actual standard of purity.

They have accordingly requested the Calcutta Corporation to do the test in its Laboratory and to submit a report suggesting for the remedy of the causes that are responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the water. The Government have also informed the Corporation of their readiness to bear all the expenses, to be incurred by the latter in this connection.

The Corporation has agreed to undertake the work, which will take about six months, costing about Rs. 5,000.

THE Improvement Trust

(D)

The following extracts are taken from the Proceedings of the Meeting of the Calcutta Improvement Trust, held on Saturday, the 9th August, 1941.

PRESENT:—Mr. C. W. Gurner, C.S.I., I.C.S., (Chairman); Mr. J. C. Mukerjee, Chief Executive Officer, Corporation of Calcutta; Mr. Abdur Rahman Siddiqi; Rai Sahib Chandan Mal Karnani; Mr. A. J. Thompson; Mrs. Hasina Murshed; Mr. Sudhir Chandra Ray Chaudhuri; Mr. J. J. N. Birch; Mr. Md. Rafique; Mr. F. Rooney; and Sir Hari Sanker Paul.

COST OF MANIKTALA IMPROVEMENT

1(a). The Board approved of the draft declaration under Section 6 of the Land Acquisition Act, and of the estimate amounting to Rs. 31,00,000 of the cost of acquisition of land required for improvement Scheme No. IV (Maniktala)—Belaghata Main Road to Narkeldanga Main Road, forwarded by the Land Acquisition Collector with his letter No. 1029-L.A. 11., dated the 31st July, 1941.

1(b). The Board also approved of the draft declaration under Section 6 of the Land Acquisition Act, and of the estimate amounting to Rs. 25,00,000 of the cost of acquisition of land required for Improvement Scheme No. IV (Maniktala)—(Supplementary—Excavation Area), forwarded by the Land Acquisition Collector with his letter No. 1353-L.A. dated the 31st July, 1941, on the understanding that if necessary it might have to be considered later on whether some portion of the area scheduled for acquisition should be abandoned in consequence of the increase in cost of acquisition over the Trust's estimates.

(11)

The following extracts are taken from the Proceedings of the Meeting of the Calcutta Improvement Trust, held on Saturday, the 16th August, 1941.

PRESENT: Mr. C. W. Gurner, C.S.I., I.C.S., (Chairman); Mr. Abdur Rahman Siddiqi; Mr. A. J. Thompson; Mrs. Hasina Murshed; Mr. Sudhir Chandra Ray Chaudhuri; Mr. J. J. N. Birch; Mr. Md. Rafique; Mr. F. Rooney; and Sir Hari Sanker Paul.

WITHDRAWAL OF EXEMPTION

With reference to Resolution No. 6 of the Board Meeting, held on the 2nd August, 1941, the Board considered Government letter No. 1349M, dated the 17th July, 1941, together with Chief Valuer's and Estates Law Officer's note, and resolved that a reply should be sent to Government on the following lines:—

The Board would regret the withdrawal of the exemption at present enjoyed, but recognised that if Government have decided as a matter of policy to cancel this privilege for local authorities and are withdrawing the exemption from payment of the fees in the case of the Calcutta Corporation, the Trust would not be in a position to press their opposition to this proposal. At the same time it should be pointed out to Government that more important than the expenditure on fees would be the administrative inconvenience caused to the Valuation Department through the change of procedure in making searches over a wide area for the purpose

of dealing with schemes as a whole as explained in the Chief Valuer's note; and it should be suggested to Government that before the exemption is withdrawn a new one should be adopted enabling the Trust to pay a lump sum in advance at the Registration Office to cover searches over a number of properties not particularised in the application at the time of making the payment. If the exemption is withdrawn, the Trust would request that they may be allowed to compound with Government in this or some other form for payment on the basis of which searches by the Valuation Department could continue as at present.

With reference to the Estates Law Officer's note, the Board agreed that the cost of searches required to establish clearness of title before accepting mortgage in the case of exemption-cum-amalgamation proposals, should be payable by the party desiring to prove title as a necessary step towards doing so.

LADIES PARK

The Board accorded their sanction to the reservation of a portion of recreation ground now being laid out to the north of Southern Avenue, shown in the plan as at present approved as a children's playground, for use as a Ladies' Park.

THE ACTING CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER'S ORDERS

Chief Engineer.

The Engineering Departments carry out 50 per cent. or more of the outdoor work of the Corporation. To bring about co-ordination in the work of the Engineering Departments it has been the practice for a very long time for the Chief Engineer to call weekly a Engineers' Conference in which matters relating to these departments are discussed. I understand, though I am not sure about it, that this Conference was held by the Chairman in the olden days, but during the last 20 years or so the Chief Engineer has been holding this Conference.

It is eminently desirable in the interest of the Corporation administration that the Chief Executive Officer as Head of the Corporation Executive should be *ad joit* with the work of the Engineering Departments, and I desire that this Conference should henceforth be the Chief Executive Officer's Conference in Engineering matters so that the latter would be in a position to know how the outdoor work in the Engineering Departments is going on.

The procedure would be exactly the same as at present and the agenda would be prepared as usual by yourself. The Conference will be held in the Chief Executive Officer's room every week.

I understand the Chief Engineer's Conference is usually held on Wednesday at 4 p.m. but as this is the Corporation meeting day, the Conference should be fixed for each Tuesday at 4 p.m. The next Conference will be called in my room on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at 4 p.m.

Kindly circulate this to all Heads of Engineering Departments, who generally attend the Conference.

S. CHATTERJI,

Offg. Chief Executive Officer.

Central Municipal Office,

The 11th September, 1941.

VITAL STATISTICS

For the City of Calcutta for the week ending
6th September, 1941

CITY OF CALCUTTA (TOWN & SUBURBS)

The total number of deaths registered during the week was 578 against 593 and 559 in the two preceding weeks and higher than the corresponding week of the last year by 66. The general death-rate of the week was 26·3 per mille against 27·0 the mean of the last five years.

Town (Wards 1-22 and 27)

The number of deaths registered during the week ending 6th September, 1941, was 490 against 490 and 479 in the two preceding weeks. There were 4 deaths from cholera, against 2 and 2 in the two preceding weeks. There were 5 deaths from small pox during the week against nil in the previous week. There were 5 deaths from influenza against 5 in the previous week. The mortality from fevers and bowel complaints amounted to 58 and 60 respectively against 50 and 78 in the preceding week. The general death-rate of the week was 25·5 per mille per annum.

There were 36 imported deaths. Excluding these, the death-rate of the Town was 23·6.

There were 83 deaths from respiratory diseases against 33 in the previous week.

There were 47 deaths from tuberculosis against 57 in the previous week.

There were 108 deaths of infants under one year.

Suburbs (Wards 23-32)

The number of deaths registered was 83 against 105 and 80 in the two preceding weeks. Of these nil was from cholera, 1 from small-pox, 1 from influenza, 5 from fevers.

NOTICE

To

The Members and Depositors,
Calcutta Corporation Co-operative
Credit Society, Ltd.

The audit of the above Society is in progress and it is expected to be finished by course of second or third week of September. Persons having account with the Society of whatever nature are requested to verify their balances of loans and deposits, etc., by direct reference at the Society and auditors' assistants will be glad to entertain any enquiry in this connection from members and depositors.

Sd., S. A. AFZAL AND CO.,

Incorporated and Registered Accountants.

22, Canning Street, Calcutta.

The 9th September, 1941.

20 from bowel-complaints and 19 from respiratory diseases. The death-rate of the suburbs (or added areas) was 32·3 per mille.

There were 9 imported deaths. Excluding these, the death rate was 23·9.

There were 6 deaths from tuberculosis against 9 in the previous week.

There were 27 deaths of infants under one year.

TO PERPETUATE MEMORY OF RABINDRANATH

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY APPOINTS COMMITTEE

In order to devise ways and means of perpetuating the memory of Poet Rabindranath Tagore, the *United Press* learns, the Syndicate of the Calcutta University has appointed a Committee with the following members:

The Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor, the Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, Mr. Pramathanath Banerjee, Dr. Syamaprasad Mookerjee, Dr. Pramathanath Banerjee, Prof. Khagendra Nath Mitra, Khan Bahadur T. Ahmed, Mr. Ahal Quasem and Mr. S. Banerjee Barak Law.

RECEPTION TO ACHARYA RAY

INDIGENOUS MANUFACTURERS' TRIBUTE

A hearty reception was given to Acharya Prafulla Chandra Ray by the Indigenous Manufacturers' Association at the Town Hall on the 9th September, in commemoration of the 61st birthday of his life.

A number of organisations garlanded Acharya Ray on the occasion. They were: Indigenous Manufacturers' Association, E. N. Goepa and Co., Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, Himani Works, Globe Nursery, Bengal Potteries, D. N. Bose's Hosiery Factory, M. L. Bose and Co., Associated Stores Ltd., Everest Engineering Co., Lily Biscuit Co., India Electric Works, Calcutta Mineral Supply Co., (Bengal), Enamel Works, Mara Chemical Industries, Boy Swadeshi League and Bengal Belting Works Ltd.

Major D. N. Bhattacharjee, on behalf of the Indigenous Manufacturers' Association, announced a donation of Rs. 10,000 to the Acharyya Prafulla Chandra Fund. The amount will be earmarked for industrial research. Mr. Ala Mohan Das also announced another donation of Rs. 5,000 to the fund for the same purpose.

SITUATION VACANT

The post of a Store keeper in the Stores Department has fallen vacant due to the retirement of the last incumbent on account of superannuation. The post is in the grade of Rs. 40-150 and has a security deposit of Rs. 1,000 attached to it. The vacancy will be filled up by Services Standing Committee No. II.

M. G. BANERJEE,

Controller of Stores.

Central Stores, Entally.

The 10th September, 1941.

*Streamlined
Trams*



SAVE FOR
VICTORY
BRITISH
WAR
SAVINGS
MOVEMENT
ASK YOUR BANK

*for
Comfort
with
Economy*

CANE FURNITURE
OLD AND DRAB CAN BE VALSPARRED
AND MADE TO LOOK
BRIGHT & CHEERFUL
WITH
SUPER VALSPAR ENAMELS
IN ANY OF 32 SHADES.
SUPER VALSPAR will stand the
hardest wear and tear.
DRIES IN FOUR HOURS
One pint will cover an ordinary
Verandah Chair.
MACFARLANE & CO., LTD.
CALCUTTA & BOMBAY.

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CALCUTTA
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THE CALCUTTA MUNICIPAL GAZETTE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Town or Mofussil (Inclusive of postage) Rs. 4 per annum.
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For further particulars apply to—

THE EDITOR, "The Calcutta Municipal Gazette," 5, Surendranath Banerjee Road, Calcutta.

CONTRACT ADVERTISEMENT RATES

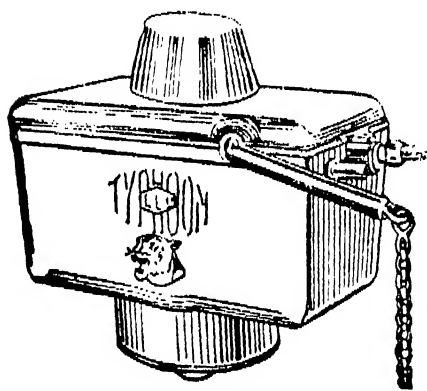
	Per month of 4 Insertions.		Per month of 4 Insertions.
Full Page Rs. 100	1' x 3½" (top of page) ...	Rs. 7/8
Half " " 55	1' x 3½" (ordinary) ...	" 5
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One-eighth page	... " 16	One year—52 insertions; six months—26	
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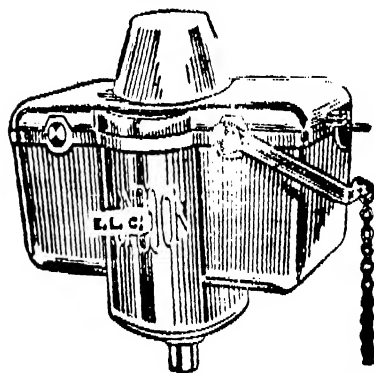
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CAST IRON FLUSHING CISTERNS

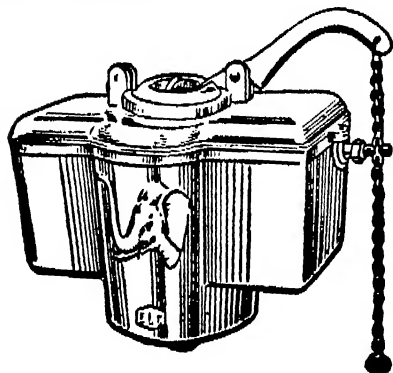
Illustrated here, is a range of three Flushing Cisterns made in India, and equal in every way to the best imported products.



The "Typhoon" Flushing Cistern



The "Monsoon" Flushing Cistern



The "Elephant" Flushing Cistern

The "Typhoon" and "Monsoon" Cisterns are completely Mosquito-proof and are manufactured strictly to J. C. S. W. regulations.

The "Elephant" type has been designed to meet the demand for a cheap, but efficient and reliable cistern.

**THE EASTERN LIGHT
CASTINGS CO., LIMITED**

.12, Mission Row, Calcutta

PERIODICAL STATEMENT OF VACANCIES AND APPOINTMENTS

Department.	Post.	Salary & Grade.	Date of Vacancy.	Date when filled up.	Sanctioning Authority and date of sanction.	PERSON APPOINTED.		REMARKS.
						Name.	Qualifications and Experience.	
License	Permanent	Rs. 150—300	26-5-41	28-5-41	Services Committee No. II dated 28-7-41	Nilmoni Banerjee	B. A. and also worked on previous occasions.	Appointed temporary Sub-Inspector in the leave chain of Inspector Mr. Md. Ali Chowdhuri on Rs. 100 per month.
Do.	Do.	" 150—300	26-5-41	28-5-41	S. C. II dated 31-7-41.	Jagabandhu Ghose	M. Sc. worked on many occasions.	Appointed temporary Sub-Inspector in the leave chain of Mr. Mozaffer Ali on Rs. 100 per month.
Do.	Do.	" 100—125	6-6-41	13-6-41	S. C. II dated 28-7-41.	Haribar Maitra	B. L.	Appointed temporary Sub-Inspector in the leave chain of Mr. Susil K. Banerji on Rs. 100 per month.
Do.	Do.	" 40—150	15-8-41	12-9-41	S. C. II dated 5-8-41	Prangopal Saha	J. Sc. & also passed Recruitment Examination.	Permanently appointed in the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Nagendra N. Banerji.
Do.	Do.	" 40—100	1-8-41	1-8-41	S. C. II dated 28-7-41.	Tarak Nath Das Gupta	B. Sc. Do.	Appointed temporarily as Clerk in the leave vacancy of Baby Phanim-dra Kumar Das.
Do.	Do.	" 40—150	26-8-41	26-8-41	C. E. O. dated 23-8-41.	Kalyan K. Chatterji	B. A. Clerk, Lighting Dept.	Transferred from Lighting Department to fill up the vacancy now Mr. Moni Mohon Roy who has been transferred to the Bustee Department.
Do.	Do.	" 40—150	22-8-41	Vacant.
Record Department	...	" 30—50	...	Do.
Cossipore Engineering Department.	Clerk. (temporary)	" 40—100	5-4-41	Do.
Chief Engineer's Department	L. R. Overseer	" 100-5-150	16-8-41	Do.
Do.	Do.	" 100-5-150	16-8-41	Do.
Executive Drainage	Engineer. Supervisor	" 200—300
Do.	Draftsman	" 40—150	Proposals to fill up vacancies are pending before the Services Committees No. I & II.
								Do.

CORPORATION NOTICES

To Contractors

Tenders are invited in duplicate for the following and will be received by the Second Deputy Executive Officer on the date noted below, up to 2 p.m. Each tender in duplicate must be enclosed in a sealed cover and superscribed—“Tender for”. For specifications and tender forms apply to the Keeper of Records. Price Rs. 2 per set.

1. Supply of Indian Road Tars for one year from 1st October, 1941.
2. Supply of Asphaltum for one year from 1st October, 1941.
3. Constructions of cart and foot bridges across S. W. and D. W. F. Channel.
4. Supply of Electrodes during the rest of the year 1941-42.
5. Supply of Motor Lorries for carrying filtered water in the Munickola area from 1st October, 1941 to 31st March, 1942.

Tenders for 1 to 3 will be opened on 16th September and for 4 and 5 on 17th September, 1941. The rates quoted in tenders for the above are to hold good for three months.

N.B.—All cases of delay over a fortnight in the execution of agreements in respect of works and supply of materials will be reported to the Committee and the parties will not be allowed to execute the agreements after that period without obtaining orders of the Committee.

In case a party deposits earnest money by cheque, he must deposit the cheque at least three working days before the date of opening of the tender.

The contractors should maintain an uniformity of their names and styles of business, appearing on various documents, e.g., Treasurer's receipts, tender forms, agreements, licenses and bills.

Any deviation from this on the part of any contractor whenever detected, will render his tender liable for cancellation.

Where tenders are submitted by a Corporation, it should be signed by a principal officer of the Corporation or by an agent duly authorised in that behalf and be attested by a witness. Where it is submitted by a firm, it should be signed by the proprietor or one of the partners or by an agent duly authorised in that behalf by the firm and be similarly attested.

BHASKAR MUKERJI,
Secretary to the Corporation

Central Municipal Office.
The 11th September, 1941

Notice to Petty Improvement Contractors.

District No. I Engineer's Department.

Tenders for the following works are invited and will be received by the Chief Engineer in duplicate in a sealed cover superscribed, “Tender for”, on Friday, the 19th September, 1941, upto 2 p.m.

148. Repairs to carters' quarters, Shed No. 7, in Gowkhana I Ward 3—Rs. 949, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

149. Repairs to bathing platform at Stan Lane in Ward No. 5 Rs. 157, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

150. Earth work in tanks in Ganja Gully Ward 5 Rs. 190, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

151. Repairs to pipe sewer opposite 65 B. Durgacharan Mitra St Ward 5 Rs. 84, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 week).

152. Repairs to bathing platform in Sahitya Parasad Street, Ward 3 Rs. 236, dated 10th September, 1941, (3 weeks).

153. Repairs to kerb and channel stones at Jorapukur Square Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 144, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

154. Repairs to the crematorium at Kashi Mitra Burning Ghat, Ward 2 Rs. 355, dated 10th September, 1941, (3 weeks).

155. Repairs to stone set pavement at the junction of Meenabazar Street and Upper Chitpore Road, Ward 6 Rs. 328, dated 10th September, 1941, (5 weeks).

156. Repairs to square at 16 Bhuvan Banerjee Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 226, dated 10th September, 1941, (5 weeks).

157. Repairs to sewer ditch at Bhuvan Chatterjee Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 798, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

158. Repairs to sewer ditch at Doyal Mitra Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 440, dated 10th September, 1941, (5 weeks).

159. Repairs to sewer ditch leading to premises No. 56, Mohendra Gossain Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 180, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

160. Repairs to bathing platform at Sarkar Lane, Ward 6 Rs. 202, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

161. Repairs to Burdola School Building, Ward 5 Rs. 461, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

N.B.—Please note that words in italics “7 days' notice” in clause 6 of the condition of contract should be read as “3 days' notice”.

S. C. GHOSE,
District Engineer I.

District I Eng'g Office,
The 10th September, 1941

District No. II, Engineer's Department.

Tenders for the following work are invited and will be received by the Chief Engineer in duplicate in a sealed cover superscribed “Tender for”, on Tuesday, the 16th September, 1941, upto 2 p.m.

The Petty Improvement Contractors are requested to call at this Office to note the items and descriptions of works for which tenders are to be submitted, from a copy kept in the District Engineer's room for inspection.

104. Repairing Commercial Museum in College Street Market Rs. 950, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 months).

N.B.—Please note that words in italics “7 days' notice” in clause 6 of the condition of contract should be read as “3 days' notice”.

D. N. DUTT,
District Engineer II.

District II Eng'g Office,
The 10th September, 1941.

District No. III Engineer's Department

Tenders for the following works are invited and will be received by the Chief Engineer in duplicate in a sealed cover superscribed “Tender for”, on Wednesday, the 17th September, 1941, upto 2 p.m.

226. Closing opening at 21, Urapara Lane Rs. 136, dated 2nd April, 1941, (7 days).

227. Construction of gate for Park Circus Market Rs. 744, dated 10th September, 1941, (2 months).

228. Repairs to sewer ditch along 5, 7 and 15, Deb Lane Rs. 292, dated 10th September, 1941, (5 weeks).

229. Repairing sewer ditch at 38, Ram Rashmoni Road Rs. 189, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

230. Repairs to privies in Tiljala Cemetery, Ward 18 Rs. 153, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

231. Repairing the sewer ditch at 12, Goalfully Lane Rs. 392, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

232. Repairs to Prayers' shed of mourners and office building at Extension Cemetery, Ward 18 Rs. 237, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

233. Repairing sewer ditch at 43-C, Market Street Rs. 186, dated 10th September, 1941, (1 month).

234. Repairing doors of the Stalls Nos. 7, 9A, Park Circus Market Rs. 470, dated 10th September, 1941, (15 days).

235. Repairs to sewer ditch off Nos. 43 and 51, Deb Lane Rs. 240, dated 10th September, 1941, (5 weeks).

N.B.—Please note that words in italics “7 days' notice” in clause 6 of the condition of contract should be read as “3 days' notice”.

K. L. DE,
Offg. District Engineer III.

District III Eng'g Office,
The 10th September, 1941.

District III, Engineer's Department

Tenders for the following work are invited and will be received by the Chief Engineer in duplicate in a sealed cover superscribed “Tender for”, on Wednesday, the 17th September, 1941, upto 2 p.m.:

1. Repairs to building and shed at Asphaltum Plant Rs. 996, dated 29th August, 1941, (1 month).

K. L. DE,
Offg. District Engineer III.

District III Eng'g Office,
The 9th September, 1941.

District No. IV Engineer's Department.

Tenders for the following works are invited and will be received by the Chief Engineer in duplicate in a sealed cover superscribed “Tender for”, on Thursday, the 18th September, 1941, upto 2 p.m.

82. Dismantling dilapidated C. I. shed at Lansdowne Market, Ward 22—Rs. 60, dated 1st September, 1941, (15 days).

THE
NATIONAL 'CABLES'
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CORPORATION NOTICES—Contd.

83. Laying sewer along the portion of passage towards Panditua Road for development at 22, Dove Lane, Ward 27. Rs. 900, dated 7th August, 1941. (1 month).

84. Constructing yard gully opposite 15, Joy Krishna Paul Road, Ward 26. Rs. 375, dated 28th August, 1941. (15 days).

85. Repairs to District IV Office. Rs. 375, dated 3rd September, 1941. (1 month).

86. Repairs to Sussex Trust Model School at 16, Mohonchand Road, Ward 26. Rs. 946, dated 28th August, 1941. (1 month).

A. K. SEN
 District Engineer, IV.

District IV Eng'g Office,
 The 9th September, 1941.

Auction Sale.

Notice is hereby given for public information that the materials as per Schedule here given under will be sold at the box shed in the Campbell Hospital at 9 a.m. on 16th September, 1941 by public auction.

It is to be noted that the whole of the highest bid money is to be deposited

with the person conducting the sale on the spot immediately after the auction is closed and that the materials are to be removed from the site within a fortnight from the date of sale failing which the materials left at the site will vest in the Corporation.

Schedule of materials for sale:

1. Salposts—6 in. by 4 in., old and in pieces: 1850 ft. approximate.
2. Corrugated iron sheet (old): 700 s. ft. approximate.
3. Man walling: 6800 s. ft. approximate.
4. Bamboos: 100 Nos.

K. L. DE.
 Offr. District Engineer III.
 District III Eng'g. Office.

The 9th September, 1941.

Special Notice

Re: Telephone Directory for November, 1941.

In connection with the additions and alterations in the Telephone Directory, your attention is drawn to the Rules and Regulations of the Telephone Company at Page VII under the heading 'Directory.'

Any alterations that are to be made for the next issue of the Directory for November, 1941 should reach them by the 15th September, 1941.

You are, therefore, requested to inform me regarding any change in your telephone number, *by the 12th instant*. Entries of alterations, etc., cannot be guaranteed otherwise.

BHASKAR MUKERJI,
 Secretary to the Corporation.

Central Municipal Office,

The 9th September, 1941.

Re: Water Supply By Lorries

It is hereby notified for information of the public, that in view of the recent orders of Government rationing petrol for all lorries etc., it will not be possible for the Corporation to entertain any application for water supply by lorries either free or on payment until the said orders of Government have been vacated.

S. C. CHAKRAVARTTI,
 Executive Engineer, W. W.

Central Municipal Office,

The 2nd September, 1941.

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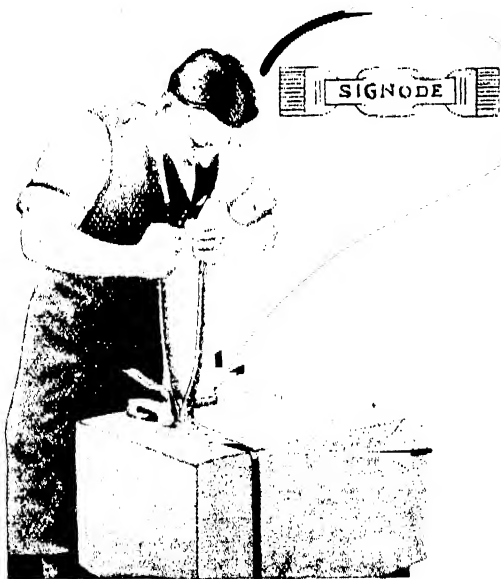
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Offers will also be considered for a few selected plots in Scheme No. L (Canning Street to Strand Road) in advance of construction of the Scheme.

For rates and further information apply personally to the Chief Valuer C.I.T., 5, Olive Street, Calcutta.

C. W. GURNER,

5, Olive Street, Calcutta.

Chairman,

Dated 3rd September, 1941.

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MEANS

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MARKET NOTICES.

1. It is recommended that coolies should be paid at the following rates :—

10 Minutes—Two pice. $\frac{1}{2}$ Hour—One anna. 1 Hour—Two annas.

Every succeeding hour or part of an hour—One anna.

2. Coolies for carrying bazar purchases are obtainable at all the principal entrances and care should be taken that only coolies bearing number badges are engaged. For the current half-year "A" class coolies have been allowed a Khaki coat with Yellow numbers on a Black badge. "B" class coolies of Hogg Market have Rectangular brass number badges. Entally Market licensed coolies have Semi-circular brass arm badges.

3. Any complaints about coolies should be made at the Superintendent's Office, giving the number of the cooly.

4. All complaints relating to the conduct of vendors should be made to the Superintendent. No action can be taken where the articles in dispute have been removed from the shop premises or in regard to transactions which are not brought to the notice of the Superintendent at the time of occurrence.

5. To avoid conflicts of statements both as regards the goods purchased and the nature of the sales, customers are requested to insist on getting a voucher, as far as practicable.

6. If goods are taken "on approval," customers are recommended to obtain a voucher to that effect stating the price paid.

7. Any articles lost or found in the market should be reported at the Superintendent's Office.

8. No dogs, bicycles, tricycles or perambulators are allowed inside the market.

9. For the convenience of the public a stand is provided at the south-west corner where the visitors can keep their bicycles in charge of the lessee thereof on payment of a fee of 0-1-0 for a Bicycle and 0-2-0 for Motor Cycle, the Corporation not having any liability in this connection.

10. Customers are requested that if they suspect any weight used by any vendor of the market to be short, they will bring the matter immediately to the notice of the Superintendent when the weight will be duly tested in the Office and the vendor punished if it is found short.

11. The public and the shop-keepers of the market are requested to assist in the mitigation of the beggar-nuisance by refraining from giving alms of any description within the market.

12. Customers are requested to examine the coins, obtained in the course of transaction, before they leave the shop. Ordinarily no action can be taken against the shop-keeper if any spurious coin is alleged to have been detected after they leave the shop.

G. C. WOODWARD,
Supdt., S. S. Hogg Market.

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Prices in the Sir Stuart Hogg Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	1st Class.		2nd Class.		ARTICLES.	2nd Class.		3rd Class.	
	From	To	From	To		From	To	From	To
BEEF	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	VEAL (a)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
Brisket, per seer	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	Breast per piece	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 4 0	0 5 0
Curry-Beef	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	Head, each	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 8 0	0 10 0
Pillet or undercut per seer	1 0 0	1 8 0	0 8 0	0 12 0	Leg per seer	0 6 0	---	0 5 0	---
Hump per seer	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	Loin "	0 6 0	---	0 5 0	0 6 0
Rib "	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	Shoulder "	0 6 0	---	0 5 0	0 6 0
Round "	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	LAMB.				
Stirloin "	0 8 0	0 12 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	Fore-quarter per seer	---			
Suet (Kidney)	---	1 0 0	---	---	Hind-quarter "	---			
Do. Salted per seer	0 11 0	0 12 0	---	---	Saddle	---			
Do. Malted "	0 8 0	0 9 0	---	---	Leg per lb.	0 14 0			
SALT PROVISIONS.					Other portion per lb.	0 12 0			
Brisket, per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 7 0	0 8 0	MUTTON.		1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
Hump "	0 12 0	0 14 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	Chops per seer	1 0 0	1 4 0	0 14 0	0 12 0
Round "	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	Breast "	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 10 0	---
Tongue each	0 8 0	0 12 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	Curry Mutton per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 10 0	---
SUNDRIES OF BEEF.					Leg "	0 12 0	1 0 0	0 12 0	0 10 0
Brain each	0 2 0	0 3 0	---	---	Saddle per lb.	---	0 12 0	0 10 0	0 8 0
Beef-sweet-bread per doz.	---	---	---	---	Shoulder per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 10 0	---
Heart, each	0 8 0	0 12 0	---	---	Kidneys, each	0 1 0	0 1 6	0 10 0	---
Oxtail, each	0 2 0	0 8 0	---	---	Heart "	0 2 0	0 4 0	---	---
Shinbones, each	0 6 0	0 12 0	---	---	Liver "	0 3 0	0 6 0	---	---
Skirts, each	0 6 0	0 12 0	0 4 0	0 6 0	Brain "	---	0 2 0	---	---
Tongue, each	0 8 0	0 12 0	---	---	Tongue "	0 2 0	0 3 0	---	---
Kidneys, per dozen	1 8 0	2 0 0	---	---	Frothers "	0 0 6	0 0 9	---	---
Liver per lb.	0 2 6	0 3 0	---	---	Head (without tongue and brain) each	0 1 0	0 1 6	---	---
Beef Dripping	0 7 0	0 8 0	---	---	Head (entire) each	0 5 0	0 6 0	---	---
					Mutton Dripping per seer	0 7 0	0 8 0	---	---
					Goat and Kid meat	---	0 10 0	---	---

PORK.

In the building on the south-east
of the Market.

	From	To
Fresh Breakfast Sausages per doz.	0 8 0	0 12 0
Chops per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0
Salt Pork per seer	0 12 0	1 0 0
Bacon per lb.	0 12 0	1 4 0
Cooked Pork Hindaloo per lb.	0 10 0	---
Collard Pig per lb.	0 10 0	0 12 0
Cooked Ham per lb.	1 8 0	3 0 0
Pig Trotters per dozen	0 12 0	---
Pig's Head per seer	1 10 0	0 12 0
Cocktail Sausages per lb.	0 12 0	---
Luncheon "	0 10 0	---
Roasted Pork "	0 10 0	---
Sausages Rolls per dozen	0 12 0	---
Patties per dozen	1 2 0	---

DRY FISH.

	From	To
Hilsa Fish per seer	0 14 0	1 0 0
Shrimps with shell per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0
Do. (without shell) per seer	1 0 0	2 0 0
Hilsa Fish Roe per seer	1 4 0	1 12 0
Bombay Duck per 100	0 10 0	1 0 0
Pomfrets per seer	1 0 0	1 4 0
Bhetkee "	0 12 0	1 0 0
Maldice "	1 8 0	2 0 0
China Grass White per packet	0 8 0	---
Do. per large packet	1 4 0	---
Bali chau per seer	1 8 0	2 0 0
Papadums per 100	0 6 0	0 8 0
Smoked or Salted Bhetkee per seer	1 0 0	1 4 0

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

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Prices in the Sir Stuart Hogg Market—contd.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
POULTRY	Rs. A.P.	Rs. A.P.	VEGETABLES—(Contd.)	Rs. A.P.	Rs. A.P.	FRUITS.	Rs. A.P.	Rs. A.P.
Chicken (Spring) each ...	0 8 0	0 4 0	Caulliflower Behares each ...			Apples Ring per lb. ...	1 8 0	
Chicken (broth) ...	0 5 0	0 6 0	Do. Monghyr ..			Do. (Cooking) ...		
Capon ...	3 0 0	4 0 0	Do. Lahore ..			Do. S. Africa ...		
Duck (curry) ...	0 12 0	0 14 0	Do. Country ..			Do. Kulu 8 to 10 ...	1 0 0	
Do. (roasting) ...	1 0 0	1 2 0	Do. Darjeeling ..	0 4 0	0 6 0	Do. Nantel 8—12 ...	1 0 0	
Do. (Special) ...	1 4 0	1 8 0	Do. Ranchi ..			Do. White Pearman ...		
Fowl (curry) ...	0 8 0	0 9 0	Vassas Spout per doz. ...			Do. American 6 to 8 ...		
Do. (outlet) ...	0 9 0	0 10 0	Celery each Darjeeling ...	0 3 0	0 3 0	Do. Cashmere 8 to 10 ...		
Do. (ordinary roasting) each ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Cucumber per score ...	0 5 0	0 10 0	Do. King David ...		
Do. (special) each ...	1 0 0	1 4 0	Garlic per seer ...		0 5 0	Do. Jonathan ...		
Geese ...	2 0 0	3 0 0	Ginger ...		0 5 0	Do. Japan ...		
Pigeons ...	0 3 0	0 4 0	Green Chilly per seer ...	0 4 0	0 6 0	Do. Australia 8—10 ...	1 0 0	1 4 0
Pullet ...			Turnarie ...	0 5 0		Do. Delicous ...		
Turkey Cock ...	6 0 0	12 0 0	Indian Corn each ...	0 0 6	0 0 9	Do. Rings per lb. ...		
Do. Hen ...	4 0 0	6 0 0	Knolkhol Country each ...			Do. per 2 lb. packet ...	1 0 0	1 4 0
			Ladies finger per score ...	0 1 0	0 1 6	Almond, English per lb. ...	1 0 0	1 4 0
			Leak each ...	0 1 0	0 2 0	Do. Fresh Kabul ...	1 0 0	
			Do. Darjeeling each ...			Do. Shelled per lb. ...	0 10 0	0 12 0
						Do. English fried per seer ...		3 0 0
			Lettuce per score ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	Apricots per lb. Peshawar ...		
			Lobia per bundle (small) ...	0 1 0	0 2 0	Apricot dry per lb. ...	0 8 0	0 10 0
						Amra per score ...	0 12 0	1 0 0
			Onions, Madras per seer ...		0 2 0	Alobokhara per seer ...	0 2 0	0 4 0
			Do. Patna red ...		0 3 0	Bael Fruit each ...	1 8 0	2 0 0
			Do. white ...		0 3 0	Bedana Kabul per seer ...	1 4 0	
			Do. Country red ...			Brazil nuts per lb. ...		
			Paranip each ...			Black Berry per score ...		
						Chestnut per lb. ...		
			Peas Modhapur ...			Cocanut each ...	0 1 0	0 2 0
			Do. Darjeeling ...			Do. dry per seer ...	0 10 0	0 12 0
			per seer ...	0 1 0	0 14 0	Country Apples 8—16 ...	1 0 0	
			Do. Hazaribagh ...			Currants Australian ...	0 8 0	0 10 0
			Do. Ranchi per seer ...			per lb. ...		
			Do. Bagbanga ...			Do. English per lb. ...		
			Do. Country ...			Dates Arab per seer ...	0 6 0	0 6 0
			Potatoes (Nainital) per seer ...			Do. Muscat per packet ...		0 4 0
			Do. Kidney hill per seer ...			Do. Basrah in 1 lb. pkt. ...		0 12 0
			Do. New per seer ...			Fig Kabul per lb. ...	0 10 0	0 12 0
			Do. (Old) Nainital ...			Do. Smyrna in 1 lb. pkt. ...		
			Do. (Hill) (Old) ...			Gooseberry per seer ...		
			Do. Madras ...	0 3 6	0 4 0	Grapes (Quetta) 1 lb. ...	0 10 0	0 12 0
			Do. Rangoon ...			Do. Nask 1 lb. ...		
			Do. Shillong ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Do. Kabul per box (Large) ...		
			Robob each ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Do. Australia per lb. ...		
			Pulbul per seer ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Do. Spain per lb. ...		
			Radish English per bundle (large) ...			Do. S. African per lb. ...		
			Do. Country per score ...	0 2 6	0 7 0	Grape Fruit each ...		
			Spinach per lot of 20 ...	0 2 6	0 3 6	Jafa ...		
			Squash per seer ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	Guava (Allahabad) per score ...		
			Sweet Potatoes red per sr. ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Do. (Country) per score ...	0 6 0	0 12 0
			Do. Pumpkins, each ...	0 4 0	0 12 0	Jack Fruit each ...		
			Tomato Darjeeling per sr. ...	0 12 0	0 14 0	Hazel nuts per lb. ...	1 4 0	
			Do. Ranchi per seer ...			Kajoo nuts per seer ...	1 4 0	1 8 0
			Do. Country ...	0 10 0	0 14 0	Khubane ...		
			Do. Chukerdhurpur ...			Do. (large) ...		
			Do. Sikkim ...			Khurma ...	5 0 0	0 6 0
			Turnip Darjeeling per bundle ...	0 2 0	0 3 0	Kesur China per seer ...		
			Do. per seer ...	0 5 0	0 6 0	Lime patty per score ...	0 2 6	0 5 0
			Vegetable marrow Country each ...	0 2 0	0 3 0	Lemon (English) per doz. ...		
			Do. Darjeeling each ...			Lichees per 100 (Mozaffer pur) ...		
			White Pumpkins each ...	0 1 0	0 4 0	Do. (Country) ...		
						Locket per 1 seer ...		
						Monkey nuts Madras per seer ...	0 3 6	0 4 0
						Monkey Lichees per 100 ...		

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

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Reserve Fund ... £3,000,000

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Offices :— 1, Fairlie Place, J. E. MOIR, Agent.

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(Liability of Shareholders limited.)

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Paid-up Capital ... £ 1,000,000
Reserve Fund ... £ 500,000
Reserve Liability of Share-holders ... £ 1,000,000

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N. R. NEWSUM,
Manager,

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Capital Paid-up ... Rs. 1,00,00,000
Reserve Fund ... Rs. 1,15,50,000

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Mr. Gaganvibari L. Mehta, Mr. Lakshmi Niwas Birla,

General Banking Business Transacted.

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Mng. Director:—Mr. Shamsuddin Ahmed, M.L.A.,
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Managing Director:—

M. Mukherji, M. Sc. (Cal.)

A. C. L. S. (Lond.) Chartered Secretary.

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Prices in the Sir Stuart Hogg Market—contd.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
FRUITS—(Contd.)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	FRUITS—(Contd.)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	FRUITS—(Contd.)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
M. Melon Jaunpur ...			Plantain Champa bunch ...	0 2 0	0 3 0	Ralsina Kabul Sunkissed		
Mask melon per seer ...			Do. Martaban " ...	0 3 0	0 6 0	in 1 lb. packet ...		
Mask melon " (Lucknow)			Do. Singapore per doz. ...	0 3 0	0 6 0	Do. Dessert in 1 lb.		
Mangos Alfonso per doz.			Do. Amritasagar " ...	0 8 0	0 12 0	packet ...		
Do. Pyri (Bombay) " ...			Do. Kabul " ...	0 3 0	0 6 0	Do. Table in 1 lb.		
Do. Langra " ...			Papaya Ranchi each ...	1 6 0	0 4 0	packet ...	0 10 0	0 12
Do. Sukul " ...			Do. Country " ...			Do. Muscat loose per		
Do. Fazli " ...			Plums per lb. (Kabul) ...			lb. ...		
Do. Klissen Bhog " ...			Do. S. African per lb. ...			Do. do. in 1 lb.		
Do. Kanchan 16—20 " ...			Do. Country per score—			packet ...		
Do. Golapkhosh " ...			Pomegranate Bhowana-			Rose Berry per score ...		
Do. Himsagore " ...			gore per seer ...	1 0 0	1 8 0	Sofata " ...		
Do. Green per score ...	0 10 0	0 1 0	" Kandahar			Sunkist (Orange) per doz	1 0 0	1 8
Do. Country per 100 ...			Pumalo each (country) ...	0 2 0	0 4 0	Star Apple per score ...		
Do. Bombay " ...	1 0 0		Pumalo balbar each ...			S. Africa Orange per doz.		
Do. Madras 8—10 " ...	1 0 0		Prunes Fresh per lb. ...	2 0 0		Jafa per doz. (Orange)		
Do. Lillam 4—6 " ...			Prunes S. W. per tin (2 lb.)			Do. Small per score		
Mangosteen per doz. ...			Do. Liby do. ...			Sweet Limes (Peshwar)		
mulberry per score ...			Do. Delmonte do. ...			8 to 10 " ...	1 0 0	
Jaunpur Mussoni 6—8			Calasia do. ...			Do. Country per score ...		0 8
" 12—16 " ...	1 0 0	1 4 0	Pears Cashmere 12—20 ...	1 0 0		Surdah Quetta per seer ...	0 6 0	
Bombay " per doz. ...	1 0 0		Do. (Cooking) " ...			Tamarind per seer ...	0 2 0	0 2
Oranges Sikkur " ...			Do. Kulu per lb. English			Watermelon Country each		
Do. Nagpur " ...			Do. California per lb. ...			Do. Goalund " ...		
Do. Bombay 12—16 " ...	1 0 0		Do. American per lb. ...			Do. Farukhabad " ...		
Do. Darjeeling " ...			Do. Peshwar 8—10 " ...	1 0 0		Do. Quetta " ...		
Do. Multa per doz. ...			Do. Australian per lb. ...			Water Meton Bhagalpur		
Pesta Arab per seer ...	2 8 0	3 0 0	Do. California Dry per lb.	1 8 0		Water fruit per seer ...	0 4 0	0 5
Do. (Unshelled) per seer	2 0 0	2 8 0	Do. S. African per lb. ...			Walnut per lb. ...	0 7 0	0 8
Do. Fried " ...	3 0 0	4 0 0	Do. Cashmere " ...			Do. do. (Shelled) ...	0 10 0	
Do. Kabul " ...	2 8 0		Peaches America dry p. lb.					
Do. Kandahar " ...			Do. S. African per lb. ...	1 0 0		BUTTER, Etc.		
Do. Multan " ...			Do. Peshwar 8—10 " ...			Aligarh Butter per lb. ...	1 2 0	1 4
Do. Fried " ...	3 0 0	4 0 0	Do. English Dry per lb.			Bombay " ...	0 11 0	0 12
eanut per seer ...	1 4 0	1 8 0	Quince (Quetta)			Dinapur " ...	0 11 0	0 12
Apple Country each			Raisins per 1 lb. packet ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Butter for cake " ...	0 14 0	1 0
Do. Assam " ...	0 8 0	1 0 0	Do. do. (California)			Cow's Ghee per seer ...		1 12
Do. Singapore " ...			Do. (Red) per lb. ...	0 6 0	0 8 0	Ghee per seer ...	1 8 0	1 12
Do. Ceylon per lb. ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Do. Kabul " ...	0 10 0	0 12 0			
Do. Tejpur each ...	0 12 0	1 8 0	Do. Sultana per seer	1 0 0				
Do. Kalimpong each								

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88	0 8 0 daily		29 & 30	4 0 0 "	
38A	0 4 0 "		16—20	1 11 0 "	
34 Chandney	0 5 0 "				
32	0 5 0 "				

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Prices in the Sir Stuart Hogg Market—contd

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.		Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.		Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
MILK AND CREAM			FLOUR.			COAL AND COKE.		
Pure cow's milk fresh per seer ...	0 4 0		Californian flour No. 1 per seer ...	0 3 0	0 3 6	Soft Coke per md. ...		0 10 0
Fresh cream per lb. ...	1 4 0		Californian flour per bag of 5 lbs. ...	0 10 0		CONFECTIONERY.		
FISH.			Californian flour No. 2 per seer ...		0 3 0	Cakes, Assorted per lb. ...	0 12 0	1 0 0
Shetkee (Jhill) per seer ...	1 0 0	1 4 0	Country flour per seer ...		0 3 0	Plum Cakes ...	0 12 0	1 0 0
Do. (cut pieces) ,, ...	1 12 0	2 0 0	Atta ...	0 2 3	0 2 6	X'mas Cake (Almond Iced) per lb. ...	1 8 0	2 12 0
Do. (salt-water) per seer ...	1 8 0	1 12 0	Sajee ...		0 3 0	Plum Puddings (English) per lb. ...	1 12 0	2 8 0
Do. (cut pieces) per seer ...	2 8 0	3 0 0	RICE.			Assorted Tea Cakes per lb. ...	1 4 0	1 8 0
Butle per seer ...		0 10 0	Deshi coarse per md. ...			Slab Chocolates per packet ...	0 1 6	1 0 0
Do. (Cut pieces) ...	0 13 0	0 14 0	Do. per seer ...			CONFECTIONERY.		
Rohi per seer ...	0 10 0	0 10 0	Patna 1st quality per md. ...	6 8 0	7 0 0	—(Contd.)		
Do. (Cut pieces) ...	0 12 0	0 14 0	Do. per seer ...	0 2 6	0 3 0	Assorted Chocolates per lb. ...	1 8 0	2 8 0
Hilsa each ...	0 8 0	1 4 0	Do. coarse per md. ...			Short Bread per lb. ...	1 4 0	4 8 0
Drab per lot of 4 ...	0 2 0	0 6 0	Do. per seer ...			English Sweets, Assorted per lb. ...	0 12 0	2 0 0
Mango fish with roe ...			Banktoolai manja per md. ...	7 8 0	8 0 0	Caramels Assorted per lb. ...	1 8 0	2 0 0
Do. without roe ...			Do. per seer ...	0 3 0	0 3 6	H. & P. Biscuits 1 lb. tins ...	1 6 0	0 12 0
Mullet per seer ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Chinisakkar per md. ...	8 0 0	9 0 0	Do. 2 lb. " ...	2 4 0	4 0 0
Pangash (Butter fish) per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Do. per seer ...	0 3 0	0 4 0	PEAK FREANS BISCUITS.		
Do. (Cut pieces) ...			Kabul rice per seer ...	0 5 0	0 8 0	Glaxo ...	1 13 0	
Pomfret per seer ...	1 8 0	2 0 0	Kashmere rice per seer ...			Assorted Creams ...	2 0 0	2 4 0
Prawns per seer (Small) ...	0 4 0	0 6 0	Golab Sorn Rice ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	Golden Puffs ...	2 2 0	
Do. (Bagda) per seer ...	0 8 0	0 12 0	SUGAR.			Barley Sugar (English) per lb. ...	1 0 0	
lobater ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Cawnpore Sugar per seer ...	0 4 3		Barley Sugar (Indian) per lb. ...	0 4 0	
lea fish ...	0 12 0	1 4 0	Crystals ...	0 4 3	0 4 6	Assorted Patties per doz. ...	0 12 0	1 8 0
Other fish ...	0 12 0	1 8 0	DAL Etc.,			Jacob's Cream Crackers per tin ...	2 4 0	2 6 0
BREAD, CHEESE AND CAKE PRESERVES.			Arabar per seer ...	0 2 6	0 3 0	HUNTLEY PALMER.		
Bread (White or Brown) 2 lbs. each ...	0 5 0		Chana ...		0 2 6	Marie 2 lb. tin ...	2 8 0	
Do. (flour) 1 lb. each ...	0 2 0	0 2 0	Khari Masoor ...	0 2 6	0 3 0	Nice 2 lb. tin ...	2 10 0	
Do. do. 1 lb. " ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Mung haree ...		0 8 0	Petit Bourre 2 lb. tin ...	2 10 0	
Do. do. 8 oz. " ...	0 1 0	0 1 3	Mung sona ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	BRITANNIA.		
Current loaf 1 lb. each ...	0 4 0		Salt ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	1 lb. Tin. 2 lb. tin.		
Milk Roll ...	0 1 3		Cocogem—			Rs. A. P. Rs. A. P.		
Dinner Roll ...	0 0 6		1 lb. tin per lb. ...	0 12 0		Cheese ...	0 14 0	1 8 0
Cheese Bandel each ...	0 1 9	0 2 0	2 lb. " ...	1 4 0		Gem ...	0 10 6	1 0 6
Do. Dacca per lb. ...		1 0 0	6 lb. " ...	3 12 0		Gem Iced ...	0 13 6	1 6 0
Do. Edam " ...	1 8 0		Cocoonut Oil per seer ...	0 5 0	0 6 0	Ginger Nut ...	1 5 0	2 1 0
Do. Overland " ...			Castor Oil " ...	0 8 0		Ko-Nut (Reg.) ...	0 11 9	1 3 0
Do. Bandel per lb. ...			Mustard Oil " ...		0 7 0	Marie ...	1 2 0	1 13 0
Do. Cheddarn " ...	1 12 0		KEROSENE OIL.			Milk ...	1 1 0	1 8 0
Preserved, mixed, per lb. ...	0 5 0		Chester per case ...			Mixed (Household) ...	1 1 0	1 13 0
" unmixed, " ...		0 5 0	Snowflake " ...			Nice ...	1 5 0	2 1 0
Swava cheese per lb. ...	0 5 0		Monkey Brand per tin ...			15% price up.		
Kraft cheese per lb. ...	1 8 0		"Victoria"—"Swan" per 4-l. G. tin ...		3 5 0			
			Do. 4-l. G. Bulk ...		3 2 0			
			"Rising Sun"—"Chukker" per 4-l. G. tin ...		3 15 0			
			Do. per 4-l. G. Bulk ...		3 5 0			
			Elephant Brand Tin ...		3 15 0			
			Do. " Bulk ...		3 5 0			
			Do. " Small ...					
			Owl " Tin ...					
			White Rose per tin ...	4 14 0				
			Water Lily " ...	4 14 0				

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Prices in the Lansdowne Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.		Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.		Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
RICE.			BREAD			MEAT.		
Balam per md. ...	6 8 0	6 12 0	Bread 1 lb. ...	0 2 0	0 3 0	Mutton ...		0 12 0
Banktoolai (Manja) ...	7 4 0	7 8 0	Do. 1 lb. ...	0 1 0	0 1 6	Goat ...		0 13 0
Do. (Kora) ...	7 2 0	7 4 0	Do. 1 lb. ...	0 0 6	0 1 0			
Do. (Atap) ...	7 4 0	7 8 0	BUTTER.			EGGS.		
Kamini (Do.) ...	8 4 0	8 8 0	Aligarh Salted per lb. ...	0 14 0	1 0 0	Egg (rowl) per score ...	0 9 0	0 10 0
Chinisakkar (Do.) ...	9 0 0		Bombay per lb. Salted ...	0 14 0	1 0 0	.. (Luck) Do. ...		0 9 0
Dadkhanl ...	10 0 0	11 8 0	Pabna per seer ...	1 2 0				
Deshi Boiled (Kora) ...	6 4 0	6 8 0	Polson's 1 lb. tin. ...	1 2 0		CONFECTIONERY.		
Dudhkalma ...			Milk ...		0 4 0	Lipton's Tea—		
Nagra ...	6 12 0	7 0 0	Cows' Head ...	0 5 0		Yellow per tin ...		1 7 0
Patnai (Kora) ...	7 8 0		Condensed Milk ...	0 3 9	0 4 0	Cocoa Hornby ...		
Rangoon (Bottled) ...	6 0 0	6 4 0	Milk Maid ...	0 11 0		Coffee Polson's lb. ...	0 8 6	1 1 0
Do. (Atap) ...	6 8 0	6 12 0	OIL.			Condensed Milk ...		
Rupsal ...	6 8 0	7 0 0	Mustard Oil ...	0 7 0	0 8 0	BISCUITS.		
			Cocoonut Do. ...		0 6 0	Thin Arrowroot 2 lb. tin ...		1 9 6
DAL.			FRUITS.			H. & P. Do. ...		
Mug Dal (Hart) per seer ...	0 4 0		Mangoes 20 to 25 ...	1 0 0		Household per tin ...		
Do. (Sona) ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	Apples 8—16 ...	1 0 0		Jacob's Cream Cracker ...		2 6 0
Do. (Krishna) ...	0 8 0	0 3 6	Alubokra per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0			
Arashar Dal ...	0 2 0	0 3 0	Oranges 8 to 12 ...	1 0 0		CIGARETTES, ETC.		
Kalal Dal ...	0 2 3	0 2 6	Bedana per seer ...			State Express Ciga-		
Khasari Dal ...	0 2 0		Pesta ...	2 4 0	2 8 0	rettes, 555 ...	1 10 0	
Mosoor Dal (Split) ...	0 2 6	0 2 9	Dates Arab ...	0 3 0	0 6 0	Passing Show Ciga-		0 11 6
Do. (Khart) ...	0 2 9	0 2 6	Grapes per seer ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	rettes ...		
Mattor Dal ...	0 2 0	0 2 6	Pomegranates per seer ...	0 8 0	1 0 0	Robinson's Barley 1 lb. ...		
			VEGETABLES.			Pearl Barley (C. B.) ...		
GHEE.			New Patai ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Sago (Pearl) ...	0 12 6	
Gawa per seer ...	2 0 0		New Potatoes ...	0 3 6	0 4 0	Quaker's Oats ...		0 14 0
Ranchi ...			Potatoes (New ...			Pascal's Logonges		
Darbhanga ...	1 7 0	1 8 0	Brinjal ...	0 2 6	0 4 0	(glass) each ...	0 10 0	0 10 6
Sree (Mark) ...		1 10 0	Cabbages each ...	0 3 0	0 4 0	Jam ...		
Khurja ...	1 4 0	1 8 0	Ginger ...		0 6 0	Jelly ...	0 6 0	0 7 0
Bhaduwa ...	1 12 0		Cucumber each ...	0 0 3	0 1 0	Cobra Boot Polish (Tin) ...	0 1 6	0 7 0
Lakhi ...	1 4 0		Ladies finger per seer ...		0 4 0	Quickwhite (White) ...	0 14 0	
"Debla Debee" per seer ...	1 6 0	1 10 0	Onion ...	0 1 0	0 1 6			
			Cauliflower ...	0 3 0	0 4 0	KEROSENE OIL.		
SUGAR & FLOUR.			FISH.			Elephant Brand tin ...		
Sugar (White) per seer ...	0 4 0	0 4 6	Parsey per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Do. per bottle ...		0 2 9
Do. (Brown) ...		0 4 6	Pona ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Do. " bulk ...		
Do. (Bata) ...			Do (Cut pieces) ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Rising Sun ...		
Flour per seer ...	0 2 6	0 2 9	Bagda ...	0 8 0	0 12 0	Do. per bottle ...		
Atta ...	0 2 3	0 2 6	Bhetki ...	0 8 0	0 12 0			
Do. B ...	0 2 6	0 2 9	Crab each ...	0 0 9	0 1 0			
Gur ...	0 2 0		Hilisa ...	0 8 0	0 10 0			
			Kot per seer ...	0 8 0	0 12 0			

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

LANSDOWNE MARKET—Shops To Let

Applications with offers of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned stalls on rent noted against each, are invited and will be received by the undersigned in the market office daily between 7 a.m. and 8-30 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

Block and Stall Nos.	Rent.	Business.	Block and Stall Nos.	Rent.	Business.
	Rs. A. P.			Rs. A. P.	
A. 1—2	0 6 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	C. 1st floor	37 0 0	Dwelling purpose
A. 3, 6—12	0 7 0			(per month)	
C. 19A & 19B	0 8 0		Betel 3	0 3 0	Betel leaf.
E. 2—5 & 8	0 6 0		Meat 8	0 2 0	Meat
G. 8	0 7 0		Milk 2	0 4 0	Milk
C. 24	0 8 0	Do.	Potato 9 & 3	0 4 0	Potato
			C. & H. 5	0 4 0	Cloth

S. M. MURSHED, Superintendent.

Prices in the Sir Stuart Hogg Market—contd.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
CONFECTIONERY —Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	CIGARS & CIGARETTES —Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	OILMAN'S STORES —Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
RITANNIA BISCUITS—			Spencers' "Doretto" Do. "Planters" per 50	2 0 0	3 4 0	Condensed Milk 1 lb. tin	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 lb. tin.	2 lbs.		State Express 555 Ciga- rettes per tin	1 10 0	1 11 0	Cowlac Skim Milk Powder 1 lb. tin per tin	0 12 0	
Rs. A. P.	tin.		Passing Show Cigarettes per tin	0 12 0	0 13 0	Soups, Assorted, "	0 8 0	1 0 0
Nimki 0 13 0	1 2 0		Black & White tin of 50	1 8 0		Tart Fruits, Bott.	1 12 0	
Petit Beurre 1 1 0	1 8 6		Craven A tin of 50	1 6 0		Isinglass per pkt.	0 12 0	
School 0 10 6	1 1 9					White Sugar, 5 seers per bag	1 8 0	
Thin Arrowroot 1 1 0	1 7 9		OILMAN'S STORES.			I. X. L. Assorted Jams per tin	0 6 0	0 8 0
Water 0 15 0	1 3 9		LIPTON'S TEA—			C. & B. Assorted Jams per tin	1 7 0	0 12 0
Zoological 0 10 6	1 1 9		Yellow Label tin 1 lb. ...	1 7 0		Delmonte Prunes per 1-12 oz. tin	3 4 0	3 4 0
Cream Cracker, 1½ lb tin	1 12 0		Red do. do. ...	1 0 0		Best Darjeeling Tea, 1 lb. per pkt.	1 12 0	3 8 0
ow & Gate Milk Food ...	2 12 0		Special Darjeeling 1 lb. ...	1 14 0		King George Chocolate, 1 lb. per tin	3 12 0	
ow & Gate Rusks ...	1 8 0					C. & B. Vinegar per bot- tle	1 8 0	
		15 % price up.	IMPERIAL TEA—			Redgate or Nickson Ham per lb.	3 8 0	
		5 5 0	Green Label 1 lb. pkt. ...	1 8 0		Redgate or Nickson Ba- con per lb.	3 8 0	
LIPTON'S BISCUITS—			Red do. do. ...	1 0 0		Morton's Scotch Oatmeal 2 lb. tin	1 12 0	
Milkmaid Full Cream Sweetened Condensed Milk—			Orange do. do. ...	0 12 0		Morton's 'Eagle' Brand Scotch Rolled Oats 2 lb. tin	0 14 0	
Per Tin ...	0 4 0	0 12 0	Pyramid do. do. ...	0 12 0				
Cowlac Malted Milk Pow- der 1 lb. tin per tin	1 6 0		TOSH'S TEA—			SUNDRIES.		
skimmed Milk ...	1 2 0	1 6 0	Special Darjeeling Red Label 1 lb. pkt. ...	1 8 0		Cobra Boot Polish, large tin	0 6 0	
Lorlick's Malted Milk ...	1 6 0	2 6 0	Yellow Label Orange Pe- koe 1st quality 1 lb. pkt.	1 4 0		Chamois Leather large ...	2 8 0	
Do. ...	5 12 0	11 0 0	Do. 2nd quality	1 4 0		Hair Cream small ...	1 0 0	
Lorlick's Malted Milk— Powder No. 1 per bot.	1 6 0	11 0 0	Blue Label 1 lb. pkt. ...	1 0 0		Mosquito Destroyers, box	0 6 0	4 0 0
Morton's Peppermints per lb.	1 0 0		Elephant Brand 1 lb. pkt.	0 12 0		Eco's Fruit Salt	1 2 0	1 13 0
			Red Ensign Coffee ...	1 6 0		Saturated Magnesia, me- dium	1 12 0	
CIGARS & CIGARETTES			Cocoa ½ lbs. ...	1 2 0		Ellerman's Embrocation	2 4 0	
Creszke per tin of 50 ...	1 0 0		Quaker Oats 20 oz. ...	0 14 0		Zam-Buk ...	1 12 0	0 14 0
Classor per pkt. ...	0 3 0		Robinson's Barley 1 " ...	0 15 6		Amrutajan Pain Balm ...	0 8 0	
Apstan Navycut per tin of 50 ...	1 0 0		Macaroni 1 lb. ...	0 9 0	0 10 0	Oriental Balm ...	0 4 0	1 0 0
Old Flake per tin of 50 ...	1 4 0		Delmonte Fruits 2 " ...	1 2 0	1 8 0	Sloan's Lintment ...	0 15 6	
Avender per tin of 50 ...	1 0 0		Chutneys 1 " ...	0 14 0	1 4 0	Kruschen Salt ...	1 11 0	
Lagow Mixture per lb.	2 3 0		Pickles 1 " ...	0 12 0	1 10 0			
			Mustard Colman per tin	0 7 0	0 12 0	PAINTS.		
			Do. ½ lb. ...	1 6 0		Enamel Paint English		
			Mustard 1 " ...	0 12 0	3 0 0	per doz.	9 0 0	
			Salad Oils Pt. Bott. ...	0 9 0	1 2 0	Do. (India) per doz.	6 0 0	
			Pepper (Black and White)	1 15 0	2 3 0	Do. (Japanese) "	7 8 0	
			Sauces, Worcester Bott.	0 9 0	1 8 0			
			Salmon 1 lb. tin ...	0 12 0	2 0 0			
			Sausages, English					

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

Prices of Foreign articles are liable to fluctuate without notice and not controllable at present, on account of War.

Tea Merchants Head Office: 11-1, Harrison Road, Calcutta (Phone: B. B. 290) Branch: 233, Fraser Street, Bangalore	BEGIN YOUR DAY WITH TOSH'S TEA A. TOSH & SONS Showroom: Hogg Market (East), 24 (Phone: Cal. 4122)	Tea Merchants Branch: 11-1, Harrison Road, Calcutta (Phone: Cal. 135) Branch: 11-1, Harrison Road, Calcutta 8-2, Upper Circular Road, Cal. (Opp. Seaplane Sta.)
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LAKE ROAD MARKET—Shops To Let.

Applications with offers of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned stalls on rent noted against each, are invited and will be received by the undersigned in the market office daily between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Block and Stalls No.	Rent.	Business.	Block and Stalls No.	Rent.	Business.
	Rs. As. P.				
Veg. 1 to 6 " 9 to 15	0 3 0 each	Vegetables.			

Prices in the College Street Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
MUTTON.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	FRUITS—(Contd.)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	RICE.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
Mutton 1st class per seer	0 12 0	0 14 0	Safata per score	—	0 8 0	Dinaipori Khatari Bhog	7 0 0	8 0 0
Do. 2nd " "	—	—	Mango of Rari	—	—	Deshi (Nagra) per md.	6 8 0	7 0 0
Goat per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Do. Kanchan 16—32	1 0 0	—	Do. (Medium) " "	6 8 0	7 0 0
Kid " "	0 12 0	0 14 0	Do. Madras	—	—	Patnai (Atap) " md.	7 8 0	8 0 0
Poultry Chicken each	—	—	Do. Langra	—	—	Hilly (Old) per md.	—	—
Fowl (country)	—	—	Do. Bombay	—	—	Nagra (Old) No. 2 per md.	—	—
Fowl (ordinary for roasting)	—	—	Do. Fazli	—	—	Jhingasal per r.c.	—	—
Duck (curry and roasting)	—	—	Do. Kissen Bhogh	—	—	Banktoolshi (Manja) No. 1	7 0 0	7 8 0
EGGS.	—	—	Do. Nilambari	—	—	per maund	—	—
Ducks per score	0 7 6	0 8 6	Musk melon per seer	—	—	Do. No. 2 per md.	6 8 0	7 0 0
Fowls " "	0 8 0	0 10 0	Kharbuza per seer	—	—	Chamomoni	7 0 0	7 8 0
VEGETABLES.	—	—	Orange Ichabagore	—	—	Balam (Old) per md.	8 0 0	9 0 0
Brinjals per seer	0 2 0	0 3 0	Do. Sylhet	—	—	Chini Shakra No. per	—	—
Cucumber each	0 0 3	0 1 0	Do. Darjeeling	—	—	maund (old)	7 8 0	8 12 0
Carrot per seer	0 6 0	0 8 0	Do. Nagpur 8 to 10	1 0 0	—	Kalma (polished) No. 1 per	—	—
Ginger " "	0 7 0	0 8 0	Do. Bombay	—	—	maund	—	—
Patil Lemon per score	0 2 0	0 3 0	Pesta Bagdad per seer	—	—	Kalma (polished) No. 2 per	—	—
Ladiesfinger per seer	0 2 0	0 2 6	Do. Multan	2 8 0	—	maund	6 8 0	7 0 0
Kagil Lemon per score	0 1 6	0 2 0	Do. Kabul	2 4 0	—	Kamini per maund	7 8 0	8 8 0
Onions Patna red per seer	0 2 0	—	Pears 16—40	1 0 0	—	Peshwar Rice per md.	11 0 0	14 0 0
Do. Bombay	0 1 6	—	Pineapple Singapore each	—	—	Dhaki Chata	6 8 0	7 8 0
Do. Country	0 1 6	—	Do. Darjeeling	—	—	SUGAR, ETC.	—	—
Potatoes Nainital per seer	0 2 3	0 3 3	Do. Country each	—	—	Crystal Sugar per seer	—	—
Do. Deshi (New)	—	—	Do. Assam	—	—	Java	0 4 3	—
Do. Madras	—	—	Peaches	0 3 0	0 8 0	Cocoanut Oil	0 4 6	—
Do. Rangoon	—	—	Plantain Champa per	—	—	Mustard Oil	0 5 0	—
Do. Gauhati	—	—	score	0 1 0	0 2 6	Salt per seer	0 6 6	0 8 0
Do. Nainital (Pahari)	—	—	Do. Martaban per	—	—	Flour	0 1 6	—
Patil Murshidabad per	—	—	score	0 4 0	0 10 0	Atta B per md. (Tota)	0 2 6	0 2 0
seer	0 1 6	0 2 0	Muscat per seer	—	—	Sujea	6 0 0	6 8 0
Do. Dist per seer	0 2 0	0 3 0	Pomegranate per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Atta fresh per maund	6 4 0	—
Do. Hilly	—	—	Do. Multan per seer	—	—	Til Oil	—	5 4 0
Cabbage each	0 2 0	0 8 0	Do. Kandahar	—	—	Chandaul Atta per md.	4 12 0	5 12 0
Jaulflower each	0 3 0	0 8 0	Do. Dholka	—	—	Til Oil per seer	0 10 0	—
Pear Ranchi per seer	0 8 0	0 10 0	Raisin (Red) per seer	0 8 0	0 10 0	DAL.	—	—
Do. Darjeeling	—	—	Do. Sultana	—	—	Mug Dal (Bhaja)	—	—
Do. Deshi	0 4 0	0 6 0	Almond shelled	1 0 0	1 8 0	Mug Dal per seer	0 3 6	0 4 0
Beans	—	—	Do. without shell	1 8 0	2 0 0	Arhar	0 3 0	—
Squash	0 6 0	0 8 0	Do. do. large	2 0 0	—	Kalal	0 2 0	0 3 0
Pomato	0 6 0	0 8 0	Surdah Quaman per	—	—	Khesari	0 2 3	0 2 0
Green Mangoes per score	0 6 0	0 12 0	seer	0 10 0	—	Mosoor (split)	0 1 5	0 2 0
FRUITS.	—	—	Water melon Goalando	—	—	Do. (khari)	—	—
Apple Australia 6—12	1 0 0	—	Do. Deshi	—	—	Mator	0 2 3	0 2 6
Do. Cashmere 16—20	1 0 0	—	Do. Farukabad	0 12 0	1 8 0	Chana Dal	0 2 6	0 2 0
Do. American	—	—	Do. Quetta	—	—	Do.	0 2 3	0 2 6
Do. Kulu	—	—	Do. Bhagalpur	—	—	Bluit	0 1 9	0 2 9
Do. Japan	—	—	Sarbati Lemon 10 to 20	1 0 0	—	—	0 2 3	0 2 6
Do. Quetta	—	—	Walnut per seer	0 12 0	—	TEA.	—	—
Lubokhara per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Do. Shelled	0 4 0	—	Family Mixture	—	—
pricot	—	—	Nut Ground	0 2 0	—	Golden Orange Pekoe	0 10 0	0 12 0
stavia per pair	0 3 6	0 4 0	BUTTER, ETC.	—	—	Quality per lb.	1 8 0	2 0 0
ael fruit each	0 0 6	0 1 0	Shillong Butter per pound	1 0 0	—	Flowery Orange Pekoe	—	—
edana (Green)	0 12 0	1 0 0	Darjeeling do.	1 0 0	—	Quality per lb.	1 4 0	1 8 0
cocoanut each	0 0 6	0 1 0	Bombay	1 0 0	—	Orange Pekoe	0 12 0	1 0 0
Do. dry per seer	—	—	Aligarh	—	—	Pekoe per lb.	0 8 0	0 10 0
hlighoza	0 10 0	1 4 0	Jessore	2 0 0	—	Darjeeling Autumn	—	—
ates Arab	0 5 0	—	Dinapur	1 4 0	—	Special per lb.	1 8 0	1 8 0
Do. Bagdad	0 3 0	—	Pabna	—	—	Pekoe Dust	0 10 0	0 12 0
rapes Kishnugiri per seer	—	—	Darbhangha	1 0 0	1 2 0	COKE & KEROSENE OIL	—	—
Do. Nasik	—	—	Mazafferpur	1 0 0	1 2 0	Rising Sun per tin (4 I. G.)	—	—
Do. Quetta	—	—	Ghee	1 8 0	1 12 0	" Bulk (4 I. G.)	—	3 14 0
Do. Chaman	—	—	Cow's Ghee	2 0 0	2 4 0	Owl & Swan per tin	—	3 4 0
Do. Australia per seer	—	—	Do. Milk	0 4 0	0 5 0	" Bulk	—	—
norma	0 6 0	—	FISH.	—	—	Monkey Brand per tin	—	—
sur Deshi	0 10 0	—	Bagda per seer	0 6 0	0 8 0	Elephant Brand	—	3 12 0
o. Singapore	—	—	Bhetkee (Salt) per md.	0 10 0	30 0 0	" Bulk	—	3 14 0
lobani	1 0 0	1 4 0	Do. (cut pieces) p. s.	0 8 0	0 12 0	Snowflake per tin	—	—
ujoo Nuts per seer	—	—	Bhetki	0 8 0	0 10 0	Soft Coke per md.	—	—
his Country per 100	—	—	Prawns	0 4 0	0 6 0			
o. Mozafferpur per 100	—	—	Hilsa	0 6 0	0 10 0			
ack Raisins per seer	0 8 0	0 12 0	Rohi	0 10 0	0 12 0			
une per lb.	—	—	Rohi (cut pieces) per seer	0 12 0	0 14 0			
paya Country	0 1 0	0 4 0	Small fish	0 4 0	0 6 0			
ster fruit per seer	—	—	Chetal	—	—			
tes Basra per lb.	—	—	Crab per pair	0 2 0	0 2 6			
			Koi per seer	1 8 0	2 8 0			
			Singee per seer	0 12 0	1 0 0			
			Magoor per seer (small)	1 8 0	—			
			Do (large)	2 0 0	—			

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

Prices in the Sir Charles Allen Market for the current week.

Prices per maund. Retail prices per seer.				Prices per maund. Retail prices per seer.			
ARTICLES.	From	To	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
RICE.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	VEGETABLES.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
am (Coarse)	—	—	0 2 9	0 3 0	Potatoes (Nainital)	—	0 2 6
Do. (Medium)	—	—	0 3 0	0 3 6	Do. New (Country)	—	0 3 0
aktoolai (Manja)	—	—	0 3 0	0 3 3	Do. (Gauhati)	—	—
Do. (Kora)	—	—	0 3 0	0 3 3	Do. (Rangoon)	—	0 2 0
Do. (Atap)	—	—	0 3 0	0 3 6	Brinjal	—	0 2 0
ntai (Do.)	—	—	0 3 3	0 3 6	Peas	—	0 2 0
nishakkar (Do.)	—	—	0 4 0	0 4 0	sunflower seed	—	0 3 0
ap Khas (Atap)	—	—	—	4 0	chhage each	—	0 4 0
ikhani	—	—	4 6	0 4 9	—	—	0 1 6
ihl Boiled	—	—	—	0 2 9	—	—	—
ihkalma	—	—	—	2 6	—	—	—
gra (Medium)	—	—	—	3 6	—	—	—
nal (Coarse)	—	—	—	2 9	—	—	—
igoon (Boiled)	—	—	—	2 6	—	—	—
Do. (Atap)	—	—	—	2	—	—	—
psal	—	—	—	2 9	—	—	—
ari Bhog	—	—	0 3 3	3 6	—	—	—
DAAL.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	—	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
am (Patnai whole)	—	—	—	1 0	—	—	0 10 0
am (Dal)	—	—	—	2 6	—	—	0 12 0
g Dal	—	—	0 5 6	0 4 0	—	—	—
Do. (Sona)	—	—	0 5 0	5 6	—	—	—
g (Krishna)	—	—	1 3 0	3 3	—	—	0 10 0
har Dal	—	—	1 2 6	3 0	—	—	0 8 0
lal Dal	—	—	2 6	3 0	—	—	0 8 0
ssari Dal	—	—	3 0	4	—	—	0 8 0
ssor Dal (Split)	—	—	0 2 3	—	—	—	0 8 0
Khari	—	—	3 0	—	—	—	0 6 0
ssor Dal	—	—	0 3 0	—	—	—	0 6 0
1	—	—	0 1 6	9	—	—	0 1 0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8 0
BUTTER & GHEE.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	—	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
mbay per seer	—	—	1 2	—	—	—	0 10 0
garh	—	—	1 4	—	—	—	0 8 0
ona	—	—	1 10	1	—	—	—
ee (Gawa)	—	—	1 6	8	—	—	—
ee (Buffalo)	—	—	1 6 0	—	—	—	—
score	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
OIL.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	—	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
ant Oil	—	—	0 7 0	—	—	—	0 1 0
stard Oil	—	—	0 6 0	0	—	—	0 6 0
conut Oil	—	—	0 5 0	—	—	—	—
osene Oil	—	—	0 2 6	per bot. of 26 oz.	—	—	0 1 6
SUGAR & FLOUR.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	—	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
ar (White Java)	—	—	0 4	4 6	—	—	0 7 0
Do. (Brown Java)	—	—	0 4	4 0	—	—	0 4 0
Do. (Bata)	—	—	3 6	3	—	—	—
ur (Country)	—	—	2 9	1 6	—	—	—
—	—	—	2 3	3 0	—	—	—
—	—	—	0 2 0	—	—	—	—
— (Sugar Cane)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Khejuro	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

any according to supplies.

ENTALLY MARKET—Shops To Let.

Applications with offers of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned shops & stalls on rents noted against each, are invited and will be received in the market office daily between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.	Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.
S. B. 1—2	4 0 0	Sweetmeat.	W. B. 9—1	0 4 0	Betel
Do. 3	1 4 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	Do. 3	0 15 0	Mudi.
Do. 4	0 10 0	Sweetmeat.	Do. 4	0 8 0	Do.
Do. 5	1 0 0	Dashakarma.	Do. 10	0 10 0	Do.
Do. 11—15	1 2 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	Do. 11	1 2 0	Do.
Do. 19—22	0 12 0	Shoe.	Do. 11A	0 12 0	Do.
			Do. 12—16 & 18	1 0 0	Ready made shoe clothes

(Continued on page 679)

Prices in the Gariahat Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
FISH.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	VEGETABLES—Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	FLOUR.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
Pona per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Potatoes (Nainital) per seer ...	0 4 0		Flour per seer ...	0 2 6	0 3 0
Do. (Cut pieces) ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Pulbul per seer ...	0 1 6	0 2 0	Atta White No. 1 ...	0 2 9	0 3 0
Silong ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Raddish (Country) per score ...		0 1 6	Atta Brown ...	0 2 3	0 2 6
Lobster ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Squash per seer ...		0 4 0	'B' Atta ...		0 2 6
Bagda ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Sweet Potatoes ..	0 1 0		RICE.		
Bhangaur ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Pumpkin each ...	0 4 0		Patna per seer ...	0 2 3	0 2 6
Bhetki ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	New Potato ...			Banktulshi (Manja) per md. ...	6 0 0	6 4 0
Other Fish ...	0 6 0	0 10 0	FRUITS.			„ (Kora) per seer ...	0 2 6	
Hilsa ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Mangoes 8 to 10 ...	1 0 0		Chinisakkar „ md. ...	9 0 0	10 0 0
Kot & Magoor ...	0 12 0	1 8 0	Grapes ...	1 0 0		Deshi (Boiled) „ ..	5 0 0	6 8 0
Parsay ...	0 8 0	0 12 0	Alubokhora per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Rangoon per seer ...	0 2 0	
Crab each ...	0 0 9	0 1 0	Amra (Belati) per score ...			Katari Bhog (Attap) per md. ...		9 0 0
MEAT.			Bedana per seer ...			SUNDRIES.		
Goat & Kid per seer ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Bael each ...	0 0 6	0 1 0	Mustard Oil per seer ...	0 6 0	0 7 0
Mutton „ ...	0 10 0	0 12 0	Dates per seer ...		0 5 0	Sugar „ ...	0 4 0	0 5 0
EGGS.			Almond „ ...	1 0 0	2 0 0	Tea per lb. ...	0 8 0	2 0 0
Duck's eggs per score ...	0 10 0		Lime per score ...	0 1 6	0 3 0	Gur per seer ...	0 2 0	
Fowl's eggs „ ...	0 12 6		Orange 8 to 12 ...	1 0 0		DAL.		
VEGETABLES.			Plantain (Champa) per score ...	0 1 9	0 2 6	Arahar per seer ...	0 3 0	
Bean (French) per seer ...	0 4 0	0 5 0	Do. (Martaban) per doz. ...	0 2 0	0 6 0	Chana „ ...	0 2 6	0 3 0
Brinjal „ ...	0 2 6	0 3 0	Papaya each ...	0 1 0	0 4 0	Khari Masoor „ ...	0 2 6	
Cabbage (Country) each ...	0 3 0	0 6 0	Sugarcane each ...	0 1 0		Bhanga „ ...		0 2 0
Cauliflower each ...	0 4 0	0 8 0	Pomegranate per seer ...	0 8 0	0 10 0	Khasaree „ ...	0 2 0	
Tomato per seer ...	0 6 0	0 8 0	Apples 8—10 ...	1 0 0		Kalai „ ...	0 2 6	
Cucumber per score ...	0 3 0		Pears 20—30 ...	1 0 0		Biuli „ ...	0 2 6	
Ginger per seer ...	0 5 0		BUTTER.			Mung (Hari) (Katcha) (Fried) per seer ...	0 4 0	0 5 0
Garlic „ ...	0 8 0		Butter per seer ...	1 2 0	1 4 0	Mattor „ ...	0 2 6	
Green Chilly „ ...	0 1 6		Madras „ ...	1 0 0	1 2 0	Salt „ ...	0 1 6	
Onion „ ...		0 2 0	Ghee Lakhee „ ...	1 4 0		COKE & COAL.		
Peas (Darjeeling) ...	0 3 0		Do. Bhadwa „ ...	1 14 0		Soft Coke per Md. ...	0 8 0	0 9 0
Potato (Rangoon) ...			Do. Sree „ ...	1 12 0		Coal „ ...	0 7 6	
			Pure Cow Ghee per seer ...	1 12 0	2 0 0	Fuel „ ...	0 11 0	0 12 0
			Milk „ ...		0 4 0	Kerosene Oil—Elephant Brand per bottle ...		0 2 3

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

GARIAHAT MARKET—Shops To Let

Applications with offers of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned stalls on rent noted against each, are invited and will be received by the undersigned in the Market Office daily between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

Block and Stalls No.	Daily Rent.	Business.	Block and Stalls No.	Daily Rent.	Business.
	Rs. As. P.			Rs. As. P.	
Betel 5, & 6	0 2 0 ea.	Betel leaves.	Potato 3, 4, 9 & 10	0 5 0 each	Potato.
Onion 2 & 3	0 3 0 „	Onion, Garlic & Ginger	Fruits 4 & 5	0 5 0 „	Fruits (dry)

R. K. GHOSH, Superintendent.

Articles.	From	To	Articles.	From	To	Articles.	From	To
FISH.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	VEGETABLES—(Contd.)	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	FLOUR.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
per seer	0 8 0	0 10 0	Garlic	0 5 0	0 6 0	Flour per seer	0 2 6	
in pieces)	0 10 0	0 12 0	Green Chilly	0 3 0	0 4 0	Atta white No. 1	0 2 6	0 3 0
	0 8 0	0 10 0	Onion	0 1 6	0 2 0	Sujee		0 3 0
	0 7 0	0 10 0	Peas (Darjeeling)	0 3 6	0 4 0	Atta Brown		0 2 3
	0 8 0	0 12 0	Do. (Malhampur)	0 4 0	0 5 0	"B" Atta	0 2 6	0 2 3
	0 8 0	0 10 0	Potatoes (A. nital)	0 2 0	0 3 0			
	0 10 0	0 12 0	Do (D. ni)			RICE.		
	0 6 0	0 10 0	Palbul	0 3 0	0 4 0	Patnai per seer	0 2 9	0 3 0
	0 6 0	0 8 0	Ladies finger	0 2 6	0 3 0	Baktuli (Manja) per md.	7 0 0	8 8 0
	0 12 0	1 8 0	Raddish per score			Do. (Kora) per seer	0 2 9	0 3 0
	0 8 0	0 12 0	Squash			Deshi (Boiled) per md.	5 0 0	6 8 0
			Sweet Potatoes	6 1 6		Rangoon per seer	0 2 0	
			Sweet Pumpkin each	0 1 0	0 4 0	Katari Bhog (Boiled) per md.	7 0 0	7 8 0
			White "	0 1 0	0 3 0	Do. (Atap)	8 0 0	9 0 0
			Tomato Darjeeling	0 8 0	0 10 0	Golap Sora	10 0 0	11 0 0
MEAT.			FRUITS.			SUNDRIES.		
per seer	0 4 0	0 5 0	Almond	0 14 0	2 0 0	Mustard oil per seer	0 6 6	0 8 0
"	0 9 0	0 10 0	Alubakia			Sugar	0 4 0	0 4 6
Kid "	0 8 0	0 10 0	Amra (Belati) per score	0 1 0	0 1 3	Tea per lb.	0 6 0	1 8 0
			Bedana	1 0 0		Gur	0 2 0	0 2 6
POULTRY.			Bael each	0 0 3	0 0 9	Cocunut oil "	0 6 0	0 7 0
each	0 8 0	0 10 0	Dates	0 4 6	0 5 0	DAL.		
"	0 6 0	0 10 0	Grapes	0 13 0		Arhar	0 2 0	0 3 0
"	0 3 0	0 4 0	Lime per score	0 2 0	0 3 0	Chana	0 2 0	0 2 6
"		0 3 0	Plantain (Champa) per doz.	0 1 3	0 1 6	Khari Masoor	0 2 3	0 2 6
			Do. (Martaban) "	0 2 6	0 3 0	Khaurree	0 2 0	
EGGS.			Papaya each	0 1 0	0 4 0	Kalai	0 2 3	0 2 6
eggs per score	0 8 0	0 10 0	Pomegranates per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Biuh	0 2 3	0 2 6
eggs "	0 9 0	0 10 0	Mangoes (Green) per 100	0 4 0	0 8 0	Mug (Hari) Katcha	0 3 0	
			Sugarcane each	0 0 9	0 1 0	Do. (Sora)	0 4 0	0 5 0
			Oranges per score	0 10 0	0 14 0	Matter	0 2 3	0 2 6
VEGETABLES.			BUTTER			Salt	0 1 6	0 1 6
French) per seer	0 4 0	0 5 0	Butter per seer	1 2 0	1 8 0	BARLEY POWDER.		
"	0 2 6	0 3 0	Ghee Lakhee	1 4 0		Barley Powder	0 4 6	0 7 0
age (Darjeeling) each	0 1 6	0 3 0	Do. Bhadwa	1 13 0		Do. Pearl	0 6 6	0 12 0
hour "	0 1 0	0 3 0	Do. Sree	1 12 0		Robinson's Barley	0 4 3	0 14 0
t (Country) per seer	0 1 6	0 3 0	Pare Cow Ghee per seer	1 12 0	2 0 0	Jelly	0 5 0	0 12 0
(Darjeeling) "	0 4 0	0 3 0				Kerosene oil—Elephant		
umber per score	0 2 6	0 3 0				Brand per bottle.	0 2 6	0 12 0
er per seer	0 5 0	0 6 0						

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

Applications with offer of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned shops & stalls or rents noted against each, are invited and will be received in the market office daily between 7 a.m. to 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.	Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.
Block A--3	0 8 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	Block A--11	0 7 0	Business to be approved by the authority.
Do. 13 & 14	0 14 0				
Do. 16--17	0 14 0				

S. K. DAS,
Officer-in-charge.

COLLEGE STREET MARKET—Shops To Let.

Applications for the privilege of occupying the undernoted Shops and Stalls are invited and will be received by the undersigned.

Blocks and Stalls Nos.	Prescribed rent.	Business.	Blocks and Stalls Nos.	Prescribed rent.	Business.
	Per day each. Rs. A. P.			Per day each. Rs. A. P.	
A. 143—144	0 8 0	Fresh fruits.	E. 87-5	0 15 0	Business to be approved by authority.
„ 147 to 154	0 4 0	„	„ 95	1 9 0	
„ 155	0 5 0	„	„ 100	2 15 0	
„ 160-162	0 9 0	„	„ 107	1 8 0	
„ 164-166	0 12 0	„	„ 106	1 6 0	
„ 158-160	0 11 0	„	„ 110	2 13 0	Godown.
„ 167-168	0 7 6	„	„ 112	0 10 0	Do.
„ 258	0 10 0	Milk.	„ 114	0 10 0	Shoes.
„ 261	0 10 0	„			
„ 259	0 10 0	„			
„ 166-169	0 13 0	Dry fruits.	F. 8	1 8 0	Do.
B. 3	1 0 0	Mutton.	„ 12	1 13 0	Business to be approved by authority.
„ 48	0 8 0	„	„ 16	0 14 0	Shoes.
„ 47	0 8 0	„	„ 33	1 3 0	Do.
„ 63	1 4 0	„	„ 31	2 0 0	Do.
„ 64	1 8 0	Mudikhana.	„ 32	1 6 0	Do.
„ 69-1	10 0 0	Godown.	„ 34	1 0 0	Do.
„ 69-2	10 0 0	Cloth & Tailoring.	„ 35, 36	1 4 0	Do.
„ 72	1 4 0	„	„ 37, 38	1 3 0	„
„ 44 & 45	0 8 0	„	„ 13	2 4 0	„
„ 4	1 0 0	„	„ 9, 10	1 13 0	Do.
„ 67	0 10 0	„	„ 39	1 3 0	Do.
„ 4	1 0 0	„			
C. 20—21	28 0 0	„	Betel. 4, 3, 5	0 8 0	Betel.
„ 40	37 8 0	„	9 & 11		
„ 9—10	36 0 0	„	B N. C. 3,	0 8 0	Cut Betel. Nos.
„ 52	45 0 0	„	1 & 6		
„ 15	18 0 0	„			
E. 1	2 4 0	„	Eggs. 5, 6, 7	0 4 0	Eggs.
„ 40	1 7 6	„	& 9		
„ 32	1 11 0	„	Tin shed.	1 0 0	„
„ 39	1 8 0	„			
„ 35	1 10 0	„			
„ 33	1 4 0	„			
„ 48	1 6 0	„			
„ 87-6	0 11 0	„			
„ 44	1 13 6	„			
„ 86-3	1 1 0	„			
„ 2	2 0 0	„			
„ 52	1 0 0	„			
„ 53	1 11 0	„			

SIR STUART HOGG MARKET—Shops To Let.

Applications with offers of initial rent for the privilege of occupying the undermentioned rooms on rents noted against each, are invited and will be received by the undersigned in market office daily between the hours of 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. It should be noted that 25% of the offer of initial rent would have to be deposited immediately on the acceptance of same by the Committee, the balance to be paid within 7 days.

Block & Stall Nos.	Rent.	Business.	Block & Stall Nos.	Rent.	Business.
	Per day each Rs. A. P.			Per day each Rs. A. P.	
C. (old) 74-75	0 12 0	Dry fruits.	N. R. 2, 3, 4, 9 & 10	0 8 0 each.	Betel & Beri
C. (new) 26	2 0 0	Shoes.	Do. 11, 13, 14	1 0 0 "	
E. " 45-47	1 12 0	Butter.	N. B. 7, 8, 9	4 0 0 ea.	Business to be approved by authority.
" 125-126	1 0 0	" or Indian Sweetmeats	" 22-1 & 23	1 12 0 "	
" 123-124	1 0 0	"	" 26-1	2 2 0	
" 49 & 50	1 0 0	" or Cold Drink	" 29-1	1 4 0 daily.	Do.
" 27-28	1 0 0	Cheese, Ice Cream or Confectionary.	" 41	34 0 0 per month.	Do.
" 39-41	1 8 0	Shoe or Cloth	W. R. 32, 33	25 0 0 "	Do.
D. 47-48	2 0 0		W. R. 36	8 14 0 daily.	Do.
Eggs 4, 6, 23 & 24.	0 3 0 ea.	Eggs.	" 37	3 9 0 "	Do.
" 27-28	0 4 0 "	"	W. R. (new) 3	269 8 0 per month.	Do.
" 33	0 3 0 "	"	" 10-11	4 0 0 "	Do.
" 30-31	0 6 0 "	"	" 1	21 12 0 }	Do.
" 35-36	0 8 0 "	"	H. 26, 28	3 0 0 ea.	Do.
" R. 5, 31, 16 & 24	0 6 0 "	Potatoes.	" 5-12	3 0 0 ea.	Do.
" 32, 36, 37, & 23	0 6 0 "	"	" 13, 14-16	3 0 0 "	
" R. 38, 39	0 8 0 "	"	" 17, 18, 19	12 0 0 "	
K. (New) 46	0 6 0 "	Fruits.	" 31 to 35, 36	1 8 0 "	Milk
" 48-60	4 14 0	Do.	Milk 1	2 8 0 "	"
" 34	0 8 0	Do.	" 3, 4, 8 & 9	1 8 0 "	"
			" 11	2 8 0 "	"
			" 12	0 4 0 "	Country fruits
Rooms with 4 doors on Hogg Street to the east of Chandney.	10 0 0	Oilman's Stores	M. 14, 15 16 } 37, 32, 33, 34, 17 & 18 }	0 4 0 "	
Plot. 19-20	0 4 0 each		" 25-26	0 4 0 "	Do.
" 3, 8, 9, 12, 13, 17, 18, 22 & 24	0 5 0 each	"	" 35, 36, 37	0 4 0 "	
Mutton. 3 & 4	2 12 0 "	Mutton.	" 47-48	0 10 0 "	Do.
" 15, 29	1 8 0 "	"	" 39-40	1 0 0 "	Plantain
" 8, 12	0 8 0 "	Heads & Trotter	" 49	0 10 0 "	
" 31 & 32	2 12 0 "	Mutton.	" 3, 4	1 0 0 "	
J. V. F. S. 105	1 0 0 "	Dates.	" 45 & 46.		
" 106	1 0 0 "	"	Fish Stalls		
J. R. 6	0 6 0	Cocoanuts.	37 to 38,	0 4 6 "	Fish.
" 21, 13, 14	0 10 0	"	77 to 84,	0 5 6 "	Do.
" 17 & 18	0 8 0 "	Potatoes.	110 to 136	0 4 6 "	Do.
" 7 & 8	0 10 0 "	"	17 & 18	0 5 0 ea.	E. Vegetables
" 7-9	1 8 0 "	Oilman's Stores.	N. 5, 28, 47,	0 6 0 "	Do.
" 19-20	0 6 0 "	Spices.	48, 63-66,	1 0 0 "	Do.
" G. 1, 2 & 3	0 12 0 each.	Business to be approved by authority.	72, 73, 74,	0 11 0 "	
Beef 30	1 8 0	Beef.	75, 67 & 77.		
" 38	0 8 0	Skirts.	" 36, 46, & 54		
			" 57-59		
			" 44, 45 & 46		
			Poultry—		
			Hen Coops		
			" 67-74	3 0 0 "	Fowls
			" 115-130.	1 0 0 "	Do.
			" 91-98	0 8 0 "	Do.
			" 139-142	0 8 0 "	Do.
			" 191-194	0 8 0 "	Do.
			" 195-198	1 2 0 "	Do.
			" 99-106	0 10 0 "	Do.
			" 111-114		

Prices in the Entally Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
MEAT	Ra. A. P.	Ra. A. P.	VEGETABLES--Contd.	Ra. A. P.	Ra. A. P.	FRUITS--Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A.
Beef per seer	0 4 0	0 5 0	Squash (Darjeeling) per ar.	0 3 0	0 4 0	Kashin Bhog 12 to 16	1 0 0	
Mutton "	0 10 0		Sweet Potatoes "	0 2 0	0 2 6	Fasli 8 to 10		
Goat and Kid "	0 10 0	0 12 0	Sweet Pumpkin each	0 1 0	0 2 0	Prunes S. W. per seer	1 0 0	1 4
Pork "	0 10 0		Tomato (Ranchi) per ar.	0 8 0	0 10 0	Sarda per seer		
POULTRY.			Do. (Country) per seer	0 6 0		Sugarcane	0 0 6	0 1
Duck each	0 8 0	0 10 0	White Pumpkin each	0 2 0	0 3 0	Water Melon each		
Fowl "	0 6 0	0 10 0	Turnip (Darjeeling) per doz	0 3 0	0 6 0			
Chicken "	0 3 0	0 4 0		0 4 0	0 5 0	BUTTER.		
Pigeon "		0 3 0				Aligarh per lb.	1 0 0	
EGGS.			FRUITS.			Dinapur "	0 12 1	0 13
Duck's eggs per score	0 8 0	0 9 0	Alubokhora per seer	0 2 0	1 0 0	Ghee per seer	1 4 0	1 13
Fowl's "	0 7 0	0 10 0	Apricot	0 0 0		Pure Cow's Milk	0 4 0	
"FISH."			Apples					
Pona per seer	0 8 0	0 12 0	Flgs per seer	1 4 0	1 12 0	BREAD		
Do. (Cut pieces)	0 10 0	0 11 0	Amra (Belati) per score			Bread 1 lb.	0 1 9	0 2
Shlong	0 8 0	0 10 0	Bedana per seer	1 0 0	1 4 0	Do. 1/2 lb.	0 1 0	
Lobster	0 8 0	0 12 0	Bael each	0 0 9	0 1 0	Do. 3/4 lb.	0 0 6	
Bagda	0 12 0	0 12 0	Pomegranate "	0 10 0	0 12 0	FLOUR.		
Bhangaur	0 8 0	0 10 0	Blackberries per 100	0 1 6	0 2 6	Flour per seer	0 2 3	0 3
Bhetki	0 8 0	0 12 0	Cocoanut each	0 1 0	0 1 3	Atta "	0 2 6	0 3
Other Fish	0 6 0	0 9 0	Custard Apples 12 to 16	1 0 0		Sujee "	0 2 6	0 3
Crab per pair	0 1 0	0 2 0	Dates per seer	0 4 0	0 6 0			
Etisa	0 7 0	0 8 0	Almond	1 8 0	2 0 0	RICE.		
Kol & Magoor	0 12 0	1 4 0	Grape "	0 12 0	1 4 0	Patna per seer	0 2 9	0 3
Pomfret per seer	0 14 0	1 0 0	Do. per box			Banktishi (Manja) per ar.	0 3 0	0 4
Mango fish per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Goosberry per seer			Do. (Kora)	0 3 0	
VEGETABLES.			Jack fruit each	0 1 0	0 2 0	Chinisakhar per seer	0 3 6	0 4
Bestroot (Darjeeling) per doz.	0 6 0	0 12 0	Khubani per seer	1 0 0	1 4 0	Deshi "	0 2 6	0 2
Do. (Desi)			Kharbuza "	0 2 0				
Bean (French) per seer	4 0 0	0 5 0	Lichis per 100			SUNDRIES.		
Bean (Ranchi) "	0 5 0	0 6 0	Lime per score	0 1 6	0 4 0	Mustard Oil	0 6 6	0 7
Brinjal	0 2 6	0 3 0	Lokote "	0 1 6		Sugar	0 4 6	
Cabbage (Country) each			Oranges 16 to 20	1 0 0		Tea per lb.	0 14 0	1 8
Do. (Darjeeling)	0 2 0	0 6 0	Pesta per seer	2 0 0	2 8 0	Cocoanut Oil	0 5 6	0 6
Caullflower			Plantain (Champa) per score	0 1 6	0 2 0			
Carrots (Country) per doz.			Do. (Martaban) per doz.	0 2 0	0 3 0	DAL.		
Do. (Darjeeling)	0 3 0	0 6 0	Papaya each	0 1 0	0 3 0	Arhar per seer	0 2 6	0 3
Celery per doz			Pineapple "	0 1 6	0 4 0	Chana		0 2
Cucumber per score	0 5 0	0 6 0	Plums per score			Kharl Masoor "	0 2 3	
Ginger per seer	0 5 0	0 6 0	Raisins "	0 10 0	0 12 0	Bhanga	0 1 9	0 2
Garlic	0 4 0	0 5 0	Roseberry per score			Khasarae		
Green Chilly per seer	0 4 0	0 5 0	Star apple			Kalai		0 2
Ladies finger	0 2 0	0 2 6	Tamarind per seer	0 1 0		Mung (Harl)	0 3 6	
Onion	0 1 0	0 2 0	Walnut	0 10 0	1 0 0	" (Sona)	0 4 0	
Pean (Darjeeling)	0 8 0	0 10 0	Mangoes (Green) per hundred			Mattor	0 2 6	0 3
Do. (Patna)			Do. (Madras) 12-16			Salt	0 1 6	
Do. (Desi)			Golap Khas			COKE AND COAL.		
Do. (Ranchi)	0 3 0	0 3 6	Langra 16-20	1 0 0		Kerosene Oil in Bulk		0 2
Potatoes (Nainital)	0 2 3		Bombay 25 to 30			Kerosene Oil--Elephant		p. ho
Do. (Desi)		0 3 6	Totapari per score			Brand per tin Refined		
Pulbul	0 2 0	0 3 0	Sipta			Ordinary	3 10 3	
Raddish (English) per bundle						BARLEY POWDER	2 10 3	
Raddish (Country) p. score						Robinson Barley 1 lb. tin	0 14 0	

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

ENTALLY MARKET—Shops To Let—Contd.

Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.	Shops or Stalls Nos.	Daily rent. Rs. A. P.	Business.
South 9	1 2 0	Oilman's Store.	Chandney 43	0 4 0	Potatoes
W. B. 20	1 8 0	Cloth.	Do. 51-52	Each 0 4 0	Do.
Do. 22-25	Each 0 15 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	Do. 56-57	0 4 0	Do.
Do. 27	1 4 0	Do.	Do. 61	0 3 0	Do.
Do. 28	0 12 0	Milk.	Do. 62-64	" 0 4 0	Country vegetable and fruits.
Do. 29	0 10 0	Business to be approved by the authority.	Do. 69	0 2 0	Eggs.
Do. 30	0 8 0	Do.	Do. 72	0 3 0	Country Vegetable.
Do. 31-36	" 0 10 0	Do.	Do. 75-77	" 0 3 0	Do.
Chandney 5	0 4 0	Butter.	Do. 80	" 3 0	English Vegetable
Do. 17	0 7 0	Dry fruits.	Do. 84-86	" 0 4 0	Fresh fruits.
Do. 18	0 6 0	Do.	Do. 92	0 6 0	Dry fruits.
Do. 30	0 3 0	Country Vegetable.	Pork 3, 5-7	" 0 8 0	Pork
Do. 34-36	" 0 3 0	Spices.	Chandney 87	" 0 6 0	Dry fruits.
Do. 42	0 4 0	Potatoes			

P. C. BHATTACHARJI,
Superintendent,

Prices in the Lake Road Market for the current week.

ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To	ARTICLES.	From	To
FISH.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	VEGETABLES—Contd.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.	RICE.	Rs. A. P.	Rs. A. P.
Pona per seer	0 8 0	1 0 0	Potatoes (Nainital) per seer	0 1 0	0 2 0	Patna per seer	0 3 0	0 3 3
Do. (Cut pieces)	0 10 0	1 0 0	(New) per seer	0 1 0	0 2 0	Banktulshi (Manja)	8 0 0	8 8 0
Shlong	0 8 0	0 12 0	Mangoes (Langra)	0 3 0	0 6 0	(Kora) per seer	0 3 0	0 3 3
Lobster	0 7 0	0 10 0	Fulbul	0 2 0	0 2 6	Chinisakkar " md.	9 0 0	9 8 0
Bagda	0 8 0	0 12 0	Raddish (Country) per score	0 2 0	0 2 6	Deshi (Bottled) "	0 2 9	0 3 0
Bhangaur	0 8 0	0 12 0	Squash per seer	0 1 0	0 2 0	Rangoon per seer	9 0 0	9 4 0
Bhetki	0 8 0	0 12 0	Sweet Potatoes "	0 1 0	0 2 0	Katari Bhog (Atap)		
Other Fish	0 4 0	0 8 0	Pumpkin each	0 1 0	0 3 0	per md.		
Hills	0 4 0	0 8 0	FRUITS.			SUNDRIES.		
Koi & Magoor	0 6 0	0 12 0	Mangoes			Mustard Oil per seer	0 6 0	0 6 6
Parsey			Grapes	0 10 0	0 13 0	Sugar	0 4 0	0 4 6
Crab each			Alubokhora per seer	0 2 0	0 3 0	Tea per lb.	0 6 0	1 8 0
			Amra (Belati) per score	1 0 0		Gur per seer (New)	0 2 0	0 2 3
			Bedana per seer	0 0 6	0 1 0			
MEAT.			Bael each	0 4 6	0 5 0	DAL.		
oat & Kid per seer	0 10 0	0 12 0	Dates per seer	0 14 0	2 0 0	Arahar per seer	0 3 0	0 3 6
			Almond "	0 2 0		Chana "	0 2 3	0 2 8
			Lime per score	0 4 0	0 8 0	Khari Masoor "	0 2 6	
EGGS.			Oranges 16 to 20	0 1 0	0 4 0	Bhanga "	0 2 6	0 3 0
Duck's eggs per score	0 7 0	0 7 6	Plantain (Champa) per score	0 3 0	0 4 0	Khasaree "	0 2 3	0 2 6
Crow's eggs "	0 7 0	0 8 0	Do. (Martaban) per doz.	0 1 0	0 4 0	Kalai "	0 2 6	0 3 0
			Papaya each	0 0 9	0 1 0	Bluli "	0 2 6	0 2 9
VEGETABLES.			Sugarcane each	1 0 0	1 5 0	Mung (Hati) (Katcha)	0 3 8	0 3 6
Bean (French) per seer	0 2 0	0 4 0	BUTTER.			(Sona) "	0 4 0	0 4 6
Brinjal "	0 2 0	0 4 0	Butter per seer	1 2 0	1 8 0	Matter "	0 4 6	0 2 9
Cabbage (Country) each	0 1 0	0 4 0	Madras "	0 14 0	1 0 0	Salt	0 1 0	0 1 9
Cauliflower each	0 1 0	0 4 0	Ghee Lakhee	1 4 0		COKE & COAL.		
Tomato per seer	0 1 0	0 2 0	Do. Bhadwa	1 13 0		Soft Coke per md.	0 9 0	0 11 0
Cucumber per score	0 4 0	0 8 0	Do. Sree	1 11 0		Coal	0 7 6	
Singer per seer	0 2 6		Pure Cow Ghee per seer	1 12 0	2 0 0	Kerosene Oil—Elephant		
Garlic "	0 2 0	0 3 0	Milk		0 4 0	Brand per bottle	0 3 6	
Green Chilly "	0 1 0	0 2 0	FLOUR.			BARLEY POWDER.		
Onion "	0 1 0	0 1 6	Flour per seer	0 2 6	0 3 0	Barley Powder 1 lb. tin.	0 4 6	
Peas (Darjeeling) "	0 2 0	0 3 0	Atta White No. 1	0 2 6	0 2 6	Do. "	0 7 6	
Do. "			Sujee "	0 2 6	0 3 0	Barley Pearl 1 "	0 6 6	
			Atta Brown	0 2 0	0 2 9	Do. 2 "	0 12 0	
			"B" Atta	0 2 6	0 2 9	Corn Flower 1 "	0 7 0	
						Robinson's Barley	0 6 6	0 11 6
						Cobra Boot Polish	0 1 0	0 5 0
						Jelly	0 5 0	0 12 0

N. B.—Prices vary according to supplies.

MEAT MARKS

(Inside Municipal Markets)

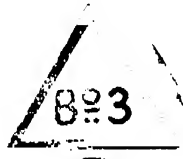
Marks for
BUFFALO MEAT

BEEF

MUTTON

VEAL

(Outside Municipal Markets)

Marks for
COW & BUFFALO MEATSMarks for
SHEEP & GOAT MEATS

RAHA BROTHERS,
Managing Agents.

**Under the Patronage of and Largely Supported by
the Government of
H. H. THE MAHARAJA GAEKWAR OF BARODA**

THE BANK OF BARODA LTD.

(Incorporated in Baroda in 1908, the Liability of the Members being limited)

Capital Authorised	- . -	Rs. 2,40,00,000 .
Capital Issued and Subscribed	-	Rs. 1,20,00,000
Capital Paid up	- - -	Rs. 60,00,000
Reserve Fund	- - -	Rs. 55,00,000

**The Bank Conducts Every Description of
Banking Business.**

Head Office : BARODA

Calcutta Office : 11, Clive Street

General Manager :

W. G. GROUNDWATER

Manager :

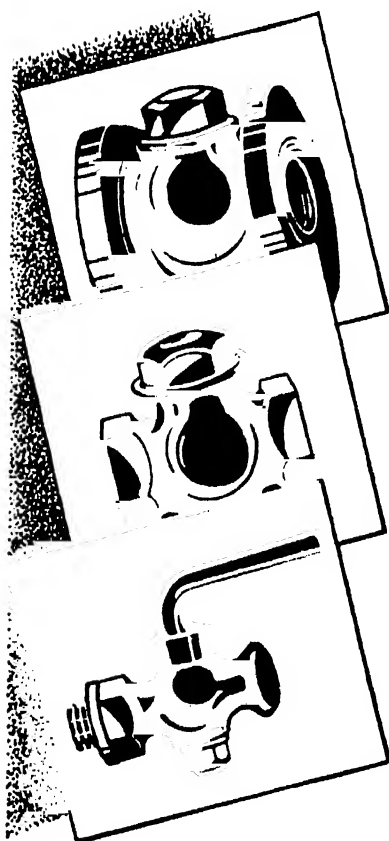
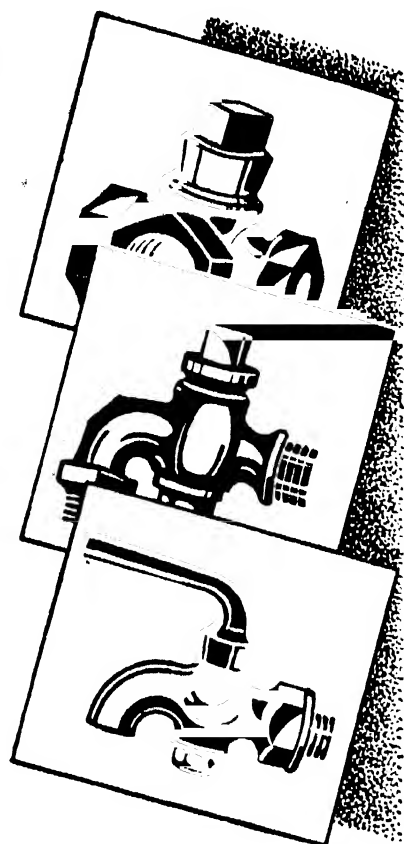
V. R. SONALKAR

In MEMORIAM

*We offer to
the Great Unknown
our
sincerest prayer
so that*

*we may maintain
for
the Nation
the immortal legacy
of*

Rabindranath



ANNAPURNA META WORKS

3, ASHU BISWAS ROAD, CALCUTTA.



METAL MASTE

